MAXIMUM ROCKNROLL
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HARUM SCARUM / RAW POWER / UNSEEN
PEKINSKA PATKA / HUDSON FALCONS

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BACK ISSUES AVAILABLE:
Back issues 143, 145-146, 148, 150-151, 155-163, 165-166, 168-203 are as stated above in subscription info. See descriptions on the page after next.

DEADLINES FOR NEXT ISSUE:
Scene Reports: continuously, with photos!
Interviews: continuously, with photos!
Ad Reservations: call to make sure.
Ad Copy In (with payment): by 15th of previous month–**NO LATER!!!**
Issue out: by 2nd week of following month.

AD SIZES AND RATES:
1/6 page: (2 1/2" x 5") $25
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AD CRITERIA:
We will not accept major label or related ads, or ads for comps or EPs that include major label bands.

CLASSIFIEDS: 40 words cost $3/60 words max for $4. No racist, sexist or fascist material. Send typed if possible. Cash only!!! Expect a two month backlog!

COVER: Arwen Curry

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Please send all records, zines, letters, articles, scene reports, photos, subscriptions, interviews, ads, etc. to:

MAXIMUMROCKNROLL
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Phone (415) 923-9814
Fax (415) 923-9617
Email: maximumrnr@mindspring.com
(use this mainly for comments & letters.
Use phone for ads & other business stuff)

TOP 10

For what it's worth (not much), here's some of the MRR crew's current Top 10 lists of stuff we review.

ROB COONS

LAST WARNING/FALLOUT-split EP	EVANCE/JABARA-split CD
V/A-Barbaric Thrash Detonation-CD+EP	X-RAY SPEX-Germ Free-LP
FLASH GORDON-Flash Till Death-split LP	LIE-Legalize It-EP
RATTUS-Machine Rat Massacre-LP	ACURSED/FALLOUT-split LP
AGNOSTIC FRONT-Victim in Pain-LP	VERBAL ABUSE/TRAGEDY-live

JEFF HEERMANN

CANDY SNATCHERS-Survival-EP	KILL-A-WATTS-Kill Kill Kill-EP
DESTRUCTION UNIT-My Disease-EP	MICHELLE GUN ELEPHANT-2x10"
FEVERS-live	SECRET LOVERS-Wrong Kind-LP
GIMMIES-Til You're Down/Sixties	VON ZIPPERS-Monkey on You-EP
JUMPIN' BEAN & WILLIE-Go Go-EP	WHITE STRIPES-De Stijl-LP

TOM HOPKINS

DESTRUCTION UNIT-EP/GIMMIES-EP	RATTUS-LP/WHITE STRIPES-EP&LP
JUMPIN BEANS-EP/LIE-EP/ORCHID-live	ENVY/THIS MACHINE KILLS-split-EP
UNDERTHREAT/BATTLE OF DISARM-LP	FLASH GORDON-EP/WELFARE-12"
E.T.A-EP/COUNTDOWN TO OBLIVION-EP	KILL-A-WATTS-EP/BLACK DICE-10"
LAST WARNING/FALLOUT-EP/X-SPEX-LP	ACURSED/FALLOUT-LP/AMEBIX-LP

CAROLYN KEDDY

COMPULSIVE GAMBLERS-Crystal-LP	KILL-A-WATTS-Kill Kill Kill-EP
SECRET LOVERS-Wrong Kind of Punk-LP	CANDYSNATCHERS-Survival-EP
RUDY RAY MOORE-Rally in the Valley-45	ONYAS-Heterospective-CD&live
WHITE STRIPES-LP&EP	V/A-My Girlfriend Was a Punk-LP
VICE PRINCIPALS-live/HEADCOATS-LP	HARD FEELINGS-Fought Back-LP

DULCINEA LOUDMOUTH

VERBAL ABUSE-live	CANDYSNATCHERS-Survival-45
GIMMIES-Till You're Down-45	COMPULSIVE GAMBLERS-Crystal-LP
ONYAS-Heterospective-CD	IGNORANCE PARK-Bad Luck-LP
HARD FEELINGS-Fought Back-LP	SECRET LOVERS-Wrong Kind-LP
RUDY RAY MOORE-Rally in the Valley-45	VON ZIPPERS-Monkey on You-45

RAY LUJAN

PLUS ONES-On the List-CD	V/A-Guide To Entertaining-CD
KIRBY GRIPS-Cherry Stem-LP	BEN GRIM/LINKS-split EP
SMURFS-Get the Blues-EP	MOVIELIFE-Self-Destruct-EP
SNUFF-Australian Tour-EP	KILL-A-WATTS-Kill Kill Kill-EP
V/A-Popgun 2000-CD/NOFX-LP	CLASH-LP/BUZZCOCKS-LP

TIMOJHEN MARK

ACURSED/FALLOUT-split-LP	AMEBIX-Arise Plus Two-LP
COUNTDOWN TO OBLIVION-Brain-EP	EPILEPTIC TERROR ATTACK-EP
FLASH GORDON-Flash Till Death-EP	LAST WARNING/FALLOUT-split-EP
LIE-Legalize it-EP/RED TAPE-CD	MALEFACTION-Worship Nothing-EP
RATTUS-Machine Rat Massacre-LP	V/A-Barbaric Thrash Detonation-CD+EP

ALLAN MCNAUGHTON

LIE-Legalize It-EP	DEAD MEN'S THEORY-Never Love-EP
THE GOSSIP-Red Hott-EP	FUN PEOPLE-Portraits-LP
OPSTAND-LP	FIVE DAY MESSIAH-Best of Vol. 2-10"
SNUFF-Australian Tour-EP	V/A-Barbaric Thrash Detonation-CD+EP
POSSIBLE SUSPECT-Modern Society-EP	FLASH GORDON-Flash Till Death-EP

TOP 10

Please send us records (2 copies of vinyl, if possible—one for MRR and one for reviewer), or CD-only release. See Records section for where to send tapes.

MUNDO MURGUIA

TRUST FUND BABIES/SMOGTOWN-live	GOONS-No Leaders-CD
PUSHERS-Turing Blue-LP	CLASH DOGS-Equality-EP
HALLOWEENS-Rockin the Graveyard-EP	PEKINSKA PATKA-Demo 1979-EP
RUDY RAY MOORE-Rally in the Valley-45	STRONG CROWD-Fight for Tomorrow-EP
V/A-My Girlfriend was a Punk-LP	BLOODY SODS/REEB-split EP

ARWEN CURRY

COUNTDOWN TO OBLIVION-Brain-EP	F.Y.P.-Toys That Kill-LP
DEFUSE/POLIKARPA-split EP	LIE-Legalize it-EP/GOAT SHANTY-CD
HIDDEN RESENTMENTS-Palm Trees-EP	LILLEBROR-Schrei-EP
ENVY/THIS MACHINE KILLS-split-EP	TOLTSHOCK-From Hell to 1999-45
RATTUS-Machine Rat Massacre-LP	PEKINSKA PATKA-Demo 1979-EP

SEAN SULLIVAN

EPILEPTIC TERROR ATTACK-EP	BLACK DICE-10"/OPSTAND-LP
THEE MICHELLE GUN ELEPHANT-2x10"	ENVY/THIS MACHINE KILLS-split-EP
THE ICARUS LINE-45/GOAT SHANTY-EP	KILL-A-WATTS-EP/THE GOSSIP-EP
LAST WARNING/FALLOUT-split-EP	GIMMIES-45/THE WHITE STRIPES-LP
SOCIETY OF FRIENDS-EP	COUNTDOWN TO OBLIVION-Brain-EP

BRUCE ROEHRS

THE BRUISERS-In the Pit-LP	CLASH DOGS-45/RATTUS-Machine-LP
DROPKICK MURPHYS-45 & live	SC VOLUNTEERS-Salute-EP
STRONG CROWD-Fight for Tomorrow-EP	TOLTSHOCK-From Hell to 1999-45
FORCED REALITY-Thirteen Years-CD	AGNOSTIC FRONT-Victim in Pain-LP
RATTUS-Machine-Rat Massacre-LP	DEFECTIVE/RADICAL UP-split-EP

MAX WARD

FLASH GORDON-Flash Till Death-EP	SOCIETY OF FRIENDS-Vol III-EP
BATTLE OF.../UNDERTHREAT-split LP	ACURSED/FALLOUT-split LP
INSURANCE RISK-How Much More-EP	EPILEPTIC TERROR ATTACK-Racket-EP
RATTUS-LP/GOAT SHANTY-EP+CD	EVANCE/JABARA-split CD
DEFUSE/POLIKARPA Y SUS-split EP	CONVICTED TRUTH-War-EP

TOBIA JEAN

FLASH GORDON-Flash Till Death-EP	V/A-Barbaric Thrash Detonation-EP
DEFUSE/POLIKARPA Y SUS-split EP	DISCHORDA-Marchio Della-EP
OPSTAND-LP	ACURSED/FALLOUT-split LP
RATTUS-Machine Rat Massacre-LP	SKITZO-Six Track-EP
CRUEL FACE/DUDMAN-EP	GOAT SHANTY-Encroachment-EP

REMA YOUNG / KENNY KAOS

CANDYSNATCHERS-Survival-EP	ZEKE-Rock and Roll Catastrophe-EP
LOUDMOUTHS/HOT ROD HONEY-split EP	PUSHERS-Turning Blue-LP
VON ZIPPERS-Monkey on You-EP	BACKWOOD CREATURES-Kings-LP
DEMONICS-Demons on Wheels-LP	GIMMIES-Till Your Down-45
KILL-A-WATTS-Kill Kill Kill-EP	COME ONS-LP

ZINE TOP TEN

As the World Burns #16	Extra #3
Rad Party #24	Raw Punk Bastards #1
Reflections #13	SCAM #4
The Match #95	Make #2
Evil #2	Journalsong #2

ZINE SHITWORKERS

Sam Atakra	Peter Avery
Aragorn	Michelle Barnhardt
Jerry Booth	Enrico Cadena
Brianna Chesser	Karoline Collins
Catherine Cook	Robert Collins
Rob Coons	Andy Darling
Rafael DiDonato	Mikel Delgado
Neale Fishback	Jonathan Floyd
Gardner Fusuhara	Brian Gathy
Doug Grime	Katja Gussmann
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Chris Hall	Harald Hartmann
Jeff Heermann	Missy Hennings
Tom Hopkins	George Impulse
Kenny Kaos	Carolyn Keddy
Mark Kessler	Pete Ketchpel
Dulcinea Loudmouth	Gabe Lucas
Michael Lucas	Ray Lujan
Hal MacLean	Bobby Manic
Timojhen Mark	Mary Jane
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Denise Scilingo	Steve Spinali
Jason Valdez	Max Ward
Ryan Wells	Shane White
Melanie Willhide	Jeff Yih
Rema Young	

ZINE CONTRIBUTORS

Mykel Board	Nathan Berg
George Tabb	Ted Rall
Renae Bryant	Dave Emory
Erin Whupass	Mark Murrmann
Mark Hanford	Erich Schulte
Felix Von Havoc	Brian GTA
Jose Palafox	Queenie
Scott Soriano	Stickerguy Pete
John Ringhoff	Dave Dictor
Chris(tine) Boarts	CrimethINC
Stephe Perry	Tony Patino
Luk Haas	Mia Ellis
Jax Grime	Neil & Sarah
Predrag Delibasich	Greta Snider
Jesse Luscious	Johnny Strike
Shawn Abnoxious	Patrick Buritt
Mike Winters	Punk Core Kids

ZINE COORDINATORS

Arwen Curry — Sean Sullivan

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#146/July '95. Riverdales, Head, Bristles, Aut Aut, Schleprock, Spanakorzo, McRackins, YAPO, 10-96, Empress Of Fur, Underhand, Nailed Down.

#148/Sept '95. Soda Jerks, Toe Rag, Thorazine, Scared Straight, Wizo, Opposition Party, Moody Jackson, Adversives, Opcion Crucial, Rebel Rebel, Teen Idols, Walking Ruins, "Pioneers—Sixties Punk Kings".

#150/Nov '95. NY Loose, Snap-Her, Sick Boys, Splatterheads, Pipe, Pregnant Man, Final Conflict, Rawness, Stink, Goblins, Smellie Fingers, "Roots—The Essential 1950s".

#151/Dec '95. Lowdowns, My White Bread Mom, Queen B's, Electric Frankenstein, Turtlehead, Serpico, Trick Babys, In/Humanity, Stains, Varukers, Pist, Terrible Virtue, "The Hardcore Films Of Richard Kern".

#153/Feb '96. Snort, Hatchetface, Little Ugly Girls, ADZ, Oxymoron, NOTA, Stun Guns, Surfin' Turnips, Gutfiddle, Karen Monster, Dimestore Haloes, "Uncle Sam & the Swastika."

#156 pt 1/May '96. Public Toys, Crunch, Peter & The Test Tube Babies, Nails Of Hawaiian, Splach 4, Yawp!, Lifetime, Sickoids, "Roots—Boston".

#156 pt 2/May '96. Australian Special: Beanflipper, Melancholy, Blitz Babiez, Crank, Sub-Rosa, Mindsnare, TMT, H-Block, B-Sides, Fallout, Frenzal Rhomb, Lawnsmell, One Inch Punch, Chickenshit, No Deal, Ussue 1, Clint Walker.

#157/June '96. Against All Authority, The Criminals, Wardance, Heroines, Brain Brats, Rudiments, Chinese Millionaires, Sons Of Hercules, Your Mother, Yellow Scab, "Roots—Sham 69".

#158/July '96. Workin' Stiffs, The Gain, Ashley Von Hurter, Haters, The Process, Brother Inferior, Judge Nothing, Break-ups, Not For Rent, "Roots—The Buzzcocks".

#159/Aug '96. Smugglers, Brand New Unit, Tone Deaf Pig-Dogs, Round Ear Spocks, David Hayes/Very Small Recs, Man Afraid, Blind Side, Vox Populi, Death Wish Kids, Fun People, Fat Drunk & Stupid, "Roots—The Dickies".

#160/Sept '96. Automatics, Boycot, Toast, Morning Shakes, Mormons, John Q Public, Sex Offenders, Ballgagger, Business, Apocalypse Babys, Good Riddance, Russia Update, "Roots—Eater".

#161/Oct '96. Jet Bumpers, Steel Miners, Divisia, Lopo Drido, Red #9, Nothing Cool, Sink, Sires, Newtown Grunts, "Pioneers–Ohio '77".

#162/Nov '96. Phantom Surfers, Candy Snatchers, The Stain, National Guard, Torches To Rome, Restos Fosiles, Two Bo's Maniacs, Snuka, Redemption 87, Torture Kitty, "Roots—LA '77".

#163/Dec '96. Last Sons of Krypton, Prostitutes, Wig Hat, Boys, Let It Rock, Enemy Soil, Vulcaneers, Half Empty, Zeros, Deadcats, Teen Idles.

#166/Mar '97. Walking Abortions, Hickey, '77 Spreads, Sanity Assassins, Cards In Spokes, Joey Tampon & The Toxic Shocks, Adjective Noun, Suicide King, Lenguas Armadas, Trauma, De Crew, "Pioneers—Dead Boys".

#168/May '97. Cretin 66, Fishsticks, UK Subs, Distemper, Enewetak, Fields Of Shit, "Roots—SLF, Undertones".

#169/June '97. Hand Skin, Cluster Bomb Unit, Jihad, Purgen, Speed Queens, Remission, Halflings, The Old Man, Deface, "Roots—Clash, Ramones, Sex Pistols".

#170/July '97. Bristle, Mine, Tedio Boys, The 4 Cockroaches, Absconded, Meanwhile. Broken, (Young) Pioneers, Hoodrat, "You're Dead!", "Pioneer—The Slits".

#171/Aug '97. Strychnine, Idiots, Pelado Recs, Misanthropists, Racetraitor, Violent Society, Knuckleheads.

#172/Sept '97. Withdrawals, Judgement, No Motiv, Oppressed Logic, Truents, Left For Dead, Yellowskin, Weird Lovemakers, Smash Your Face, Flatus, Straight Faced, Klaxon, X-It, web designer Vic Gedris, filmmaker Doug Cawker.

#173/Oct '97. Hot Water Music, Fat Day, Los Tigres Guapos, Les Partisans, Bristols, My 3 Scum, Space Shits, Pessimiser Recs, Reclusives, Nick Qwik, "Pioneers—GG Allin".

#174/Nov '97. Stratford Mercenaries, Lickity Split, Bladder, Piss Shivers, Barnhills, In/Humanity, Education theme issue.

#175/Dec '97. One Man Army, Those Unknown, Boiling Man, Piao Chong, Exploding Crustaceans, Last Year's Youth, Heartdrops, Dirty Burds, Dimestore Haloes, "Pioneers—The Henchmen", filmmaker Lech Kowalski.

#176/Jan '98. Infoshops/radical bookstores, Scared of Chaka, Wongs, Palatka, Voorhees, Stalingrad, Upstairs People, Squidboy, Beltones, Sky Grain, the 145s, Ducky Boys, John Cougar Concentration Camp,

#177/Feb '98. Superfly TNTs, Submachine, Dropout, Society Gone Madd, Pinhead Circus, Ann Beretta, Blackbird, Naive, Useless ID, Quarantine, "Roots—Generation X.

#178/Mar '98. Forgotten Rebels, The Dirtys, Josh Collins, Letterbombs, Go-Devils/Gyogun Rend's/Room 41, Tone Deaf Pig-Dogs, American Steel, Economics theme issue.

#179/April '98. Boy Sets Fire, Tres Kids, Idyls, Spat & The Guttersnipes, The Posers, Explosive Kate, Douche Flag, They Still Make Records, "Pioneers—Dangerhouse Records".

#180/May '98. Reinforce, Discontent, TV Killers, Slack Action, Eyeliners, Mademoiselle, MK Ultraviolence, Haulin' Ass, 97a, Infiltrators, Jack Saints, Stray Bullets, "Pioneers—Patti Smith".

#181/June '98. Grapefruit, Druggies, Stiletto Boys, All Bets Off, Bonecrusher, Summerjack, Cell Blck 5, DDI, Normals, "Pioneers—999", Pirate Radio issue.

#184/Sept '98. Absentees, Devoid of Faith, UXA, Umlaut, Four Letter Word, Streetwalkin' Cheetahs, Ricanstruction, Libertine, Indecision, Snarkout Boys, "Pioneers—Black Flag".

#185/Oct '98. Traitors, Wimpy Dicks, Armed & Hammered, Dylan McKays, NME, Tezacrifco, Worm, Roswells, Raxola, Beatnick Termites. "Pioneers—Adverts".

#186/Nov '98. Registrators, August Spies, Marilyn's Vitamins, Chinese Love Beads, "On Our Doorsteps"-on homeless punks, "Pioneers—Spizzenergi".

#187/Dec '98. Real Kids, Sawn Off, Cretins, Spider Cunts, Heroines, Third Party, No Class, Skabs, Lily & Lance's Holiday in the Sun,, "Pioneers—Dead Kennedys".

#188/Jan '99. Stitches, Neighbors, Mansfields, Real Swinger, Marauders, Mark Bruback, Mars Moles, DOA, "Pioneers—DOA".

#189/Feb '99. Monster X, Peter & the Test Tube Babies, Steam Pig, Maurauders, Yakuza, Dead Beat Recs, Halfways, Hot Rod Honeys, DeRita Sisters.

#190/March '99. John Holstrom, Powerhouse, Brezhnev, Slappy, Black Pumpkin, Smartbomb ca, Wanda Chrome, Long Gones, Smogtown, Halfways, Tilt, "Pioneers—Mechanics".

#191/April '99. Murder Suicide Pact, Kil Kare, Dudman, Super Hi-Fives, Better Than Elvis DJs, Pet Peeves, Loose Ends, Slingshot Episode, "Pioneers—Minor Threat", pt 1 of Chomsky's "Propaganda & Control".

#192/May '99. Los Crudos, Burning Kitchen, Henry Fiat's Open Sore, Polythene, Kangaroo Recs, Willie Brown, Biotic Baking Brigade, "Pioneers—Vice Squad", pt 2 of Chomsky's "Propaganda & Control".

#193/June '99. Munster Recs, DS-13, Safety Pins, Pussycats, Piolines, False Alarm, Darlington, Bad Stain, Bodies, Houseboy, Mullets, pt 3 of Chomsky's "Propaganda & Control".

#194/July '99. Deathreat, Last Match, God Hates Computers, Fokkewolf, Flesh Eating Creeps, Aside, Hoppin' Mad, Kid Dynamite, Thee Outcasts, "Pioneers—Elvis Costello."

#195/Aug '99. Moral Crux, RC5, Have Nots, Ill Tempered, Dysentery, Greg Higgins, Revlons, Larry & the Gonowheres, C.U.Next Tuesday Recs, "Pioneers—Silver Chalice," MP3.

#196/Sept '99. Hopscotch Recs, Catharsis, Orchid, The Pricks, Grissle, Product X, Reaching Forward, Emerge, Third Degree, "Epicenter Zone 1990-1999".

#197/Oct '99. Reducers SF, Lower Class Brats, Reactor 7, TheGodsHateKansas, Futuro Incierto, Showcase Showdown, Waifle, Flat Earth Recs, Holidays in the Sun, "Pioneers—Radio Birdman."

#198/Nov '99. Hail Mary, Pressure Point, Bump 'N Uglies, The Victims, A//Political, Outlast, "Pioneers Of Punk–Dictators", "Fuck Unamerican" and "After the Berlin Wall."

#199/Dec '99. Locust, Ratos de Porao, USV, Razlog Za, G-3, Swarm, WHN?, Mt. St. Helens, Black Cat Music, Enemy Soil, "Pioneers—Flipper", "Record Buying on the Net," "Are Keyboards Punk?"

#200/Jan 2000. American Steel, Curse, Helvis, Gee Vaucher, Hers Never Existed, Cometbus, Active distro, Toxic Narcotic, bibliography of MRR #100-200.

#201/Feb 2000. Beerzone, Towards An End, Daybreak, "Best Punk Singles of the '90s," reports from the WTO riots in Seattle.

#202/March 2000. KTMWQ, Real Estate Fraud, Strike Out, Broken Rekids, the Haggard, GC5, Gore Gore Girls, the Catheters, "ASCGB—Rezillos," "Zines in Prison," scene history of Bulgaria.

#203/April 2000. Spazz, Slang, Slug & Lettuce zine, Suburban Voice zine, As We Once Were, Red Angel Dragnet, Four Letter Words, Slampt Records, the Wednesdays, the Fuses, "ASCGB—Cult Maniax," "The Murder of Brian Deneke."

#204/May 2000. Cocksparrer, Talk Is Poison, Red Scare, Put Downs, Out Cold, Geraldine, Michael Knight, CBGaV, Pillage People, *Reader's Guide To Underground Press*, "ASCGB–Electric Eels."

#205/June 2000. "Punks with Kids," Coalition Records, the Skudz, 50 Million, Legion, Wilbur Cobb, "ASCGB—Third World War."

#206/July 2000. Drunk, ESL, Ambition Mission, Lord High Fixers, Cripple Bastards, Dig Dug, Federation X, Amulet, Valentine Killers, *Nose Dive*, "25 Things to Know About the War in Colombia."

BACK ISSUE SALE: For every three you purchase, you get a fourth one free!

WANNA SEND US SOMETHING?!

Scene Reports: PUNK'S NOT DEAD! It's happening out there and MRR readers want to hear about it! MRR relies on you scenesters out there to keep the pulse of what's happening in your town, write up something fun and interesting about it, and send it in to MRR. Photos and artwork are mandatory. Tell us about local bands, zines, and cool and uncool venues. Include info for travelling punks (non-US scene reports are especially welcome!) such as where to find cheap veggie eats, record stores, and strong coffee. Has your punk scene spawned any communally-run enterprises such as show spaces, cafes or record stores? Are racist or homophobic thugs threatening your scene's harmony? Enquiring punk minds want to know! See details below for format info.

Interviews: Boy, is MRR ever looking to improve the quality of our interviews (which shouldn't be hard!) We'd like to get a staff of reliable people across the country and around the world who could turn in some good, probing interviews on a semi-regular basis. We're looking for people who already have some experience doing interviews (perhaps you have your own zine and would like to share some of your best stuff with a wider audience), who can challenge bands (I know, I know, most bands don't have squat to say, but a good interviewer can take them where they haven't been before!) or give some long overdue support for those behind-the-scenes types who do an awful lot of the hard work in punk rock but get little of the ego or monetary rewards. Please give us a call if you are interested.

selfish fucker records

CATHETER/CUKROT ""
(LIMITED PRESS ONLY 300 COPIES)
"AUTHOR LEN LOOKING FOR AN ANSWER ""
"" "THIN THREAT TO YOUR SANITY"
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CORRUPTED/BONGZILLA
CATHETER/LAUGHING DOG CD
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CATHETER
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CATHETER/FORCED INSTINCT ""

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RETCH records

WARNING: This 4 track EP is strictly limited to 500 on white vinyl featuring 4 slabs of invigorating, boiling anger - straight from the streets of Manhattan. Where most live recordings disappoint, this has studio ass-kick quality so you get spontaneity, pace, power and anger. Features Spike from BLITZKIRIEG. This EP will make the fillings rattle out of your head! Buy this or be a urinal.

SANITY ASSASINS

Live at CBGB's New York — **4 Track 7" EP**

ALSO AVAILABLE:

NO GOOD TURN GOES UNPUNISHED Various CD
BLITZ, BLITZKRIEG, ABRASIVE WHEELS, VARUKERS, ONE WAY SYSTEM, ENGLISH DOGS, AIRBOMB, etc.
ENGLISH DOGS 'I've Got a Gun - Live in Helsinki' CD
AIRBOMB 'Lookout' CD *A Street Punk™ classic!*
REVENGE OF THE KILLER CRASH HELMETS Various CD *27 tracks.*
SENSA YUMA 'Everyday's Your Last Day' CD *(Ross & Jock of GBH)*
CULT MANIAX 'Live at Adam & Eve's' CD **BLITZKRIEG** 'The Future...' CD
SANITY ASSASINS 'Resistance is Uselss?' CD
FOR A FEW CRASH HELMETS MORE VOL 3 Various CD *24 tracks*
SANITY ASSASINS/WHITE PIGS 'Dead Man's Hand' CD
ENGLISH DOGS 'What A Wonderful Feeling' CD EP
VARUKERS 'One Struggle One Fight' CD **CONTEMPT** 'Still Fighting On' CD
PARADOX UK 'Disenchanted Land' 12"
T-SHIRTS: BLITZKRIEG, DEAD BOYS, THE INSANE or 4 SKINS. £7/$16

Postpaid prices: 7"£2.50/$5, **DEP** £4/$7, **CD** £6.50/$15, **LP** £5/$12, **12"** £3.50/$9. **Overseas:** Cash only, **UK:** Cheques/PO's *(payable to Retch Records)*, **Europe:** Add £1 to UK prices.

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THE CASUALTIES

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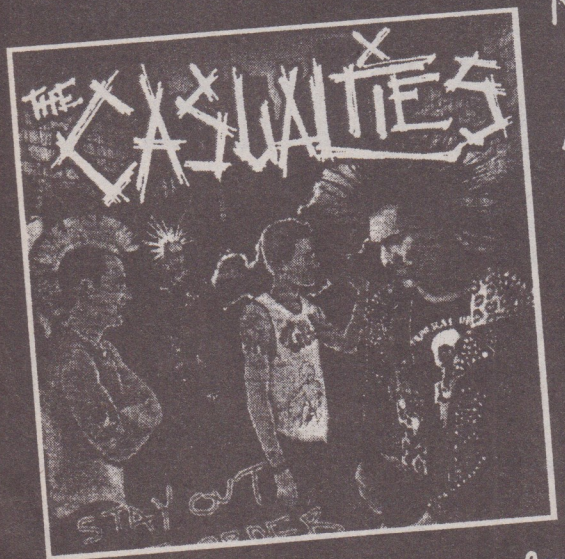

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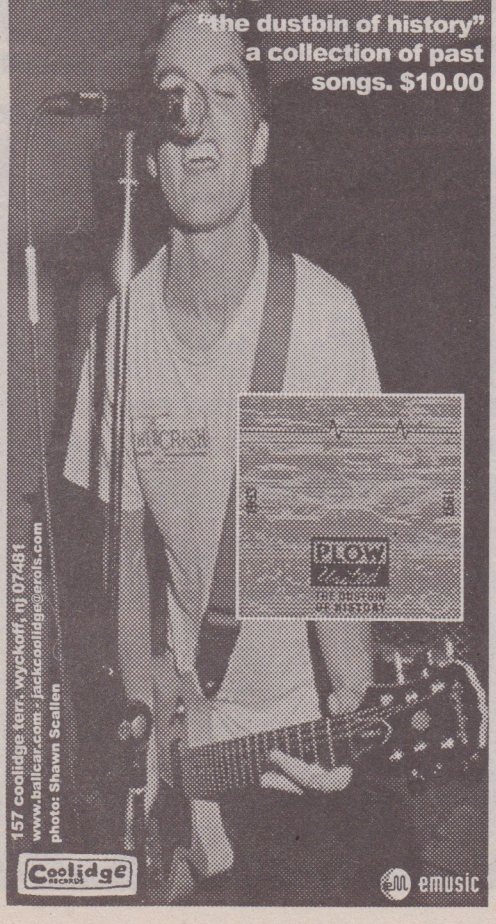

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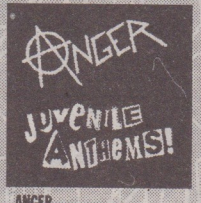

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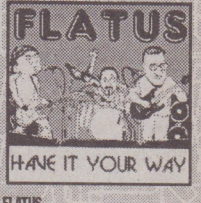

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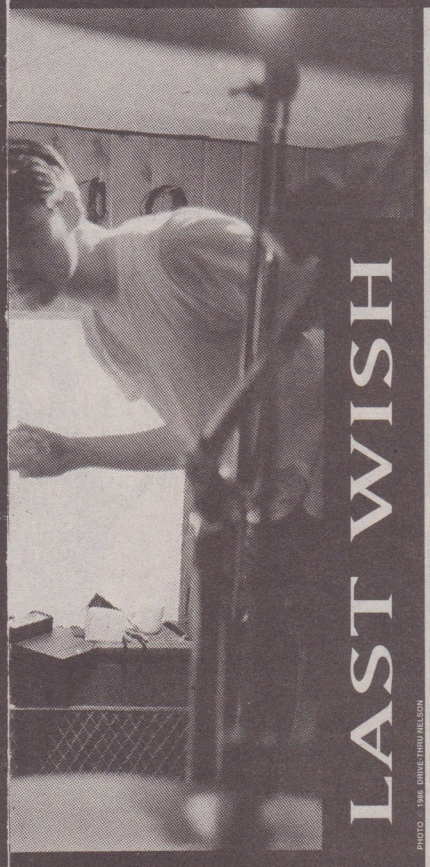

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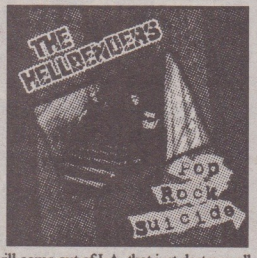

-Every few years a bands will come out of LA, that just destroys all the bands in its path. Lotta bands playing out here, but very few grab ya by the throat. Well here they are...The fuckin' Hellbenders. They're not playing the Sunset strip or waiting to get that big call from Capitol. They just play their meaty as fuck blood, sweat and broken guitars strings Rock N Roll. The dual guitars rip through the top on this one with the 2 guitar players completely feeding off of each other. 200% energy all the way right down to the seering Menace cover. Yep, they're lighting up the underbelly of LA, and you can be guaranteed your town is soon to follow

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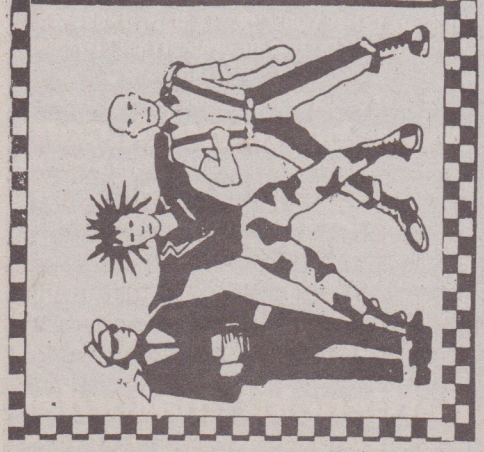

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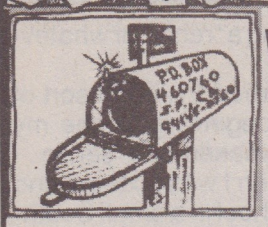
Letters



Maximum kids,

Hey, Tony 4.T.G. here. This is gonna be one of those "but" letters —and I know you know what I'm talking about.

Thank you! to *Maximum* staffers (especially Tom Hopkins!) for all the great support with the Michael Knight 7"! Both the band and I really appreciate it more than could be said! But there have been a few errors here and there that I need to clear up.

Matt's address has twice been listed as a contact for records —once in the review and once by Shawn's error in the closing of the interview. This is incorrect. All orders for the 7" should be sent to the 4.T.G. address. (Look below as it has changed.) I will still answer all orders sent to Matt's, it will just take longer. We are sorry for kids who had to wait a bit longer; all orders sent to my old address will still be answered as well. If you want to get in touch with Michael and find out the proper waxing techniques for your K.I.T.T. car, you can still write to them via Matt or e-mail them at michaelknight666 @hotmail.com. There's my next "but" —tha4tg@hotmail.com is my e-mail not theirs. I have forwarded all your comments and assorted shit to them, though!

New contact info for 4.T.G. music terrorism conspiracy and blood cult is now: 36764 Harper Ave/ Apt 203/ Clinton Twp, MI 48035/ tha4tg@hotmail.com. Thank you for making it thru 200 issues—next stop 300! *Go!* The Michael Knight/ 4% split will be out soon! The s/t 7" is almost all gone. Thanks to some flakey traders, I still have a small amount left, so if you didn't get it, I still have about 20 or so copies left (a few on clear even). Thanks for the forum, Tony 4.T.G.

Dear *MRR*,

Hey, thanks for helping me stay a little sane while I spend my time in this government hotel. I used to read *MRR* in the early '90s, then I fell and have been in prison for the last seven years and have hooked myself back up reading *MRR*. It has made my days easier and makes me truly look forward to going to a show and starting my record collection all over again in only eighteen months.

I was reading some stuff that other prisoners wrote in issue #203 about prison rape and about them having TVs and CD players in their cells. I know in Oregon the rape trip happens, but there are more people willing to give it up. You do have the ones that get their asses taken, but it's not how people think. You have young people who come in all scared and some older convict poles them in, and the next thing you know, the young kid is someone's punk and it's sad. I fell when I was nineteen and have spent most of my time doing what I need to do. I've spent two-and-a-half years in the hole, but I have nothing to prove to anyone so now I'm just doing my time. So if you're young and end up doing time and an older convict is getting close to you, watch out, but be a man, because the hole don't hurt no one, just don't pick up more time.

Also, some people wrote about TVs and CD players. Well, they're lucky motherfuckers to get that where they're at. In Oregon all you get is AM/ FM stereo. No tape players, no CD players, and the TV we do get is with 40 other inmates and you watch a bunch of bullshit, and it's pretty fucking stupid when they only have 20 seats for 40 people. So you have at least a couple fights a week over a fucking seat. I know my time would be a lot easier with a CD player or tape player so I can listen to some old Poison Idea, 7 Seconds, Dayglo Abortions, Mentors, GG Allin, GBH, Minor Threat, Subhumans and CH3. But all I get is so-called alternative sold-out bullshit, and I laugh because some of the bands I hear on the radio, like Bad Religion and NoFX, were the shit in the punk days, but I guess their pockets are getting bigger and their hearts are getting smaller.

I just *want out* of this government hotel because when I read the brochure, I thought there would be women behind every tree and parties every night. But so far no trees and the women have to have come from parents who are brother and sister. Big and stinky. Hey, don't get me wrong. I've met some big punk rock girls that have made me think twice about them because, damn, they have given me some times I'll never forget, but these here I have to forget. I'm rambling so I'll close this and say: Don't do time in Oregon, it sucks. And if anyone wants to write this sick boy who's doing time, send me some words.

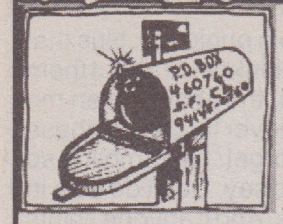
Matthew Conrad #8908867/ 777 Stanton Blvd./ Ontario, OR 97914

MRR,

I want to thank all of you over there for helping me out and giving me a great chance to be heard. I never expected the column I sent in to see print, but seeing it did has been a healing experience. You gave me an open forum, a place of non-judgement, where I was able to peel back the layers of lies I hid myself behind for years and confess to myself and this community my faults and apologize for mistakes made and make a promise to do all I can to make amends and bring awareness of the very things that almost destroyed me: racism, drug addiction, suicide, homophobia and sexual discrimination, crime, prison living and the fucked up law system.

I greatly respect the foundation *MRR* represents to our scene. Since my column in #204, I've had so much positive response and feedback. A lot of people were able to connect with some of the things that I've gone through and things I've done, and others just related to me because of my honesty about my past.

I want to do all I can to promote education and equality to the youth of the punk scene and help bring to the fore the importance of tolerance and unity in all the factions of our scenes. This revolution and resistance of ours, although worded differently from band to band or looking different from city to city, country to country, it's all the same in the end. Those of us who fight for justice where there is none, truth where there's lies, trust from our peers, the fulfilling of the human destiny, the freedom to live liberated from hate, stereotypes, false authority and political dictatorship. We all work for the same end, so let's draw strength and resources from



one another. Like Chris(tine) talks about, the original ethics of DIY networking in our diverse forms.

I've been reading the essays of Nestor Makhno, a Russian anarchist browbeaten by communism, and he's got so much insight on the crucial aspect of unified support in a revolutionary movement. "At any rate, that is how any man who places any store by his rights and the rights of humankind should think of it, unless he wishes to remain a beast of burden, a slave, as he is compelled to be at the moment. It will be a life and death struggle! When healthy reasoning and love of oneself and of others alike gain the ascendancy of life, man will become the authentic author of his own existence." (From *The ABC of the Revolutionary Anarchist* essay.)

I have you to thank for the opportunity to read this man's work as well. You sent me the information to get in touch with Books Through Bars and Bound Together Books who have sent me much material free of charge. Others who I've found support and friendship with generated from the column include John Murphy, who puts out the zine *No Comply*. He contacted me to contribute to his zine on my experiences with the white power movement and racism's disease in American youth. Anthony Rayson of *Thought Bombs* zine and Justin Rhody of *If Only Thoughts Could Kill* both are giving me the chance to be heard as well and are helping me format my own zine, *Wiener Society*, which I will hopefully have fully ironed out in a few months, focusing on anti-racist views, unity in our community, feminist and bi/queer/lesbian advancement, the prison industry and drugs.

A long lost friend of mine, Melissa Brown, someone I hurt and betrayed in the past, wrote to me after seeing the column, and my honesty touched her and we've reconciled. True friendship reawakened. Amelia B. Preston, Joe Williams, Todd Keyser and Melody Pascal - all punks, revolutionaries and activists who've become part of a personal support collective, and more are writing each week.

I just want to express my gratitude to *MRR* and give you an idea how you gave me a chance to meet a lot of good and incredible people and exposed me to the resources I needed to begin my written activism from my prison cell. You guys represent all of us. In solidarity,

Neil Edgar/ K61832/ D1 140 up/ PO Box 5002/ Caliptria, CA 92233-5002

Hello *Maximum Rocknroll*,

I thought I'd write to inform your readers about what's happened to a great friend of ours here in London. On April 26, 2000, Brendan received a one-year jail sentence for his part in the J18 riot in the "city" (posh part) of London. Basically throwing bricks at coppers. Although a bit shorter sentence than he expected, he said to us to write to a few well-known zines and ask their readers to send him some stuff. All prisons here allow different things and all Brendan is allowed is fanzines and tapes —not prerecorded but with a clear casing. His interests are football (Arsenal and Ireland), punk and oi!, drinking and anarchism. He's a second-generation Irishman and he also sings for the street-punk London-Irish band Intensive Care (their CD just came out). He's been involved with the Making Punk a Treat Again anarchist-punk gig collective since the first gig we put on back in October '95 and is a very well-known and liked person on the scene in London. Obviously be careful what you write and send him some stamps or an IRC to reply. Remember what happened to Brendan could happen to any of us, and any movement or scene that doesn't look after its prisoners is worth fuck all. His address is: Brendan Judge, DN8137/ G-Wing/ HMP Brixton/ Jebb Avenue/ Brixton/ London/ SW2 5XF/ UK. All the best,

Mark/ Making Punk a Treat Again/ c/o Phoenix Press/ PO Box 824/ London/ N1 9DL/ England/ UK

MRR,

In response to Bill Florio: Yes, kids still get into punk rock for the right reasons, and that's because there will always be situations that arise that create a lifestyle coherent to being a "rebel" or whatever. Always.

I just turned 21, and I sort of feel that I am beginning to see my history, if that makes any sense. I look back to when I was sixteen, and going to high school in a small Southern town is no small chore for someone who wants to be an individual. I got so sick of waking up early in the morning to face ridicule all day that I developed an extremely high rate of absence, as did all my friends. I was the only one who graduated from our high school—they all got their GEDs. My parents wouldn't let me. Punk rock is absolutely what it is: a natural reaction to surroundings and a purpose to a life that sometimes sees no purpose at all. The times are very different today than from back in the days when punk wasn't "household" as well. It is cute. It's homogenized for radio, and it's been that way since Andy Wallace mixed "*Nevermind*" nine-years ago. And it's really not too surprising. Americans are famous for taking something pure and raping it. It seems to be an inherent side effect of our culture. Write me and tell me if I'm wrong.

Matt Cash/ 3109-A8 Hillsborough St./ Raleigh, NC 27607

Dear *MRR*,

I am writing about something that occurs in the scene that I don't think should. It seems like people dislike certain punks because they come from higher-income backgrounds than themselves. I can understand disliking the rich whose greed keeps the rest of the world in chains, but I can't understand disliking a person for the amount of money their parents make. What level of income you're born into is something you have as much control over as what race or sex you are. Not liking or accepting a person because their parents are well-off is just as ridiculous as not liking a person because of their skin color. For example, it wouldn't be right not to like an anti-racist kid simply because his dad is a racist. As long as they don't want to be that way, then why dislike them? If they're dedicated and are trying to make a difference, then what makes them any less than you? Also, just because someone's not poor doesn't

necessarily mean that their life has been easy or that they're spoiled. I'm tired of this close-mindedness, and I know a lot of good people have probably left the scene because they felt unaccepted. I think it's time for people to judge each other for who they are, not something as shallow as how much money their parents make.
Anonymous

Hey,

If you got into punk to be accepted, I can see why you might want to leave. If you got into punk because you think it's fucking right on, how easily are you going to let yourself be driven out? Rich kids are not the only demographic group who sometimes get the cold shoulder for not being middle-class white kids. And like those other groups, if you are determined to be heard and make a difference, you might have to be extra-outspoken. If you stick with it and produce material that others are interested in, you'll find punks that do support you, even if you're still dissed in your hometown. Jeff M.

Dearest *Maximum Rockn-roll*,

Honestly, there's reviews, Felix Havoc and George Tabb. Does anyone actually read this mag for anything else? Well, at one point in time I did.

I had just read issue #202 and a thought was created. Punk, in my eyes, has been highly accepting of people of all lifestyles. And, whether people like your mag or hate your mag, *every* punk has read your mag. I'm proof of this. I mean, West Virginia isn't exactly a punk rock mecca, though there are about 20 of us—not bad.

My point is this. Your mag is really gay-friendly, and that is a good thing, but do you sacrifice the content of your mag for a section of social outcasts that seemingly have nothing to do with punk rock? Mykel Board is an excellent columnist, but John S. Ringhoff is not. Yes, he is well-written and humorous, but the only music he talked about in his last column was major label darlings Oasis, Weezer, and Manowar? Come on, is this punk rock? Then again, what is punk? Fuck it. I just think that having a columnist write for you simply because of the choices of mates he or she has is silly, and this really seems like just that.
Love,
Matt Belville/ Rt. 1 Box 99/ Prichard, WV 25555/ manarchy@excite.com

PS Mr. Ringhoff: I would enjoy discussing this directly with you, so feel free to email a response or write a letter. Please don't take this personally. I am not a homophobe.

Hey there,

It's been a long time since I read your zine, so I might be missing something, but could I be the only one to find it incongruous that Renae Bryant's essay about how racism was sneaking back into punk was immediately followed by Bill Florio's essay describing the "dirtiest smelliest Albanian motherfucker?"

Maybe Florio is an Albanian, and I'm guessing he grew up in Queens or one of those Mediterranean neighborhoods in NYC, but still—would you print an essay from some Californian describing the "dirtiest smelliest Mexican motherfucker?"

I'm sure people were tortured at his middle school—as they were at mine—but it's still an ethnic slur to me. I lived in Italy for a while, where Albanians are regarded as the lowest of the low, absolute scum. Maybe I'm super sensitive to it, but it still seemed like a lousy and stupid thing to print, especially from a self-avowed anti-racist punk zine. The juxtaposition of the two essays made it even grosser. It depressed me. I mean, where's your head at? Yours,
Sam

MRR,

I hope that this can find its way into the letters section in a future issue. What I want to complain or raise people's attention to is buying stuff over the Internet. I cannot stress how important it is to *be careful!* Those companies will without a doubt rip you off. Wait, let me rephrase that. Some companies will rip you off. Sure, they say pay with a credit card over the internet—*no no no no no*. They say it's safe, and if there is any way that someone uses or downloads your credit card number, you're only liable for so much. Not necessarily. Credit card companies will do what they call an "investigation." If they cannot determine that someone used your number or that you did not authorize that purchase, then you are stuck with it. At least that has been my experience.

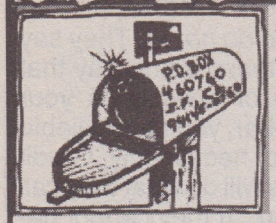
Another example if I may. Beware about sending payment via the mail, check or money order. I ordered a t-shirt from a company that alleged to have the largest internet or online selection of punk t-shirts. I sent payment via mail. They got my payment, cashed it, never sent me my merchandise. I called and they said, "Sorry dude, out of stock. We'll send you a refund." Well, I never got it, so now I'm out of luck and some cash too. (This company is called rocku.com. If you can't print that, then that's fine.) Face it folks, if you can't get it from a gig, directly from the band, or from a reliable source advertised in a killer zine like *MRR*, then forget it, it is just not worth having. This is not to say that all companies are like this, but that this has been my experience.

I also wanted to add to a letter that I read from Bob Suren from Sound Idea regarding some worthless shit who called him a racist and a skinhead. Fuck him. He is just some stupid person who probably does not deserve to be pissed on, and he is obviously pissed that he is a loser and a dead beat. If your business is going good, your friends still believe in you, and everyone else knows your cool, then *fuck him.* I don't know Bob personally, but I have ordered stuff from Sound Idea and whoever I spoke to there has been really cool and helpful. Anyway, *MRR* kicks ass, always has and always will.
Jason

MRR-

A few months ago, my girlfriend, Sybille, sent off for a zine from Ohio, *Something for Nothing*, which had received a good review in *MRR*. When we got the zine, it turned out to be a Christian publication, a fact which was not mentioned

Letters



in the *MRR* review. Understandably upset at mistakenly ordering this nonsense (based on *MRR*'s recommendation), she returned the zine to the Christians, advising them in the process to please take their Jesus-nonsense out of punk rock. In response, the Christians included in their next issue (which they sent to us) a column which mainly was about how "closed-minded" my girlfriend was since she could not accept Jesus into her heart, or find the time to read religious ramblings by His lackeys. Now, I really don't care to argue any further with these Christians – there's no arguing sensibly with fools, and it will get you nowhere. What sort of surprised me, however, was something else that this holy roller wrote in regards to Sybille's advice to hop off the punk bandwagon. "I don't know what gave you the idea I was punk," he wrote, "or that my zine had anything to do with punk, other than that it was reviewed in *MRR*."

Now this got me to thinking: what was a self-proclaimed non-punk Christian sending in zines to *MRR* for? And getting good reviews at that! I know *MRR*'s stance on supporting racist, sexist and homophobic subject matter has always been wishy-washy at best (usually downright apologetic, lest Bruce Roehrs or some similar *MRR* geriatric be offended, or some brain-dead constituency of *MRR*'s readership complain "*Duuuuude butt it rox, brah!*"), and it seems that to this list we can safely add religious material. Why the trepidation or approval? Most music reviews in *MRR* simply shrug off religious content the same way they do sexist or Nazi content: "Hmm, dunno where they're comin' from with that, but this release *smokes*! Recommended! (RM)"

I realize that in San Francisco or other hipster cities, Christian dogma may pose very little threat to the punk scene. However, where I live, and in plenty of other places, the Christians have in effect taken over the local punk scene! *MRR*'s ambivalence/support of this phenomenon is pretty sad. Of course, I don't blame *MRR* for this punk trend toward Christiandom (shit, they can offer "eternal salvation" to clueless young outcasts; all our scene can offer is loud music and occasionally intelligence!), but it is certainly worth noting. And I don't expect *MRR* to adopt a tough stance on condemning racism or sexism or religion overnight; I realize the "old boys" of *MRR* can't deal with that yet. Basically, what I am asking is why a Christian can send his non-punk-related Christian magazine to *MRR* and expect to get a good review? The criterion for zine reviews in past years was something like "no poetry zines." That qualification seems to have vanished, but I would argue that Christian zines are far stupider than a poem or two, poetry being merely annoying or tedious and religious writing being fucking moronic. I'm not asking for a list of "non-acceptable zine subjects," like the "no wimpy or artistic music" nonsense heading the record review column. I am calling for a better reading of the zines; some sense of "duty" (or whatever you call it) to mention if a zine is filled with a decidedly stupid type of writing, and a stronger stand against stupidity in general. Or, if the consensus of *MRR* or of its individual shitworkers is that "Jesus is just all right by me," let's have some sort of argument presented as to why that is.

Other than that, the zine has been generally decent in a "beggars can't be choosers" sort of way. Bye now.

Giovanni/ PO Box 1781/ Spokane, WA 99210

Giovanni and Sybille,

There was a very subtle underlying religious tone in the issue I reviewed. I remember hemming and hawing for a few minutes as to whether or not I should mention it. In hindsight (which is always 20/20, right?!) I should have. Frankly, I don't think my review qualifies as a 'good' one. Indifferent seems more appropriate to me. Anyway, I did a little research at home (flipping through old MRR*'s) and came up with about six different reviews for past issues of* Something For Nothing*. Some folks mentioned Christianity, some didn't. Some people thought it was great, some thought it sucked. The reviews seemed to vary as much as the issues themselves probably did. Sorry you had a bad experience because of my review. Karoline*

Giovanni,

It is true that not every reviewer here suscribes to what the Sticker Guy called "the pc anarchist viewpoint... prevalent in MRR*". Not every reviewer agrees with you and methat every Christian release is complicit with the bad stuff you can read in the Bible. There is some diversity of opinion among staffers here, and not everybody's sexist, etc. alarm goes off at the same places, obviously.* Maximum *has been criticized for being too easy on fucked-up shit and for jumping all over petty issues. I expect that we will continue to hear it from both sides, which is fine. When you are critical of stuff, you gotta expect people will be critical of you. Jeff M.*

??????????????

Here's how the new, improved **Scoop** will work: every month we'll publish a question of interest on a special page of *MRR* (*see below for the first question*). Send your brief response (*on disk or typewritten if possible*) to *MRR Scoop*, PO Box 460760, San Francisco, CA 94146-0760. If you can, include a photo of yourself (*originals please, let us know if you need photos returned*). *Postmark your reply by the 15th of every month* for the following month's issue.

Is there a place for Christianity in the punk community?

??????????????

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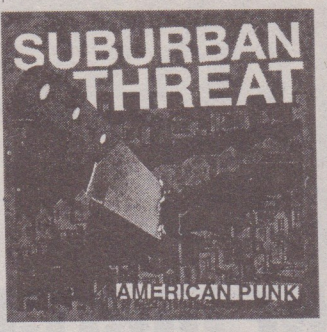

SUBURBAN THREAT - "American Punk" CD

I don't know what they sound like cause I didn't even listen to it. But buy it anyway. Dude, it says here these guys, "SUBURBAN THREAT" are produced by Mike & Kenny from PRESSURE POINT. It has to be good! My friend said they play fast. It is out now! Maybe when they get popular I'll give a fucking shit. (MRR Reviewer)
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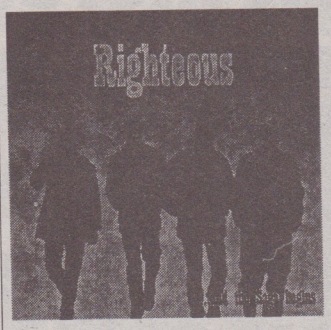

THE RIGHTEOUS - "...and the Saga Begins" CD

It's 3 in the morning and this review is due in 7 hours. Lucky I know how to bullshit. Bro, it says here these guys, THE RIGHTEOUS are produced by Carl Templar. I guess it is Oi! It has to be good! ***It will be out in mid July.*** A friend of this guy I saw at a show said it is great. Is this vague enough? (MRR Reviewer)
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THE RANDUMBS - "???" 7" EP

Those guys from Sonoma sure are crazy. My sister's, boyfriend's tennis coach said that this record sucks harder than Johnny Bodies on a first date. You could not even pay me to listen to it much less buy

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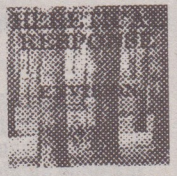

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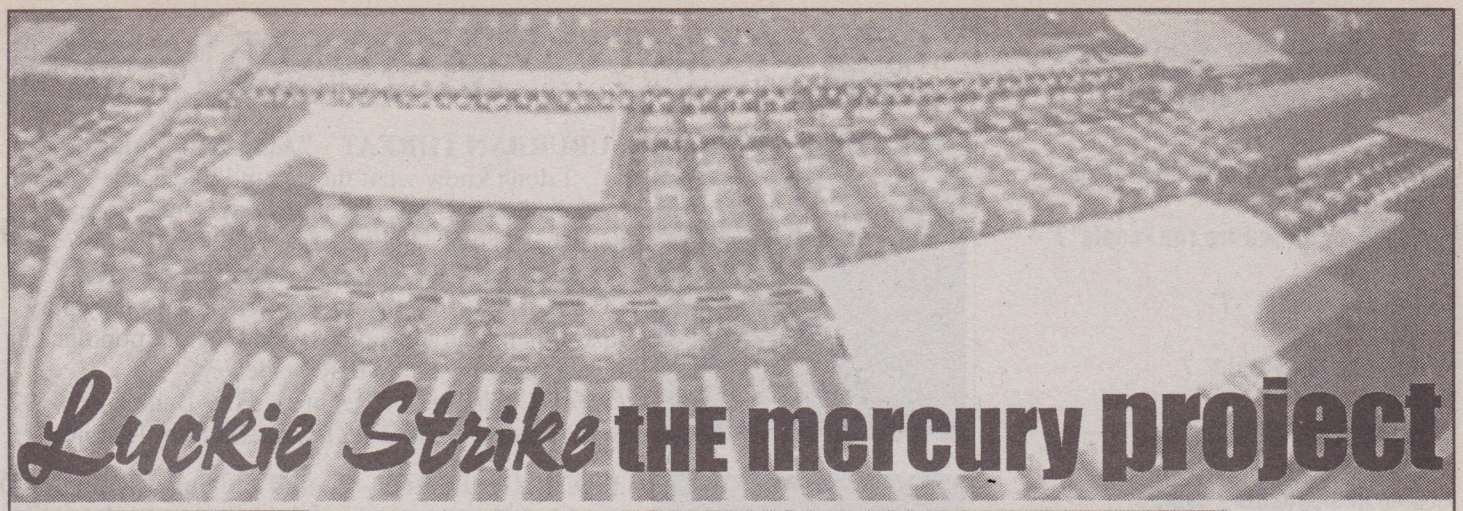

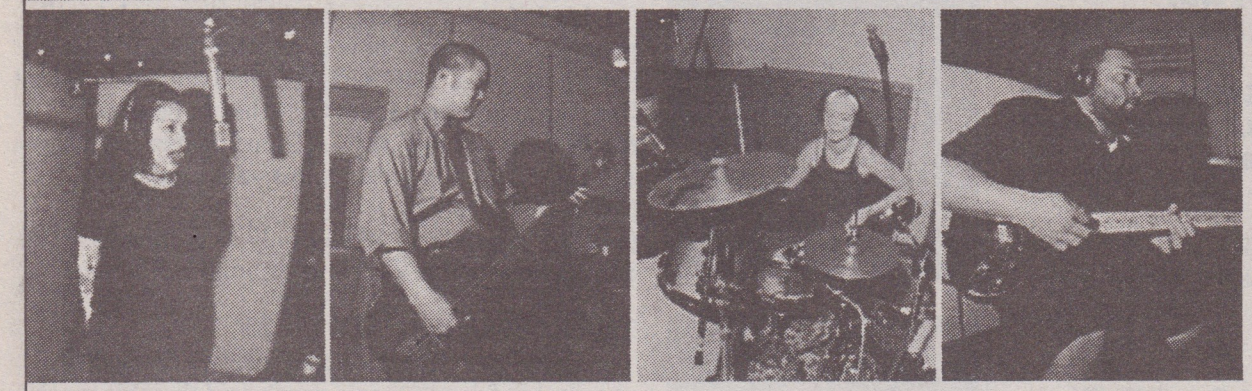

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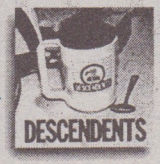

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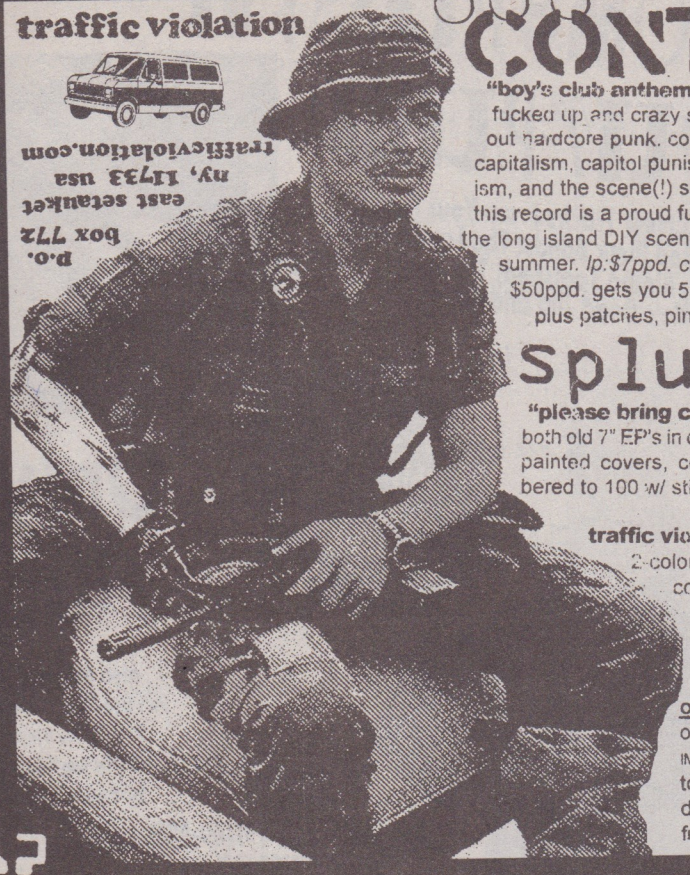

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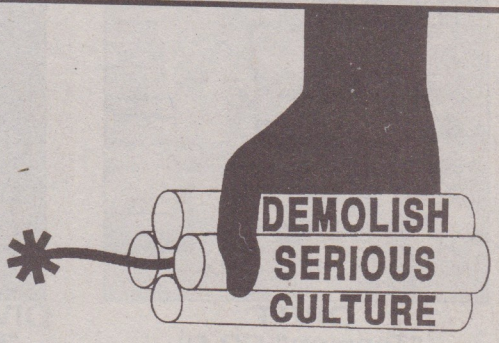

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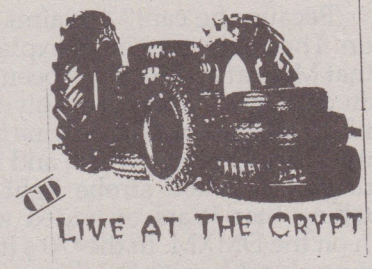

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Columns

Opinions expressed are solely those of the columnists and (thankfully) are not editorial policy.

Leave it to the Scottish — a country where the men wear skirts — to clone a sheep. Of all the animals on Earth they could have chosen, they chose one that looks like every other one. But then again, sheep probably say the same thing about us. Then someone went and cloned monkeys. Same thing.

With that door opened, we all know that cloning people is not far behind. At all. While questions about the "master race," genetic engineering, harvesting organs for transplants, and bringing back Hitler are hot topics for conversation, I think the following conversations are much more timely and important. All that scientific speculation may be fun, like wondering if an asteroid is gonna hit us. But that's not what's really on everyone's mind. The following is.

*

"Why does a dog lick himself?" I ask Evan, my then-bass player of Furious George and male fashion model, as we stand outside on the corner of First Street and Second Avenue.

It's about nineteen degrees outside, and for warmth I'm only wearing my leather jacket with the broken zipper. Evan, on the other hand, is wearing a warm down coat, snug knit cap, those kinda gloves O.J. Simpson wore but lost behind his house and boots. I wonder if this punk rock image he carries will damage the band.

"I dunno Dr. Tabb," says Evan, "why does a dog lick himself?"

I remind Evan that we are not on stage and this isn't our joke band, The Gynecologists, where we make fools of ourselves. That we are standing in front of the Mars Bar in the East Village. The last stop before hell. A bar where Bowery bums, yuppies, punk rockers and Euro-trash can call home. A place where you can piss on the floor and throw up on the person next to you, and it's okay. A place where we've seen the likes of Keanu Reeves and Matt Army hang out. And most importantly, a place that has Furious George on the jukebox.

"Because he can!" interrupts Sam, one of the kids from Jersey. We love the kids from Jersey. And their bands. Sam's band is the Hysterics.

"Huh?" says Mike at eighteen, confused. Mike at eighteen is also from Jersey. He's named after Mike Blank, the singer of The Blanks 77. If he were eighteen. Mike at eighteen's band is The Jerk-Offs. Mike at eighteen gets confused a lot.

"Because he can!" exclaims Sam again. Then Sam goes on to explain to us that Mike at eighteen has been a bit brain damaged lately. Probably from drinking all that cough medicine to get a buzz. Also from the weed, and from staring at a rented strobe light and watching Star Wars on video while high on the DMXM. In the '70's it was huffing glue. Now it's imbibing cough medicine. Punk rock.

"I'd lick myself," explains Evan, bundled up all warm and cozy.

"Me too," I say, my hands swollen and frost-bitten.

The kids just kinda look at us like we're weird.

"Look at it this way," explains Evan, "you wouldn't need a date for a Saturday night."

I laugh, but Mike at eighteen and Sam just kinda look at us.

The conversation of course turns to masturbation. How many times a day? Or an hour? Magazine, videos, or memories? Then we get to the real question. The answer of the joke.

"I once tried to suck my own dick," I say to the guys. Evan smiles and nods. Sam looks like he's in shock. Mike at eighteen looks confused.

"What?" I exclaim. I explain that I once saw porno actor Ron Jeremy do it in a video and it looked easy. Only it wasn't.

"I once masturbated twice in one day," explains Mike at eighteen.

Sam just looks at me and shrugs his shoulders.

"It was really hard," I explain. I explained how I tried to do it by leaning down, trying to touch my lips and mouth to my penis like Ron Jeremy, but my neck just wouldn't stretch far enough.

"It's not that your neck wouldn't stretch," says Evan, "it's the length of your dick."

I tell Evan, calmly, that my penis is plenty long enough, but I'm just not that limber. I then explain how I tried it by putting my legs and butt up against the wall, and then tried to reach my penis that way. I was almost able to touch the tip with my tongue. Or my nose.

Sam and Mike at eighteen just stare at me.

"What? Like you guys have never tried it?" I yell.

They both nod their heads no.

"Geez, George," says Evan, "do you think sucking your own dick makes you gay?"

I tell him it doesn't. That it is just another form of masturbation, and that there is nothing wrong with being gay, anyway.

We all agree.

We continue to talk about how I had a stiff neck for two weeks and had to tell everyone I pulled it playing guitar or something. We have a few good laughs. Then the Sisters Grim walk up to us. They're dressed about as warm as me.

"Hi," they say in unison to all of us.

"Hi," we all say in unison back to them. To Victoria and Marisa. Two identical twins who look exactly alike. So much so that I have known them for like six years and still can't tell who is who. Even when they are on stage playing in their band, named, of course, The Sisters Grim.

"What are you guys doing tonight?" one of the Grim sisters asks.

"Yeah?" says the other. They both are about five-three, have long black curlyish hair and are cute. Especially in their hot pants and platform shoes.

I explain to them that Mike at eighteen, Sam and me are out here freezing to death, and Evan the pussy is all warm in his non-punk rock clothes.

They both laugh. Together. At the same time. It's like they have one mind between them.

"What were you guys laughing about when we walked up?" asks one of the Sisters.

"We were talking about sucking our own dicks," I say.

"Eeeewwww!" they both say. One mind, two mouths.

Then I get an idea. A light bulb lights up above my head. I look inside the Mars Bar and see the bartender flipping the switch near the door.

Columns

"Would you two have sex with each other?" I ask them. I'm curious.

They both look at me, then at Evan and the kids. Then they say goodnight and walk away.

"They loved that question," says Sam.

I explain that I wished they would have answered. That it would probably be okay if they had sex with each other because they are identical. That they both came from the same sperm and same egg. That they are both the same person. They just have different names.

"They have different experiences," explains Evan.

"Yeah," adds Mike at eighteen, trying to add something to the conversation.

"Different experiences means different people," says Sam.

I tell them that whether or not they have had different experiences, they have the same body. Exactly. Therefore, if they like went down on each other, it'd be like going down on themselves. I think.

"Would you go down on your identical twin if you had one?" Evan asks me.

I think about it. Long and hard. Then I think about Evan's question.

"Better yet," says Sam, the intelligent one of the group, "would you go down on your clone? Some day you might have the chance."

I think longer. And harder.

*

What if they were to actually clone me one day? What if there was another George Tabb who was, well, me? Same height, same weight, same brain, same penis, same everything. Would I go down on him? And if I did, would that make me gay or bisexual or whatever? Or would that be masturbation?

I asked this question to my stepdad, Nick, on the phone a couple of days ago. His answer bothered me.

"George," he said, on the phone from Florida where he is visiting his sister, "I think you are just asking me this question so you can go out and suck a cock. Are you trying to tell me you're gay?"

"No Nick," I explained, "this is serious."

"It's okay if you want to come out of the closet," explained Nick. "I'll still love you anyway."

I explained to Nick that since this whole cloning thing had been all over the news, I had put a lot of thought into this issue.

"You're really bored, aren't you?" asked Nick.

I admitted I was. Then I explained how I once tried to give myself a blow job, and now, with the advent of cloning, I might be able to.

"George," Nick said, "you wouldn't be giving yourself a blow job, you'd be giving your 'clone' a blow job. That's not you."

"What do you mean, Nick?" I asked.

"If you blew yourself, well, that's the same mind and same body. Therefore it's masturbation. But your clone? That's a different mind and body entirely."

I tell Nick that a clone, by definition, is the same mind and body.

"It's not. That body and mind will have lived through different experiences and therefore be different."

I tell Nick that that may not be the case. That they may be able to clone people into full-grown people, like they did on Star Trek. The one where there is a second Captain Kirk. Same minds, same memories.

"Are you sure you are not trying to tell me you're gay," says Nick, "cause it's fine if you are."

I tell Nick I know it's fine if I'm gay, but that by blowing my clone, it wouldn't necessarily make me homosexual. It would be like jerking off.

"No, George, it wouldn't. If that penis is not attached to you, it's not yours, and therefore if you were to suck it, you'd be engaging in a homosexual act. Not that there is anything wrong with that."

"What if I were just to jerk it off?" I asked.

"Same difference, it's not attached to you."

"Fuck you, Nick," I screamed, "it's my god-damn penis, and if I wanna touch it, then why can't I?"

The conversation degenerated from there. Actually, I think it had degenerated from the time Nick answered the phone saying "hello". We went on to talk about clones and different science fiction authors takes on the whole thing. We finally agreed to disagree. He thinks that if the body is not attached to the mind I'm currently using, that touching that body is a non-masturabatory act. I told him I felt the opposite. That it's my body, whether my "mind" was attached or not.

"One more thing, George," added Nick, "One mind and body is having an orgasm, one isn't. One sucks, one comes. Therefore it's really an act of two people."

"Not if they '69', Nick," I said.

"Bye George," said Nick, then hung up.

*

So, I'm standing outside of the Mars Bar, and my hands are now numb, as are my ears. Mike at eighteen and Sam look like they are in the same condition. Evan looks just fine. Pussy.

"Well?" asks Sam. I can see his breath.

"Yeah", says Evan. "Would ya do it? Would ya blow your clone like in a Philip K. Dick novel or something?"

"Ha ha, dick!" exclaims Mike at eighteen.

I think about it and then answer.

"I don't know," I explain. Before I had talked to Nick, I think I would have, but the way he explained the different mind, different body theory, I just didn't know now.

"Why not?" asked Evan.

I explained to them Nick's theories, and my own. If it truly was a different person, and I sucked his dick, then it wouldn't be like sucking my own dick, it would be like sucking someone else's, and I wasn't sure I wanted to do that. I wanted to suck my own.

Everyone nodded in agreement.

"So the bottom line is, no!" I said.

We all kinda laughed, then went in to the Mars Bar. I felt kind of guilty about the whole conversation and my lying at the end and all, but I think they'd understand.

It wasn't that I was afraid of sucking my own dick on someone else, or even someone else's. No, that wasn't it at all. The truth of the matter is, what if it really came down to it. What if I really met my clone? We'd go out to dinner, a place we both liked, I'm sure. Then maybe we'd see a movie. We'd fight for the aisle seat. Then we'd go home together. My place or mine? Maybe play some games together on the PlayStation. Who'd make the first move? And, what if I went for it and my clone said "no". What if he didn't like me? Or like me in "that way?" What if he said, "George, I just want to be friends." I don't think I could han-

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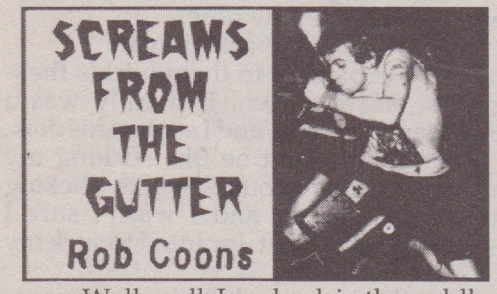
dle that kind of rejection. Not from me, anyway.

Take My Life, Please.

1. Obviously, I wrote this when the whole cloning thing was a big issue a couple of years back.
2. MAN SCOUTS OF AMERICA!
3. I just went to Boston to depose Houghton-Mifflin, the Curious George people. According to them, people would have no problem knowing the difference between "Furious George" the wrestler and their monkey. Or "Furious George" Steinbrenner, the baseball owner of the Yankees, and their monkey. But people will confuse "Furious George" the punk rocker and Curious George. Blow my monkey dick, pussies.
4. Do I have to tell you the new FYP album is great? Or that the Hallowteens from New York Rock?
5. What's with that "Slim Shady" guy stealing my look? Who's the real thing? Me, motherfucker. Damn. He's just a clone wanna-be. Speaking of which, I bet he'd be the FIRST to go down on his double.



Well, well, I am back in the saddle again. I wanted to get the old column cranked up again for a couple of reasons. Due to an occupation change recently, I finally have some free time in my life again. And I feel like a lot of the music that I buy and listen to still doesn't get reviewed within these pages. So I really want to pick up the slack again. For those who have never read my column in the past, let me give you a brief overview. I generally cover music that does not get reviewed in the regular review section because it may be too noisy, technical, metal, slow, or fast, a.k.a. doom, crust, hardcore, metalcore —oh, fuck it, just read the column and you will figure it out pretty quick. So if are in a band or do a label that fits the limited description noted above, and you have been hoping to get your record reviewed in MRR but never bothered sending it in or it got rejected, then send them my way to the address listed below. If it is brutally heavy and pissed as all hell, then bring it on! So raise a fist, nod your head and rock on like the crazed motherfuckers that you all are.

The first record I want to talk about is BOTCH's *We Are The Romans* CD. OK, now I know this record is already dated by most zines' standards. And it has gotten more press than imaginable. But you know what, I am about to give it some more. This is hands down the most amazing record I have heard in quite some time. I literally listen to this record at least a few times a week and it still kicks my ass every time. When was the last time you listened to a record and it really moved you? I am not talking about the generic toe-tapping, finger-snapping movement. I am talking about when the songs get under your skin and fucks with your emotions. When a band can make the hair on the back of your neck stand up and cause you to go through mad emotional swings of rage, sadness and happiness, Now that is fucking power. If you have never heard them, then it is high time you did. They create a complex mix of metal and hardcore that effortlessly flows between dense powerful breakdowns, hard-charging riffs and melodic low-key parts. The vocals are powerful as hell and full of venom.

And if I haven't brown-nosed this band enough, then I probably should tell you how amazing these guys are live. It blows me away how they can pull all the complexity of their music together and make it all work from the stage. Essential to say the least! (Hydra Head, PO Box 990248, Boston, MA 02199)

GRIEF – *...And Man Will Become The Hunted* CD - It has been a while, but these O.G. grind masters are back in the saddle again. Nothing has really changed about GRIEF except that they have a new drummer. They are still cranking out some of the slowest and thickest sludge-filled doom core around. And I was pleased as punch to see that their lyrics are as uplifting as ever, such as: "No shooting stars to wish upon, wishes dreams and hopes have all been shit upon/ No one wants to be with me, cause I am not really here, I am just a fading picture man." By the way, guys, where is this always-talked-about tour to the West Coast? Years later, and I am still waiting. (Pessimiser, PO Box 1070, Hermosa Beach, CA 90254)

LUDDITE CLONE – *The Arsonist And The Architect* CD - For goodness fucking sakes! This is one of those releases I took a total chance on. I read a brief description of it somewhere and went and got it. After it slammed my jaw to the ground and kicked my ass across the room, I proceeded to try to convince everyone around me that this record was some of the hottest shit around. All I could think was BRUTAL TRUTH, BRUTAL TRUTH, and BRUTAL TRUTH. OK, so they don't sound exactly like BRUTAL TRUTH, but that is a good reference point. Yes sir, I can name that tune in four words or less. How about "unflinchingly fast, brutal metal." This six-song release is being repackaged and re-released on Relapse Records. So enjoy them for the next three seconds until they become the next household name and all the chumps whine around about how they "sold out." By the way, this was also released on a limited picture disc as well. (Cyberdine Records....the record label that brought you Creation Is Crucifixion.)

ANODYNE – *Quiet Wars* CD/KEELHAUL – *Tuco* CD - Well, it looks like we have got two releases here from the same label. ANODYNE are from Boston and crank out some straightforward throbbing mid-tempo hardcore which reminded me of KISS IT GOODBYE. I really liked the song "Untermeyer Park." It started as a fast chaotic noise fest that wound down into a powerfully slow, crushing song. The cover art and layout are solid, especially the special-cut cover outlining the wings of what looks to be a demon. And I liked the slightly raw feeling to the recording. I think it added to the overall feel of the record. Cleveland's KEELHAUL, on the other hand, followed in the footsteps of a band like ANODYNE, but they stepped the music up to a much more hectic pace. Lots of strong rhythms and drumming create a style not unlike the UNSANE. Overall, I think I would opt for the ANODYNE release. The KEELHAUL was a solid release, but it just didn't have the power to push it over the edge. (Escape Artists Records, PO Box 472, Downingtown, PA 10335-0472)

HELLCHILD - *Bareskin* CD - It is good to see a HELLCHILD release finally making it over to these shores in

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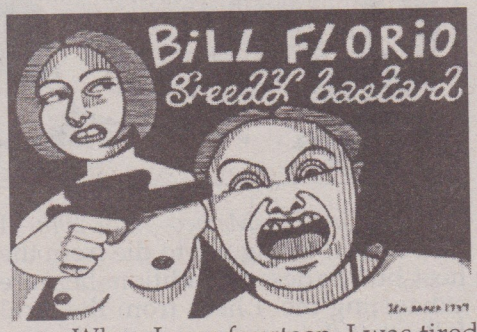
quantity. Their latest release, "Bareskin," is a solid continuation of their throat-crushing, eardrum-pummeling metal. Imagine huge, technical riffs drilled out with precision timing and some of the most amazingly painful vocals I have ever heard. Most of the music's tempo falls into the slow to mid-pace variety, but it will all rip you a new one. These guys are fresh off a European tour and getting ready to hit the shores of the United States within a couple of weeks, so check them out. (Howling Bull, PO Box 40129, San Francisco, CA 94140)

CORRUPTED - *Llenandose De Gusanos* Dbl. CD - Well fuckin' hell, is anybody really damaged enough to sit through both CDs in one sitting. I certainly am, and I bet a lot of you out there are too. The first CD starts off with about seventeen minutes of light piano playing and then rips into some destructively slow rage that passed by slower than a glacier. Can you say "speaker-blowing, mind-numbing power?" I thought you could. Then the whole mix of distortion, piano and ambiance all rolls together into one huge, fiery crash. The entire second CD is ambient sounds that will either cause you to think CORRUPTED are extremely brilliant or to reach for the CD player and toss the CD across the room. I guess you either get it or you don't. (HG Fact, #401 Hongo-M, 2-36-2 Yayoi-Cho, Nakano-Ku, Tokyo, JAPAN 164-0013)

DAMAD - *Burning Cold* CD - After being delayed beyond anybody's expectations, DAMAD's second full-length has finally seen the light of day, and it was everything I had hoped for. They have not lost an ounce of power since their debut LP. They are still cranking out the same vicious concoction of grind, agony, metal, doom and gloom. Victoria's vocals continue to amaze me as she spits out lots of deep, throaty anger. The top-notch artwork by Pushead is obviously worth a mention as well. By the time you folks read this, DAMAD will have made it to San Francisco for another round of kick-fucking-ass live shows. I can't wait. (Prank, PO Box 410892, San Francisco, CA 94141-0892)

AFTERSHOCK - *Through The Looking Glass* CD - Let's make this simple, shall we? First of all, this is on Goodlife Records from Belgium, and this can mean one thing for sure: you are bound to get some hybrid of metal and hardcore from this release. And Massachusetts' own AFTERSHOCK does not break from that well-known formula at all. Sick and twisted, chunky metal core that is slow and dripping with rage. I think the vocalist is a female, but it is hard to tell because their voice is so deep and hoarse. Extremely fancy full-color layout on the cover and insert, which seems to be the norm these days for most hardcore releases. There is no doubt these are some solid goods. (Goodlife Recordings, PO Box 114, 8500 Kortrijk, BELGIUM)

Well, that is about it for this month. I am glad to be back in the mix, corrupting the kids with some of the sickest releases under the sun. Please send any correspondence to the following address: Rob Coons, PO Box 13085, Berkeley, CA 94712. Or you can e-mail me at xgoatcorex @hotmail.com.



When I was fourteen, I was tired of being beaten by my former friends at school and decided I needed a change. I chose to go to a Catholic high school in the Bronx. It was a shorter bus ride, it was harder for dumb kids to enroll and the girls wore cute skirts. It wasn't all that bad. My public school background made me seem tougher and more street-smart than the other kids. Also, most high schools had a lot of clergy teaching. Cardinal Spellman did not; it was as secular as they get for the NY archdiocese—damn, they even had a few Heebs teaching.

On a side note, my sister applied for a teaching position in the math department a few years ago, and one of the things that made her decline the job—besides the pay—was an administrator (an ex-nun) saying they liked her because of her strong Catholic background. I'd say fifteen percent of the students and teachers weren't even Catholic; for Bronx high schools, there aren't many choices for receiving a decent education without getting shot at or crucified on a basketball backboard.

For the most part, I dealt with the Catholic part of the school. By high school I had already learned how to ditch church on Sunday. Being the night owl that I am, I really didn't enjoy going to mass at 9:00 AM every Sunday, so my mom allowed me to go later by myself. By twelve or thirteen I found that the dollar she gave me for the basket was better spent at the local candy store gambling operation where I could bet on football. I had no idea about handicapping, but I had a partner and our occasional winnings would be spent on video games and candy to pass the time while our moms waited for us to return from church. I do remember one time getting to mass about ten minutes after it had already started and setting off the burglar alarm when the door slammed behind me. The entire congregation turned around and looked at me as I backed up and left, never to return.

By my senior year, I had survived three bible classes, including one on the Old Testament given by Father O'Chanacey, who liked reciting verse about golden hemorrhoids and didn't think it was funny that on the final I said Tarzan was the man who climbed a tree to see Jesus speak. I had Sister Mary Joyce, who taught biology and made the class sit through *Silent Scream*, a film that shows all those lovely fetuses being blended to a pulp during an abortion. She also stated that she preferred not to teach evolution, but it was required by the regents' board. I also had Father Lorry, who was so stereotypically homosexual, using the priesthood as a closet; and Brother Godfrey, who was 87 and about seven-feet tall; and Father Principe, who had this interesting neck twitch where he'd fix his little priest collar every four seconds. I really had no problem with any of this. Stupidity is just another form of entertainment. Religion only used up 30 seconds a day when they said a morning prayer and announced who's grandpa died. I was old enough to deal with the fear they held on everyone about eternal souls and heaven. I was indifferent. I liked funny satan metal like Venom and the shock value works so much better when everyone around you is a dweeb. I got detention for tearing my bible into 30 pieces. It wasn't blasphemy; I was sav-

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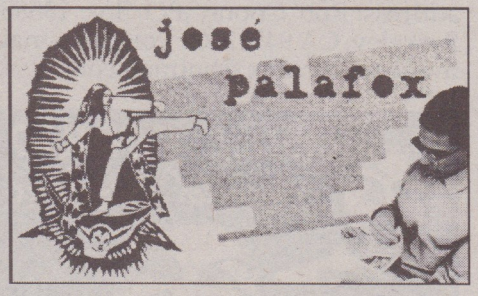
ing space in my book bag and only brought the chapter I needed for class.

So, I got to take a computer class (our school was ill-equipped with computers, my junior high had better computer resources than my senior year in high school) and what do I get for a computer teacher? Mrs. Operation Rescue, 1988. She was happy and bubbly and took up a good portion of the computer class with her stories of anti-abortion rallies and prayers for the unborn. She started each class with a prayer that got old quick. I was good with computers. I spent the last three summers repairing them. I could take an Apple IIE apart and reassemble it without a hitch. I think she sensed my disapproval of her politics, but she was nice to me and grateful when I unjammed her printer or calibrated the speed on a floppy disc drive. Each day she went up and down the rows and asked each person to lead the prayer. This was the daily routine until she got to me. She asked me that afternoon, "Bill will you lead the prayer and tell us something we should all pray for?" I said, "I think we should pray for all the women who died unnecessarily from an illegal abortion back when it was a crime to have a choice." I heard a gasp from her and a snicker from this kid, Al Lepeter, a white kid who for some reason got himself a 'fro permed, even tho 1979 was ten years ago. She dealt with it and admitted, "Yes, well, we have to pray for everyone who is in need." I added insult to injury a few weeks later when they forced the school to attend a special Pro-Life Mass at St. Patrick's Cathedral. Attendance was strictly enforced, and if you did not attend without a doctor's note you would be suspended. So much for free speech. I fashioned a hundred tiny coat hangers for people to wear on their lapels. I stuck mine through the little rose the school had given everyone to wear for pro-life day or whatever. I'm sure most of the kids went out and got drunk after the mass, anyhow.

I think the main reason abortion won the case was because taking a vacation in Cuba wasn't fashionable after 1961 or so. Maybe this whole cigar-smoking trend will reverse Roe v. Wade.

Anyhow, my column isn't about abortion. Hell, if there was a group called Gay Men Hiding Behind White Robes Against Choice, no one would join but Catholics who run that organization and people who are dumb enough to follow em. The point is that there is a time and place for everything. When I go to a religion class, I don't expect an unbiased opinion from a priest. When I'm in a computer class I expect to learn about computers. When I pick up *Mad Magazine*, I expect to find the same twelve jokes that were there twenty years ago. When I stand in front of Continental in NYC, I expect someone to call me white boy and pick a fight or try and grab my girlfriend's ass. And when I read *Maximum RockNRoll*, a punk zine, I don't expect to read anything intelligent. All I ask for is consistency.

Send your dumb answers to videoschmoe@flashcom.net.



NOGALES, Mexico, May 20th—I find myself trying not to die from the heat, but the desert conditions here are exhausting me. I hear from the local folks that the weather is actually nice compared to the forthcoming summer heat. I flew out to Tucson, Arizona (a little over an hour from Nogales, Mexico) for three days to help out a local border rights group, the Arizona Border Rights Coalition, in their "week of action" to commemorate the life of Esequiel Hernandez Jr., a high school student who was shot and killed by U.S. Marines in a small border town in Redford, Texas. I was flown out by some comrades who asked me to give a presentation on the militarization of the U.S.-Mexico border as an academic and also as a border rights activist. The presentation went well and I got to meet many folks. However, I never expected to be in the middle of such crazy events as those I encountered in the few days that I was there.

Exactly one week before I arrived in Tucson, on May 13th, in Sierra Vista (about two hours from Tucson), over 250 people came together to discuss ways to stop the "illegal immigration invasion" from Mexico into the U.S.

These were not just your local "concerned citizens"—included in the group were anti-immigration activists from California who came out to support local ranchers who have, for the past couple of years, been apprehending under the pretext of "citizens arrest" and have turned over thousands of undocumented immigrants to the Border Patrol.

Apparently the Barnett brothers, as they are known in the media on both sides of the border, have for the last few years rounded up over 3,000 undocumented immigrants on their 22,000-acre property in Douglas, Arizona, near the U.S.-Mexico border. As some of the regular crossing points (in places like San Diego, CA. and El Paso, TX.) have prevented would-be migrants from successfully entering the U.S., many have shifted to try their luck in places like Douglas and Bisbee, Arizpona. What has brought much national media attention to the Barnetts (including a major story on *ABC Nightly News*, *National Public Radio*, the *Los Angeles Times*, and *USA Today*) is that they have publicly bragged about the thousands of immigrants that they have apprehended, sometimes at gunpoint. In the May broadcast of *ABC Nightly News*, footage shows Roger Barnett and his brother Don, both well-armed, punching one migrant and holding nine migrants until the Border Patrol arrived. "I'm prepared to take a life if I have to," Roger Barnett told *USA Today* ("Armed Rancher Acts as One-man Border Patrol," 4/28/00).

What has alarmed many local border rights activist is the fact that the Barnett brothers have not only gone out and violently apprehended many immigrants in their ranch, but that thay have gone outside of their private property and into state highways (eg. Highway 80) and ordered "suspected illegal aliens" off the road and held them until Border Patrol agents arrive and take them into custody. According to local authorities and to the Immigration and Naturalization Service Commissioner Doris Meissner, ranchers near the border "have legitimate concerns about the trespassers on their property" ("INS Defends Arizona Ranchers in Detaining of Illegal Immigrants," *Los Angeles Times*, 5/19/00). On one occasion, the Barnett brothers held 27 undocumented immigrants at gunpoint and turned them over to the

Border Patrol. Border Patrol authorities were happy to pick up the immigrants from the Barnett brothers who, in camouflage clothing and using cell phones and binoculars, have been given a de-facto job of the Border Patrol in areas near their ranch.

But the Barnett brothers and other ranchers who have taken the law into their own hands are not alone. In April, a two-page leaflet surfaced in some Arizona ranches and campgrounds inviting "volunteers" to come to the border area and be part of what organizers call: "Neighborhood Ranch Watch." The stated purpose of this "watch group" is to "help keep trespassers from destroying private property" and "reporting trespassing illegal aliens." In big letters, the flyer asks for volunteers by reminding them that it's also, "Fun In The Sun." "Be part of the American Way Team," says the flyer, "help an American Rancher keep his land protected while enjoying the great Southwestern desert at the same time." According to the flyer, participants of the "ranch watch" are encouraged to use infrared telescopes, signal flares, trip-wire flare launchers, sirens, watchdogs, aircraft spotters, and their own RV's to camp out at night.

Among the supporters to the Barnett's and their "Neighborhood Ranch Watch" has been the Sherman Oaks, CA.-based anti-immigrant rights group, Voices of Citizens Together (VCT), the Federation for American Immigration Reform (FAIR), and the California Coalition for Immigration Reform (CCIR). It would be too easy to dismiss these folks as rabid racist-xenophobes, which they clearly are. It should be noted that VCT founder and president Glenn Spencer and Barbara Coe, Chairwoman of CCIR, were key people (along with high-level government officials) in laying the groundwork for the passage of California's infamous Proposition 187 that outlawed services to undocumented immigrants. One only needs to look at VCT's web page (www.americanpatrol.com) to see how their phobia of a "Mexican invasion" and a "re-conquering of the Southwest" led them to set up vigilante patrols on the California-Mexico border a few years ago. Similarly, CCIR put out a leaflet that was distributed at the May 13th event which stated the following: "CCIR lauds Roger Barnett and the many equally courageous ranchers. For every illegal alien they halt and turn over to the Border Patrol for deportation is: "One less illegal alien getting tax-funded benefits that citizens and even our war veterans are denied! One less illegal alien smuggling deadly drugs into our country to poison our citizens! One less illegal alien to join the murderous illegal alien gangs who rob, rape, and murder innocent American citizens!" (See their web page and please, write them a nice letter for me, www.ccir.net). It should be noted that a couple of members of the Arizona 9th District of the Imperial Wizards of the Ku Klux Klan showed up to the May 13th event. According to the *Los Angeles Times*, organizers of the May 13th and some ranchers asked the KKK to leave because they did not want to be associated with them ("Ranchers on Arizona Border Raise Tensions Over Migrants," 5/17/00). What the *Times* did not report is that maybe VCT and CCIR did not want the bad publicity even though these groups have shared similar views for a long time.

According to local border rights activists Isabel G. Garcia and Pancho Medina, this is not the first time that local residents have embarked on vigilante activities. In an open letter to U.S. Attorney Janet Reno (dated April 25, 2000), Garcia and Medina reminded Reno that, "[i]n 1976, a rancher and his two sons captured three Mexican immigrants crossing through their ranch, and tortured them. Later in 1985, another rancher captured a young man and chained him to a toilet for several days. Then in 1987, an organized group named the Civilian Military Assistance (CMA), disabled two vehicles and detained a group of ten people, including women and children, at gunpoint."

Actually, to really contextualize and historicize the recent vigilante activities of the Barnett's and the like, one would benefit in reading Linda Gordon's excellent historical narrative, *The Great Arizona Orphan Abduction* (Cambridge: Harvard University Press, 1999). A renowned social historian, Gordon provides an insightful analysis on the interconnections between racialization, family values, and vigilantism in Arizona in the early 1900s (especially in her chapter, "Vigilantism"). "The concept of vigilantism comes not just from the word *vigilance*, watchfulness," Gordon argues, "but more specifically from vigilance committees created to watch out for, spread the word about, prevent, and subdue attacks on the community" (p.254). The more things change, the more things stay the same.

In their March 10th proclamation and justification for their vigilante patrols, Barnett and a dozen other ranchers and residents who live near the border warned the federal government of potential bloodshed if they did not stop undocumented immigration. Although the ranchers blame the INS and the Border Patrol for not "stopping the illegal alien invasion," it is important to point out that Roger Barnetta, former Cochise County sheriff deputy, with the help of VCT, FAIR, and CCIR are playing an all-too-familiar political game. Although Barnett and Co. have not publicly stated their agenda, it is pretty clear that their strategy is to create a lot of hype and noise about the federal government and local authorities "not doing their job" and to force the INS to deploy more agents to the border. This was the exact strategy of the anti-immigrant group in San Diego, "Light Up the Border." They had many people create a lot of hype at the border; shine their headlights toward Mexico and at "the illegal alien problem," give local border officials a bad rap in the media (while keeping a good friendly relationship with them without letting the public know). And who wins in the end? Basically, it is the anti-immigration group/s who "win" by having the Border Patrol, with Operation Gatekeeper in San Diego and Operation Safeguard in Tucson, institutionalize a *de jure* "light up the border" with their high-intensity lights and more Border Patrol agents.

According to a recent article in the *Los Angeles Times*, the INS is asking Congress to redeploy Border Patrol agents working away from the border to go to places like Douglas, AZ ("Plan to Redeploy Border Patrol Stirs Concerns," 6/5/00). Almost on cue, the INS responds to the Barnett's and sent them the agents they asked for.

But there are two sides of this story. Not every rancher and citizen near the southeastern part of the Arizona-Mexico border is against undocumented immigrants. When I was at the Arizona Border Rights Coalition potluck on May 19th, many residents

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from Bisbee, AZ. and other residents near the border stated publicly that they have at times helped migrants by feeding them and having them spend the night in their houses, especially when its snowing and migrants can die in the cold. I was amazed to hear these courageous folks who risked going to jail in order to help another human being in need. I was also amazed to see many young kids at a May 20th demo, many of them punk youth from Nogales, Mexico, spray paint and burn a Border Patrol uniform on the border fence in the middle of the day. All of this reminded me that the birth of the 1980s Sanctuary Movement started with a few individuals in Tucson, AZ. who, based on moral (and at times, highly religious reasons) decided to break the law and help Central American refugees. "I'm very aware of the risks, but sometimes to do what's right is more important," Jan Weller told the *Arizona Daily Star*, "[i]f there are bad laws, you have to oppose them. You have to follow your heart" (5/7/00).

Other residents near the border have gone out to the areas where some ranchers have complained that migrants have left trash and have started a "volunteer pick up day" on Tuesdays where residents from both sides of the border clean up the area. The group, Citizens for Border Solutions (CBS), started their first pick up day on May 23 of this year. "What we are doing is meeting at 8am at a local café and carpooling," stated Dan Kristal, an organizer of the pick up day, "We had ACE Hardware donate some gloves. A local shop has given us some hats and Safeway has donated lunches. What we are doing is picking up litter. We want to be pro-active and attempt to ease the situation."

Meanwhile, as migrants face a highly militarized Border Patrol, vigilantes like the Barnett brothers, and the possibility of going up against the National Guard (the Coachise County Board of Supervisors recently urged Arizona Gov. Jane Dee Hull to send the National Guard to the border), only demonstrates that the migrant's determination to seek a better life in *el norte* is higher than any fence and/or policy that the U.S. government implements. As Maria Luisa Morelos Ramirez from Mexico City told a reporter for the *Arizona Daily Star*, "We have no choice, it's simple economics. In Mexico we have nothing, and no opportunity. That's why we we're here and why we have to try, to struggle. I'm willing to do anything, any job I can find" (2/21/00).

Until the inequalities both *within and between* the U.S. and Mexico that help drive immigration are challenged, many more people like Maria will continue to migrate and remind us that human life is more important than laws and that people have a right to survive, regardless of legal status.

It's a hard thing to come face to face with the fact that you're a flake. Lately it's a realization I've been trying (unsuccessfully) to avoid. But it's finally hit me. Having stretched myself too thin in every direction, it feels as if at any moment I'll snap, collapse under all the weight I've piled on myself. My missing column last month was a result of my flakiness.

I'm getting to that point where I feel like cleaning house, making a full retreat to regroup like I do once in a while. It's a feeling of not really knowing where to step next. I put as many options in front of me as possible, hoping one will be exactly what I'm looking for, which is silly, really, because I *don't* know what I'm looking for, and with so much to do, I don't get the chance to fully explore any of those options. I'm obsessed with this unrealistic, ideal life. There's gotta be something out there with which I'll be completely satisfied. Perfectionism is a curse I bear like a wretched crutch. I'm never satisfied with anything and sometimes, it doesn't just drive those around me crazy but it infects my own mind, making me flustered, frustrated and fractured. Ideas pile up faster than I know what to do with them, further exasperating the situation.

I get caught up in fantasies and dream-like worlds. Lately, it's been a big house in the Midwest. This house has enough room for all my records to be in one place (right now some are in a storage space in Bloomington, IN, some are at my mom's house, some are here with me in Berkeley). In this house I live happily with my girlfriend Mimi and it's also a beehive of activity. I do a magazine of my own, I put together a syndicated radio show, run my record label, all with the help of good, close friends. The fantasy is so real I can fucking taste it, but so fucking far it breaks my heart knowing that it is just a-dream.

The reality is that I'm tied down by being tens of thousands of dollars in debt. I do dream of moving back to the Midwest, moving somewhere where shows may be fewer, but are appreciated more. Moving where time doesn't move quite so fast. Here, I look up from reading or sleeping or whatever, and a month has passed. Where the fuck does time like that go? And the reality is, the Midwest isn't the answer, not at all. Moving isn't necessarily the answer, because the problem follows wherever I go. I have this amazing ability to find fault in *anything*, even the things I love the most (except my girlfriend).

I've been reading the new biography about the late music writer, Lester Bangs. This book has completely fucked with my head by inspiring me to do things I just can't do, or not now anyway. Start magazines, write epic-length pieces on the best and shittiest music of our time, live life with a sharp eye for detail and a keen sense of oblivion. Just write stuff that's meaningful, more meaningful than the thirty-word reviews I pound out at work and the (sorry) buyers' guide, say-nothing, hot air columns I write here in *MRR*.

Writing and criticism of rock 'n' roll always irritated me because most of it is just total bullshit, trying to intellectualize and find justification for something that should be, that *is*, in it's purest form, a spine-tingling, energizing raw gut feeling. I hate when people read so much into music that they break it down into a mathematical formula with a well-mapped geneological history, every root and sub-root documented and theorized upon, crumbled into fucking dust that's then put under a microscope. Blah. Phooey. Just gimme the danger, the screams, howls, the teetering on the edge of life, pushing ahead without looking first and going where you're not sure you're supposed to be or not.

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I never understood how people like Robert Christgau or Greil Marcus could turn something as exciting as music into such boring fucking dribble. Their writing feels like the work of scientists sitting in a little white room with lab coats and microscopes, carefully dissecting the music. I thought that was all rock criticism was. Then Mimi introduced me to Lester Bangs, and my world was blown open.

Jim DeRogatis wrote the great biography of Bangs (that I can't really write about here in *MRR* because it's on a big publisher). It's essential reading. And while you're at it, re-read *Psychotic Reaction and Carburetor Dung*, or read it for the first time. Please.

This column isn't gonna be about my little crisis (no more than it has already been); by the time you read it, I'll have moved on, everything will either be better or so far gone, I'll be a total fucking train wreck. Besides, as Mimi pointed out, these crises seem to pop up every three to six months. This is nothing new. Not for me, not for you. But fuck, do you ever get that feeling that there has to be more? That something is missing and you feel like you're groping around in the dark and you almost touch it, you've almost got a grip on what it is, but you can't quite pull it into the light? And don't you get fed up with the options before you, what you can see? It's all the fucking same, just old, re-hashed ideas done half-assed without much passion, or passion that's not really passion, but cleverly disguised hype. Sure, there's tons of great, passionate stuff out there, but finding it is getting harder and harder as there's more and more shit to wade through. We're up to our necks and soon to be our noses in smelly fucking turds. I wanna cut through it, get to the guts, what really matters.

So, who wants to start a magazine or a radio show with me? Who wants to offer me a job as a photographer or a writer? Who wants to dig me outta debt so I can make this happen? Nobody.

And that's the thing, I know I gotta shut my fucking mouth and get off my ass to take care of this problem, this rut I'm in...so that's exactly what I'm gonna do. Right...now.

Excuse my little rambling outburst there.

I also wanna apologize to anyone I've flaked on in the past few months, whether I've been slow with getting money for records I've ordered, slow in returning letters or emails or whatever. I hate flakes and I hate them even worse when that flake is me.

With that outta the way, I have a ton of records to mention this month. There was a lot of stuff from last month (I did write a column last month, but finished it past the official *MRR* column deadline, so it instead just went to the Search & Destroy [http://www.trashsurfin.de] website's news section, where almost all my *MRR* columns wind up in some form) and there's a lot of stuff this month. I'm gonna restructure this a bit, writing more about the really good (or really bad) records, then just blow through other mentionables (mostly reissues, comps and newer records of note).

Now, let's talk about music, shall we?

The amazing Munster Records in Spain (PO Box 18107/28080 Madrid/Spain//munster@munster-records.com) does it again! Not only do you get two helpings of the NEW YORK DOLLS (Actress: Birth of the NY Dolls, the pre-Dolls band which is little more than a cool historical document; NY Tapes 72/73 which is okay, but not worth the $18 or whatever you'll pay for it, unless you're a die-hard fan), but thanks to Munster, you have the option of getting a swank double 10" by Japan's THEE MICHELLE GUN ELEPHANT. I advise you to exercise your options and get this fucking record. Four sides of hot, loud-as-a-fire-burning-in-your-head rock. Totally distorted, but still more audible than GUITAR WOLF. They have a solid surf and blues-like rhythm working through their songs, rocking the guitars like a well-tended cradle. Very impressive.

Speaking of GUITAR WOLF, Corduroy Records (41 Fellows St Kew/VIC 3101/Australia//corduroy@on the.net.au) recently released a split 7" with the Japanese masters of distortion and SHUTDOWN 66. With the shitty raver font on the cover of the single, it's hard to tell who is who, but this tour single (supposedly only available in Australia and New Zealand, but I got mine at a record store here in the Bay Area) is absolutely worth getting. SHUTDOWN 66 sound thins compared to the thunderstorm that is GUITAR WOLF. So when you get it, start with their side, 'cause if you listen to them last, you'll still be hungry for more.

SHUTDOWN 66 reminds me more of a tamed version Montreal's wildest bunch of kids, LES SEXAREENOS! I haven't been able to keep up with all the records Sympathy has been putting out lately, but the cover of LES SEXAREENOS LP grabbed my eye. Bright orange, red and green, done up like an old poster screaming for kids to come to a wild show by James Brown or someone just as nuts. Well, the cover only hints at the fun inside. If you've been missing the crazed fun of the MUMMIES, you must check out this LP! They've got the care-free, lampshade-on-the-head rock 'n' roll sound down better than any band since, well, since the MUMMIES hung it up. I can't stop listening to this record. They aren't as no-fi and trashy as the MUMMIES, but absolutely convey the same out-of-control energy. That's why LES SEXAREENOS win and so many other bands fucking *lose*. Drop the needle on this record and you've got an instant party in your bedroom. You'll be standing on your bed, dancing, doing the fucking twist and shimmy and then just go fucking nuts shaking your ass. And those of you jaded snobs out there saying, "Been there, done that," go back to putting Preperation H on your hemorrhoids, take out your dentures and get to bed. The kids are gonna party the night away!!! I could just spend my whole column writing about this record. It'd be worth it. Thank you Long John, yet again.

Be sure to get the latest issue of *Multiball* (#19, $4.50; PO Box 40005/Portland, OR 97240//mail@multiball.com). Not only is it a good read (articles on the death of Williams/Bally, the Las Vegas Grind, the PILLS (!) and an interview with rabid pin collector Tim Arnold), but you get a *stellar* single with the DIRTBOMBS and the WHITE STRIPES.

Remember the article in *MRR* a while back on Jesse Hector? Well, he's back with a vengeance! HECTOR has a new 7" EP out, recorded at Toe Rag. It's easy and understandable to be skeptical of returns like this. HECTOR has been around a long time (pre-dating punk by a number of years), but fuck, he still rocks like it's nobody's shittin' business but his! Nothing fancy, just four good rock 'n' roll songs, with a

good amount of Toe Rag Brand garage feeling. (Rockin' House/PO Box 12705/Reading, PA 19612//RCKNHS @webtv.net).

So, need help keeping up with the manic pace of reissues? I'm here to help the best I can, but the pace has really reached a frantic level. Or are you sick of it all and are long past caring? If that's the case, see you 'round!

The biggest news is that some collector has reissued fifteen (so far) totally random old punk singles. I assume they're bootlegs (though assuming is a dangerous business to be in). They're all exact reproductions, limited to 300 each. Thus they'll run you about $6.50 each, which is a lot, but far less than the originals. What are they? Here's the list: BAD BRAINS Pay To Cum," AGENT ORANGE "Secret Agent Man/Shakin All Over," BABEEZ "Dowanna Love/Hate/Nobody Wants Me," CARDBOARD BRAINS "I Want To Be a Yank/Can Stress Kill? + 2," CONTROLLERS "Slow Boy/Do The Uganda/Suburban Suicide," HENCHMEN "Death Machine/Bitch Goddess," JERKS "Get Your Woofing Dog Off Me/Hold My Hand," MUTANTS "Boss Man/Back Yard Boys," NEWS "Dirty Lies/Chop Chop Chop," ROCKS "You're So Boring," SCIENTISTS "Frantic Romantic/Shake (Together Tonight)," SUICIDE COMMANDOS "Mark He's A Terror/Match-Mismatch," TEENAGE HEAD "Picture My Face/Tearin Me Apart," VILETONES "Screaming Fist/Possibilities/Rebel," VOX POP "Just Like Your Mom/Cab Driver." I suspect more are on the way, but it's hard to tell.

On a related note, Penniman Records (penniman@hotmail.com), the label that brought the world the reissue of NERVOUS EATERS' "Just Head" single, is doing us all the greatest service a label could (drum roll, please...) they're doing a legit reissue of the FUN THINGS 7"! Yeah! WOOOO-HOOOOOOO! This is one of the ALL-TIME greatest fucking records ever, ever pressed. Ever. Look for it soon. It's a ***MUST-HAVE***.

Have you been able to keep up with the reissue madness of Rave Up (via Monecuccoli 13/00176 Roma, ITALY//raveup@tiscalinet.it)? I haven't, not as much as I'd like to. There was the DOGS (Iowa), the FEATURES/FINGERS (NY), you know...now we have the DEFEX (CO), VECTORS (CA), VILLAGE PISTOLS (NC). With a few exceptions, these records are going to appeal mostly to collectors. Sure, the original singles and sometimes more are included, but they're often filled out by live material, some of which is good, some isn't. Still, as someone who is into the historical side of punk and thinks documenting things is a good idea, I give my praise to Rave Up. To be honest though, I'm not listening through a lot of these. I still buy what I can, but they're mostly (not entirely) points of history.

Closer to home for me is the reissue of the GIZMOS first three singles (and bonus outtakes!) that their original label, Gulcher Records, has recently released. You know, I was really, really hoping for a cool box set, exact reissue of all the singles on vinyl, but I can't have everything and (for now) I'm content with the CD. The insert includes a detailed history of the GIZMOS and lots of cool pictures. There's another in the works, a second volume that covers the later material. When's the reissue of the better-than-classic *Hoosier Hysteria* LP gonna happen? Oh, and while I'm talking about old Indiana punk (being from Indiana, I take a special interest in the Hoosier state), longtime Indiana punk figure Marvin P. Goldstein has dug up copies of the LATEX NOVELTIES singles. The LATEX NOVELTIES were, along with the GIZMOS and DOW JONES & the INDUSTRIALS, one of Indiana's first punk bands. The NOVELTIES were from Indianapolis, just so you know. Goldstein is also talking about reissuing JETSONS material, as well as stuff by the SLAMMIES and the REPELLANTS, two of Indiana's lost legends. For those of you familiar with Indianapolis, the owner of Bazbeaux Pizza (where I worked for about five years) was in the SLAMMIES. It's rumored that his wife (Debbie) is the woman who screams at the beginning of the ZERO BOYS *Vicious Circle* LP. Do you care? Well, I'm excited about all this.

I'll end this Indiana kick off with a mention that Norton Records reissued the RIVIERAS ("California Sun") LP. These guys were natives of South Bend, Indiana. Hmm...I wonder if my parents ever saw them?

Other reissues of note...Demolition Derby ($12; PB 4005/B-2800 Mechelen 4/BELGIUM//demderby @ping.be) has reissued the first DRUNKS WITH GUNS LP. I've never been a fan of their heavy growling punk, so this didn't get me all hot and bothered.

A 7" of live demos by Yugo-rockers PEKINSKA PATKA has surfaced. You've heard all the songs before, but this is still a killer EP, a handful of vicious Yugoslavian punk; the sound quality is great and you're treated to an extensive history of the band.

Frank from Smog Veil Records dropped me a line to let me know about two reissues he's working on of old Ohio bands. First is the DISSIDENTS *Conformity is Deformity* 12"/CD, all live and practice stuff, so I'll have to hear it before I give it thumbs up or down, but these guys only made one appearance in their day (1980-83) on a comp called *This Tape Sucks*. Then the PUBIC HIPPIES *s/t* 12"/CD—more basement tapes from this Columbus band from '85. One of the guys in this band went on to be in GUIDED BY VOICES (the bass player), so this gets a double "need to hear first" before I can say anything either way about it. Frank promises that it's a great recording of great punk rock. Stay tuned for the low-down.

For fans of the Detroit sound, the TORPEDOS (who were around from '79-'81) have a CD of seven studio tracks and nine live songs due out the 15th of June on Motor City Music (http://www.motorcityjams.com).

Also, an LP full of rare CLASH songs has seen the light of day and is now mostly gone, snatched up quick before legal folks could get wind of it. X-RAY SPECS' *Germ Free Adolescents* LP has been bootlegged with a few extra tracks, just so those of us who already have the original might feel compelled to buy this too. What a sham. Finnish hardcore legends RATTUS are also victims of this reissue mania. Catch 'em if you can!!! Oh, and that BUREACRATS CD I mentioned a few months back has been pressed on vinyl by Wayne Johnson, the drummer of the band. For more info, go to: www.thebureaucrats.com.

Bomp has reissued the amazing NIKKI & THE CORVETTES LP on both vinyl and CD! No extra tracks for you digital maniacs. If you haven't heard this wonder of girl bubblegum pop, do yourself a favor and grab it!

In the world of KILLED BY

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DEATH, this time around we see #33 and #007, as well as a compilation of KILLED BY 7" #1-5. I haven't heard #33 yet, I've only listened to #007 once (and nothing really grabbed me). The Killed By 7" compilation LP is good, but not as cool as the original 7"s. BLOODSTAINS ACROSS THE WORLD #2 should be out by now as well. Oh, and POWERPEARLS #6 and #7 are out too, but I haven't heard those either.

A backlash against the poppier comps that have been coming out, I HATE THE POP GROUP features all experimental/noise punk bands from the late-70s and early-80s.

My Girlfriend Is Punk is more up my alley, a comp I've been compiling in the back of my mind for two years. This comp of all female-fronted punk bands is long overdue, but isn't as great as I think it could have been. I think who ever compiled it went more for bands who haven't been comped rather than just killer songs by female punk bands. There are lots of great songs that got left off ("Cola Freaks" by the LOST KIDS being one of them). Still, one of the better comps that've come out in the past few weeks.

This just in! There's a new comp called *Killed By Dentistry*. Since I'm waiting for my copy that I ordered, here's the lowdown from Jim Budd of Underground Medicine: "Dum Dum Boys (NZ), Wipers, Poles, Wheezing Dogz, Prevaricators, Nazis Against Fascism, Sins, Hates, 100 Flowers, Nuns, Teenage Head, Dead Image. 4 of the bands have two tracks. This one is $14 and is a 200 hundred copy press -that's for real." Better jump on it quick!

In other news...Jimmy Zero of the DEAD BOYS has a new band called LESBIANMAKER. Despite the lousy name, they sound a lot like that DEAD BOYS single released a few months back, in which he steps up on vocal duties. The only material they have available that I know of at the moment is available online.

The new UGLY THINGS is out! This issue includes a big, fat tribute to the main manic, SCREAMING LORD SUTCH, as well as a beefy article on the BEAT MERCHANTS and part two of the REAL KIDS interview. Also: the MUSIC MACHINE, the CHOCOLATE WATCHBAND, the KINKS and, of course, tons more.

Las Vegas Shakedown update... GUITAR WOLF has canceled; they have to go on a tour in Japan or something. But in their place, the organizers have lined up...the ZEROS! Holy Shit! Whatta show it's gonna be!!! Get your tickets now, while you still can!

Geek Alert! Geek Alert!!! For you fans of *Mad Magazine*, many of the Usual Gang of Idiots are going to be the special guests at the San Diego Comic Con this summer (July 20-23). Will Elder, Al Feldstein, Annie Gaines (William Gaines' widow), Jack Kamen, Adele Kurtzman and many others are scheduled to appear. It should be interesting, to say the least. Check out www.comic-con.org for more details, or call !-800-COMIC-99.

One last thing...remember the photobooth project I've been yapping about for two years now? I've been asking people to send in strips of photobooth pictures for a collection I'm putting together. Well, the first version of it — a zine — is slated to be done by the end of August. Everyone who submitted photos will get a copy. Keep sending them in! I'll be accepting them right up until I print it, and even afterwards, since I hope to get this printed as a for-real book. Thanks to everyone who has sent in pictures.

With that, I'm outta here, back to listening to records and reading about Lester Bangs. Until next time, keep your music turned up loud!

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PETE MENCHETTI

My friend Walter from Naples told me he's thinking about opening a rock'n'roll Italian restaurant. Just think: punk and pasta! Rock and ricette! Since this is the coolest idea I've heard of, ever, and since I've now announced it to the world, Walter has no choice but to make it happen. When you go to his restaurant, don't forget to ask him for the re-sype for his great garbanzo pasta.

* * *

This past weekend I attended the 8th annual Spring Gathering out at the Western Shoshone Defense Project (WSDP). It's always a wake-up call, to be around Native Americans. I consider myself an environmentalist (most of the time), but I still take things like water, air, and rocks for granted. Shoshone people, like most indigenous people, really have a connection with the land. With all the living things.

Some highlights: Greg Bennick, who used to be in the band TRIAL, juggled for the kids. Debra Harry from the Indigenous People's Council on Biocolonialism (www.ipcb.org) gave a great talk—genetic patenting is some scary shit—and punks are bitching about UPC codes on records? And best of all was the news that the Shoshones are sending a delegation to the Inter-American Court of Human Rights (ICHR) in Geneva to make a case against the United States for not honoring the Treaty of Ruby Valley of 1863.

Last year the Bureau of Land Management (BLM) was putting a bunch of heat on the Dann sisters, two Shoshone women who live in central Nevada. And this ICHR sent a letter to the BLM asking them to lay off because of their pending case. The BLM hasn't bothered the Dann sisters since. Now, what I'm confused about is this: the ICHR is part of the Organization of American States (OAS), which, as I write this, is the subject of the latest round of Seattle-style anti-globalization protests. Now I'm no friend of globalization, but the Dann case is a clear example of some good that this organization is doing. I couldn't join the protesters out in the street in their attempts to shut down the meetings in Windsor. What if I held up a delegate who was working on the Shoshone case?

Protest websites target the OAS because it promotes expansion of "free trade." But at the same time, the OAS is promoting human rights through the ICHR. Www.oas.org paints quite a pretty picture of the organization—one hardly worthy of protest. In the end, I feel skeptical about the protesters *and* the OAS. So it'll be interesting to see what happens. Say a prayer (in your way) for the Danns and the Western Shoshone Nation.

Meanwhile, I'm putting the final

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touches on the WSDP benefit compilation. It looks like it's going to be an LP with spoken word on the b-side and quite a bit to read on the inside. Look for that in late fall.

A *giant* shout must go out to Chris Sewall, a white kid from New England who has been a major force behind the WSDP since its inception eight years ago.

* * *

Wake up America: this is the year two-fucking-thousand. So, your wild west notion that a gun-packing populace somehow makes us all more equal is just a little bit outdated. Yah, I know Thomas Jefferson said we should have a major uprising every twenty years. But we don't need guns to do it—Seattle proved that. I think that, if anything, the availability of guns in this country actually makes it harder to revolt—because at protests in the USA, the police are (understandably) paranoid that they're going to get *shot*. European cops seem a bit more at ease at protests than their American counterparts—because no one has guns! Things can get pretty out of hand, and the police are much more tolerant.

How many more schoolkids have to eat lead before this country comes to its senses? Guns are like cars—they definitely have played an important role in the history of the USA—but they should both be things of the past.

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Well this month John had his big chance to respond to the searing column I (Michael Joyce) wrote last month in his absence, but because John is in Modesto now, he blew it. Tough titties John. Here are some of the things John has missed by being in Modesto: (FHM's 100 Sexiest Women In The World 2000 insert: I found this sitting on top of our toilet when I got home from work today. I suppose someone was sitting on it jerking off to this, which is strange. I have a perfectly good stack of actual pornography sitting in my room waiting to be looked at. I mean how sexy are most of these girls really? Let's take a look:

Terri Hatcher, at #100, is not very sexy. Somehow she received the number one honors in 1997 despite the fact that a) she wasn't very sexy and b) she had an undeveloped fetus attached to the side of her body like in that movie *Basket Case*, except she didn't keep hers in a basket. She just let it hang there going "bleaurgh kill superman." I wish someone had because I fucking hate Dean Cain. Or Kane. That fucker.

Bridgette Wilson, at #98, is awfully sexy. I must have watched Billy Madison about two times, just to see her fall in that swimming pool. However, she has size 11.5 feet. You know what that means, right guys?! She has a huge cock!!!!

Rose McGowan came in at #94. Wait a minute, doesn't this girl fellate Marilyn Manson? I thought so. She probably likes the new Hot Snakes record too. Which is fucking terrible. Dummy.

So there are a bunch of other nobodies on that list, most of who stink and have poor posture. Much like the average *MRR* reader. Then I noticed a big glaring typo involving the number one girl, Jessica Alba. Some asshole at the printing place bumped her down to #44. Jennifer Lopez was mistakenly given the #1 spot. Don't get me wrong, Jennifer is sexy and all, but she is more of a #2 than a #1. Ask many moviegoers what the sexiest moment of 1999 was and they will tell you that it was when Catherine Zeta Jones slides her butt under the laser in the movie *Entrapment*. If you haven't seen the movie, tough shit. But its nowhere near as sexy as that scene in *Idle Hands* where Jessica is about to get squished between a car and a ceiling and her clothes are all skimpy and she is wearing little angel wings. Oh sweet Jessica!

But in the long run, girls are nothing but an exercise in futility. Felix Havoc has spent a lot of time talking about his vasectomy in the past; we should all follow his lead and do the same, or better yet, take it one step further.

As I mentioned above, John was planning on using this space to respond to my criticisms of him with some criticisms of me. Here are a few possible points he would have brought up:

(I have red hair and freckles. Granted, my hair isn't as red as it used to be when I was little, but the drapes still match the curtains, if you know what I mean. Unfortunately I am not fat and I don't have curly hair, which prevents me from being the ultimate red headed kid.

(I take hour-long showers. Yes, I like to shower. Sometimes I brush my teeth and shave in the shower. Other times I don't.

(After I shower, I spend some quality "naked time" with myself in my bedroom. If anyone needs to see me for any reason after I'm done showering, look out! I'm naked!

(I claim to have grown up in Portland but I am actually from Eugene. At least that's what John says. I have no idea where he got that from, but he swears its true and apparently he knows better than me.

(I am terrible with women. Some examples: A) I was involved with a girl, and I ended it, and then I said hey, I'll probably see you around, and she said no you probably won't. I got the last laugh though, because I did end up seeing her around. Ha ha ha! B) I made out with a girl that I wasn't that interested in, mostly because she really wanted to. Later on I expressed that disinterest and she got mad (rightfully so!) I apologized and said "umm can we still be friends?" It was one of those things you could hear yourself say and you realized it was incredibly dumb but you were powerless to stop it. D'oh! C) Another time I was at a club and this girl was all on my jock and she wouldn't get off and finally I told her "I'm not attracted to you." I think it destroyed her but the next time I saw her she played it off and was like "what did I say to you? I was so drunk!" Sure thing hot stuff!

(I have webbed toes. Elvis had these too. So did Joe's ex-girlfriend, and also naked Todd.

(I have "internet friends." How the fuck did I get these? What kind of nerd am I? God help us all.

I'm sure there are plenty of other things wrong with me that John would be more than happy to tell you about if he ever gets around to writing an-

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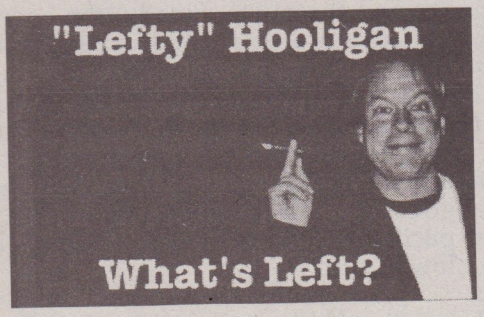
other column ever, which he probably won't, that lazy fuck. Go see what he writes for places that pay him at: www.ifuse.com and www.whiskey-a-gogo.com. Write to Mike Joyce or John Ringhoff/ 4446 Finley Ave. #201/ Los Angeles, CA 90027. Ringhoff@gurlmail.com or Mjoyce@Dreamworks.com



What was it P.T. Barnum said? There's a sucker born every minute. My column in *MRR* #203 was written for the April issue. April Fools, get it? I originally wrote it as a take off and send up of Jeff Bale's fashion column in *Hit List* #6. Unlike that closet racist, however, I freely admitted to my racial prejudices, exaggerating them to make my point until they became acerbically humorous, hoping all the while to provoke some kind of response. And who fell for it hook, line and sinker? Why, Jeff Bale, the very person I was obliquely ridiculing.

Talk about poetic justice.

These days I feel a little like the ship's steward who is summarily fired by his employer, the Cunard Line, in New York on April 30, 1915. Eight days later he reads in the paper that the vessel he was to sail on, the luxury liner *RMS Lusitania*, sank after being torpedoed by a German U-boat off the coast of Ireland. Imagine his relief. My former employer is in the process of imploding, what with Lookout and Man's Ruin selling out to Sony via RED, Jello Biafra's defeat in court against his former bandmates and their pending removal of the Dead Kennedys' back catalog from Alternative Tentacles, the turnover of many experienced workers including someone I thought was a lifer, and the loss of the warehouse lease necessitating yet another costly move. But while I feel relief at getting booted from Mordam Records in the nick of time, I don't consider this an example of poetic justice.

That's because there are still some cool people working there; folks I like and respect who now have to face reductions in wages and benefits, increased workloads, and the loss of jobs. I have issues with my former boss about how she ran her company and how she treated the workers. That has nothing to do with my basic sympathy for fellow workers facing hard times. Then there's the question of the lesser of two evils. All capitalism is evil in my book. Small, hip, mom-and-pop capitalists are not quite as evil as huge, lame, corporate capitalists though. I've worked for both, and believe me, the former is preferable to the latter.

Which brings me to my subject this column. The lesser of evils. The logic that says if all we do is pick the lesser of evils we still wind up with evil is true, of course. Reality rarely offers anything except a choice between evils however. When I refuse to vote for the lesser of two evils in our Democrat/Republican political system and instead cast a ballot for the Peace and Freedom Party or the Green Party, it's not like I'm choosing something that's an unqualified good. I'm making a tiny protest in voting for a third party, not choosing an obvious good over obvious evils. Unless I'm willing to argue that *all* protest is good, which "Lefty" Hooligan frequently does, I'm still stuck with choosing the lesser of evils, this time the lesser of three or four evils. Macro or micro, such is the case with most of life.

I hate cops, as you know. I don't call them, even when a crime is being committed. Even when someone's committing a crime against me. I once lived in an apartment complex with a central courtyard in San Diego's Pacific Beach. Two or three times a month the couple upstairs would have a knock-down drag-out fight. Yelling, screaming, throwing and breaking things, tears, recrimination; the whole bit. Occasionally they'd bring their fights out into the courtyard. I would make a point of standing outside to watch them, hoping to embarrass them into stopping. It usually worked. One time though, they just wouldn't quit, and the violence escalated. He was a burly guy, and he kept shoving her around, on the second floor balcony and on the stairs, until she was perilously close to falling down and hurting herself badly. He paid no attention to me in his rage, and since no one else came out to help, I couldn't take him on by myself. Now, in a better society, there would have been a sense of community in our apartment complex. People would have come out to restrain him and maybe mediate their fight. But we don't live in that kind of society, so I called the cops.

The police were the lesser of two evils in that instance.

I happened to catch a *PBS* panel discussion on the 25th anniversary of the end of the Vietnam War. New Leftist turned arch-conservative, David Horowitz blathered on about how the Left in this country had never admitted responsibility for the two and a half million mainly south Vietnamese killed by the victorious Communist regime once the American anti-war movement forced the US government to withdraw from Vietnam. He believed the US should have fought to win the Vietnam war, thus preventing the south from falling to Communism. I was appalled. In an ideal world, a libertarian socialist alternative would have triumphed over both US imperialism and Vietnamese Leninism. But we don't live in an ideal world. In the real world, the failed US military intervention in Vietnam cost over two million Vietnamese lives. I have no doubt it would have required the killing of four, six, maybe even eight million Vietnamese to enforce a Korean-style division of the country. So, in order to prevent the Vietnamese Communists from murdering two and a half million of their own people, we would have had to double, triple, perhaps quadruple the war's Vietnamese body count. Horowitz's "better dead than red" logic neatly dovetails with the Pentagon's. A Pentagon spokesman justified one military operation in Vietnam by arguing "the only way to save the village is to destroy it."

The Vietnamese Communists were the lesser of two evils in that case.

Aside from engendering perpetual disappointment and disillusionment, what function can notions of "a better society" or "an ideal world" possibly serve in a grim reality that virtually mandates we choose among evils? As utopian visions, they often motivate folks to work to change that reality. The puritans would hardly have braved the hardships and dangers of colonizing this continent with-

out the religious vision of building their "city on a hill." Southern blacks would not have suffered the oppression and violence of local police and vigilantes without the civil rights vision embodied in Martin Luther King's "I Have a Dream" speech. More cynically, such visions can be the "impossible demands" from which one side backs down to accept "more realistic" terms in a process of negotiation. Gaining an inch often requires demanding a mile. On rare occasions for extremely short periods of time, these utopian visions can be realized fully and without compromise. The various revolutionary moments that have occurred historically are inspiring precisely because they ever so briefly actualize the ideal in the real.

I've spent much of my life working to realize that better society and that ideal world. We have neither at the moment, and much as I would like to apply the Yiddish aphorism, "when faced with two choices, choose the third," it's rarely possible to do so. My idealism must be tempered constantly by the fact I live in the real world. Don't get me wrong. I love an underdog and a lost cause as well as the next guy. That was what was so appealing about the Vietnam war period; not just the Viet Cong guerrilla David against the US military high tech Goliath over there, but also the ragtag antiwar movement against massed public opinion over here. I actively support freeing Mumia Abu Jamal outright, as opposed to giving him a new trial. Neither option has a snowball's chance in hell of ever happening by the way. But most of my life involves doing things out of necessity, not out of idealism. Like keeping an eight hour a day forty hour a week meaningless job instead of starving to death.

On the one hand there's working for some positive good, and on the other hand there's choosing among evils. The relationship between these two is by no means formulaic, but rather haphazard. It's not choreography so much as a drunken dance. My personal experiences resisting the Vietnam war illustrate this.

As soon as I got politics at 16 and decided I was a pacifist in 1968, I started protesting the war and preparing for a Conscientious Objector deferment claim. I hung around Ventura's Unitarian Church where the Quakers did draft counseling and learned enough draft law and Selective Service regulations to help with the counseling. I went to peace group meetings and participated in anti-war marches and rallies. I developed my politics in the direction of anarchism through constant reading and talking with friends, and I took every opportunity to write about my views. I didn't do all this just because I was dedicated to realizing some utopian, anarcho-pacifist vision. I was also being practical as hell, building up a documented CO case so I could get out of being drafted and sent to Vietnam.

My crowning achievement in this regard was when I got a representative of the US government to more or less underwrite my CO claim. You see, both my parents were immigrants to this country, having been displaced Polish nationals after the second World War. My dad traded a facility with languages for US citizenship after a regular stint in the US army in Europe. My younger sister and I were born in a US army hospital in Nurnberg, Germany, and in theory we were both naturalized through my mom when she became a citizen. There were enough gray areas in this to worry my parents, so they had a US Immigration and Naturalization Service official come up from LA to straighten things out right after I turned 18.

My mom dragged me and my sister to the old Ventura Courthouse to see this INS suit-and-tie. The first thing he wanted was for us to renounce any claim to dual citizenship we might have had having been born in Germany. I didn't realize at the time how unnecessary that was. Not only were me and my sister born on a US military base, considered the same as being born on American soil, but Germany only recognizes citizenship by blood and we weren't German. After we signed his forms, the INS bureaucrat read out the oath of citizenship, which included a clause saying we would take up arms in defense of the US and its Constitution. I refused to sign the oath, and my sister refused as well.

This started a twenty minute debate between me and the INS agent, while my mom fretted and wrung her hands. The government man gave me the usual arguments against pacifism, culminating in the question, "What would you do if the Red Chinese landed on the beaches of Ventura?" I countered with the Joan Baez line that it would be better to meet the Chinese with a bowl of rice than with a gun. My mom hauled me into the hallway, where she pleaded with me to sign the oath. "They will deport you," she said in desperation. I told her I couldn't sign the oath in good conscience, and the argument continued when we reentered the office. Finally, the agent pulled out a small plastic ruler and drew a line through the offending clause. He then administered the oath of citizenship without the requirement that we defend the country by force of arms. I signed it, realizing that the government was substantiating my pacifist CO claim, and my sister followed suit.

The trouble with my CO claim was that I wasn't a traditional pacifist. I had no problem with property destruction and I didn't consider the vandalism of draft files or other government property to be acts of violence. Given the Selective Service's extremely narrow interpretations and completely arbitrary practices during the Vietnam war, Gandhi would have had a hard time getting Conscientious Objector status. My own unorthodox pacifist beliefs had a steep uphill battle qualifying me as a CO. Not that I insisted on the CO ideal. I was perfectly willing to settle for a lesser draft deferment on educational, medical or other grounds. Nixon eliminated student deferments however, and I really didn't qualify for anything else.

Nor did I have a lesser of evils picked out if I couldn't get a CO claim. I didn't have a rich daddy to pull strings for me to get me into the Coast Guard or something equally innocuous. Fleeing to Canada didn't appeal to me, and while I like to think I'd have had the guts to go to jail for my beliefs, I'm really not sure I could have done that either. As it turned out, I didn't have to make that choice. I was in the first year of the draft lottery in 1970-71, where the Selective Service matched randomly picked numbers to birthdays, with the lower numbers getting drafted. I got a high number, much to my relief.

'I should have continued to pursue my CO claim at that point. Protesting the Vietnam war by resisting the draft was much more than just standing up for a utopian pacifist vision. The process of resistance was also the

effort to bog down the Selective Service bureaucracy in its own rules and regulations so that the government would waste its time, energy and resources dealing with us resisters instead of fighting the war. For instance, one Selective Service regulation allowed individuals to put items in their draft files that had substantially influenced their beliefs. So draft-aged resisters would walk into their draft board offices with dead fish, old tires or peanut butter and jelly sandwiches insisting that these things be placed in their draft files, in an effort to use the Selective Service's own rules and regulations against it. I continued to go to peace meetings and antiwar demonstrations once I got a high draft lottery number. Instead of carrying my CO claim to the bitter end in standing up for my beliefs though, I dropped all my efforts to qualify for Conscientious Objector status.

Getting a CO deferment would have required a fuck of a lot of work. The equivalent of researching, writing and defending a college thesis at age 18. Organizing and carrying out other kinds of protest to the Vietnam war was a lot easier. And more fun.

Thus the dynamic between working for some positive good and choosing between the lesser of evils is by no means a simple one. I wish I could pull a "Lefty" Hooligan on this and pronounce some eternal, immutable, universal principle to resolve the dilemma. I can't.

By the way, Mordam Records is not about to go belly up any time soon. No doubt my former boss will make her house hubby get a real job, conscript her children, and run the business out of her garage before she ever admits defeat. Which is a good thing where *MRR* is concerned, of course. But while Mordam's small, hip, mom-and-pop capitalism is the lesser of evils compared to the huge, lame, corporate capitalism of a Sony, it's by no means a positive good. The lesser of evils is still evil, remember?

One thing that pleased me during the writing of this column was Jello Biafra's trials and tribulations. I remember attending my first Mordam convention, one of the meetings where Jello and Tim Yo had their infamous fight over Mordam's distribution policy. Tim wanted the company to favor mom-and-pop businesses over corporate buyers and distributors. Jello called Tim a "punk fundamentalist" and insisted Mordam should sell to everyone on an equal basis. One of his justifications was that the business partnership with his former bandmates, Decay Music, was a democracy, and that if he didn't keep the Dead Kennedys' product in every mall around the US and every store around the world, his former bandmates would vote to take the DK's back catalog away from Alternative Tentacles. He also implied in the process that his ex-bandmates were dishonest and "only in it for the money."

The rest of the story should be familiar to everybody by now. Jello's former bandmates took him to court claiming Jello had fraudulently underpaid them by $76,000 in royalties, mismanaged their business, failed to participate in let alone abide by the band's democratic decisions, and failed to promote their back catalog. Jello in turn countersued East Bay Ray for mismanaging Decay Music. Strangely enough, Jello didn't raise the point he made at the Mordam convention during the course of the trial. The jury sided with the ex-bandmates, awarding them nearly $200,000 in actual damages with $20,000 in punitive damages, determining that Jello had committed fraud by disguising back royalty payments as a bargaining tool in label-band negotiations, and finding that Decay Music, not the individual songwriters, owned the band's work, further establishing that the partnership could make decisions based on majority vote and not on unanimity as Jello had insisted. Jello was awarded a mere $5,000 against East Bay Ray. It couldn't have happened to a bigger asshole.

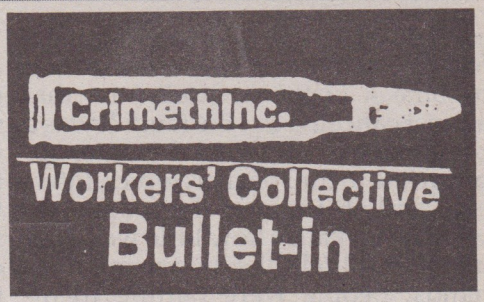
Poetic justice, indeed.

PERSONAL PROPAGANDA...

I can be contacted at hooligan@sirius.com. My book, *End Time*, can be purchased from AK Press (POB 40682, SF, CA 94140-0682) for $10.

Keep sending me your newsworthy items and interesting news clippings c/o *MRR*.

I should have my personal website up by the end of September/beginning of October, so check http://www.huahuacoyotl.com in the fall for the "lost" Hooligan column.



All Too Human

A few weeks ago, I went to see a speaker who was visiting a university campus, an event sponsored by the local progressive book-wielding cooperative. The people gathered in the lecture hall were a fairly diverse cross-section of the town's radical crowd: that is to say, some activists, some not, some punks, some not, some male, some female—but overwhelmingly young, white, from a middle-class or wealthier background, and generally well-educated. Our guest was an engaging speaker, if tragically unfocused, and an inspiring one. He made successful grassroots action and radical change seem possible, while remaining close to the human issues that affect progressive political movements. His very demeanor suggested that, rather than being a terrifying and unstoppable intellectual and political bulldozer, he was energetic and creative-and persistent. His talk was more interactive than it was presentational, and the atmosphere was relaxed. Things changed when the speaker made a request.

I'm going to list some words, he said, and I want you to raise your hand if you feel it applies to you. And he began his list.

Ignorant, he said, and as I looked around I watched most of the hands in the room go up, and stay up as the list went on: selfish, insecure, an intimidating collection of human frailties. I sat in my cramped wooden chair, totally thrown off guard. The significance of the whole evening had been fundamentally altered for me, and I was trying to process it all, trying to figure out why I was so uncomfortable, what it was exactly that so profoundly disturbed me.

I know I have those faults, too, and many more, and would make no attempt to pretend otherwise. It wasn't just that I found it a little tasteless to advertise one's imperfections. I was startled by how eagerly every-

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one's hands went up. In that setting, I felt like admitting those faults had become a virtue in itself, one that almost canceled out the fault. It was a progressive, enlightened virtue, appropriate to the speaker, topics, interests, and attitudes in the room. I do want us to realize how little we really know, but I felt like, by raising their hands, people were patting themselves on the back. It mocked humility: by admitting to being flawed, the group relinquished its potential claim to moral superiority over the benighted and bigoted; and yet by relinquishing it, retained it, maintaining its place as a moral elite. Suddenly the room was full of self-effacing piety.

Another part of my discomfort was how many of them got the answer right, how they knew immediately what the speaker was asking. I admit it: I didn't understand at first. When he said "ignorant," I thought, well, I wouldn't call myself ignorant. I try to be self-aware and aware of the world around me, to be knowledgeable and open-minded; incomplete and imperfect knowledge is not the same as base ignorance. It was only when I saw all those hands, the speaker's included, that I realized what was going on. How did they all know, without even hesitating? Is it normal for a person, when asked, Are you ignorant?, to respond immediately, Why, yes...? I didn't even feel like it was honest, I felt like it was programmed. We've been trained, we progressives, memorized a catechism of our own faults, and come to believe that all our efforts toward improving ourselves and our world leave us fundamentally no better off, and that only by accepting limitations can we live without hypocrisy. It would be giving ourselves too much credit to believe that we are anything but the sum of our faults. So they raised their hands, congratulating each other on their modest, self-forgiving awareness of their own humanity. When did we all learn to be so modest, that it's OK to have faults as long as you are aware of them, and announce them publicly? Is it an antidote to a rather pompous Christian right? A descendent of pop psychology and support groups? Of the absolving power of confession? Or is Socrates lurking behind us, whispering, "All I know is that I know nothing"?

Even I was part of it. When I saw all the hands, I recanted: Oh, I suppose I am ignorant, I thought, if you want to look at it that way. And after that, of course, I could apply any of those words to myself (Me, too! Me, too!), couldn't help it, in fact, and it was impossible for me to act on my own, uninfluenced by the others in the room. Even by choosing not to participate I was participating. Ironically, it was at that point that we became an audience, and not a group of interested people with similar cultural and political ideals. It became a social ritual, a collective self-flagellation, and I am disturbed by how instantly I thought to disassociate myself from my initial incomprehension, ready to accept my new role as a vulnerable, unpretentious liberal. That saintliness seems arrogant to me. Socrates said something else, after all: "And knowing that you know nothing makes you smartest of all."

It's not a bad thing to understand how limited our knowledge actually is, on the whole, and the people in the room weren't assholes, not even necessarily any more smug and self-consciously progressive than I am myself (there I go!). It can be a valuable exercise to face one's imperfections, and to realize that they don't mean worthlessness, or even hypocrisy, although it is probably more thoroughly and honestly done without the cushion of support provided by someone's social experiment. Still, I choose to emphasize other things. I don't want to be merely blundering down a vaguely defined path toward what might be "a better world," and I don't want to have to be ignorant and selfish as I do it. How much freer I feel when not allowing my insecurities (yes, I have them) to trap me in a cycle of self-criticism and doubt! Instead of we "radicals" making ourselves more palatable by denying that anything we do has any value, instead of our spending our time in chest-beating lamentations of our own folly (especially since it rings a bit false), instead of concentrating on our impotence, we could try to transcend all that, reconstruct ourselves, let ourselves be tolerant, open-minded, generous, thoughtful, motivated, and confident. Trying to connect with others on a "human" level by appealing to a lowest common denominator-our weaknesses-is unnecessarily degrading; humility is not the same as humiliation. Besides, is that really what joins us all? Might not joy be as powerful as sorrow, love as beautiful as pain, and strength ultimately as human as weakness (not to mention more effective)?

I want to be wide open and three times as big as I am!

I've been thinking a lot about the idea of how as a community—we have to strive to work together. Often times that involves dealing with people we don't like, or disagree with, and often times that deals with some ugly confrontations. I read in some fanzine lately something about how apt we are to call the police to sort out our problems and disagreements, and that brought up a lot of issues in my mind.

We've gotten to a point in our society where we barely know our neighbors. More than likely we don't know their names or anything about them—and for that matter we often don't even acknowledge them—instead hiding behind our doors, walls and fences and maintaining our privacy. Then when a situation arises and our neighbors are out of line —or they think that we are out of line —playing too loud of music, having too many people passing through the house, too many cars parking in the wrong place, whatever the case may be—and often times it is much worse —domestic or physical abuse, assault (or suspicions there of), drugs and uncomfortable confrontations — there are any number of incidents—severe and minor which people don't like, don't want to see or deal with and the automatic thought it to call the cops to sort out the problem. For a community of people who throw around terms like anarchist, autonomy, self-sufficiency, collective and who

are prone to want to resist, protest and fight the system, police and their brutality — resorting to involving the very people who we don't trust and usually want to fight, to sort out our problems, doesn't make a lot of sense.

Sometimes certain situations arise that we feel unable to deal with or worse of all—we fear getting involved. All too often fucked up situations occur in the apartments and houses next door, in the streets we walk, in the homes we live in and in the punk scene that we are all a part of. People harass, take advantage of, steal from, rip off, attack, rape, and assault, and the community at large all to often looks the other way so as not to get involved. And often this is out of fear. Sometimes it is because we don't know how to deal with the people who are at fault. Sometimes it is because we are afraid of what they will in turn to do us. Sometimes it is because we do not know how to deal with confronting people. We often hear justifications such as, "well he is really a nice guy," or "well that is just our guitar player who said that or feels that way—they rest of us don't agree," or "well, he or she was just drunk—they're not usually like that," or any number of justifications. In some ways these minor justifications for fucking up are even worse than the big offenses simply because we are justifying behavior that we don't like and don't feel good about. And then we have someone who gets away with beating up their girlfriend, brawling with other people every time they drink, moshing too hard in the pit, verbally assaulting women on the streets, making sexist, or homophobic or racist comments, even though they insist that they are not any of those things, or worst of all that it's just a "joke." Sometimes it's these little things that we over look that in turn perpetuate the even worse actions and behavior, which once it surfaces we really don't know how to deal with.

So how do we deal with these things? Well as a confrontation avoider myself, I won't profess to have all the answers. However, I do think that calling people on their shit is the first place to start. And in doing so we can't attack people with anger and hostility or they will only retaliate with the same. The punk community is a large slice of society and it draws all sorts of people with different backgrounds, attitude, and behavior and even though we often think that they are underlying things which "we all understand" and that we are all preaching to the converted with our "PC" ideals and ethics — that is just not the case.

There are always new kids reading zines and coming to shows who have not been exposed to any "punk politics"—by "punk politics," I mean the things which many of take for granted are understood—equality in race and gender, acceptance of all sexual orientations, social and radical activism and awareness, anti-consumerism, environmental issues and animal rights, questioning authority and challenging the system, and the almighty do-it-yourself ethic, to name a few of the basics. Not that we have to bombard people who our ideas or our "rules," but approaching people with openness and a welcoming attitude to those who show are interest is a starting place. And likewise—explaining to someone who we think acts in an insulting and offensive manner, why it's a pretty common standard in the punk community to take a stand against certain kinds of behavior and choices of words — even if they are not apt to listen to you—is a good start. Likewise being able to explain your reasons for you beliefs and opinions in a way that someone to whom this is a new idea can perhaps understand—rather than throwing militant slogans and dogma at them—is a much more realistic way in which to educate. And I do take into consideration in saying any of this, that all people in the punk community will have very different points of view of any and all "punk politics" and I'm merely trying to outline some general things.

I think it all starts with an exchange of information and ideas and education. And then when you have people who cross the boundaries which you feel are appropriate—you confront them. You don't talk shit to your friends or write about them in zines—you talk to them, tell them why you and others don't like their behavior and what the problems are. And it's also important to recognize those people who "get off" on being the asshole and riling up the pc kid or the ultra-feminist. I've seen a lot of people waste a lot of energy getting in the face of people who have a full understanding of feminist theory and yet get a real kick out of getting a girl all worked up to defend her thoughts. So I think it's important to recognize when you are actually telling something new to someone vs. beating your head against a wall (which sometimes you can't help but do anyway).

Talking to people directly that you have problems with is always the first and best step. Granted, some people are so fucked that you can't even approach them. There are some people that I consider to be the truly bad eggs —who are often drunk, and then violent, perhaps downright fucking insane—and these are the people who are often the most dangerous. These are also the people who tend to manipulate themselves into the scene and then have people look up to them, make excuses for them, hide them when people are looking for them—and pull the—"but really he's a nice guy, it's just when he gets drunk that he is an asshole." Then don't let him get drunk, don't put up with it, don't protect him and don't make excuses.

And as I write this—I picture some of the worst case scenarios that I have witnessed, and troublesome people who I have known to be around and I'm well aware that sometimes this is really hard to do and that it requires putting yourself at risk. And sometimes when outright attacks and violence are unavoidable, I suppose outside authorities do have to become involved. But in general—most bad seeds develop from acceptance, tolerance or overlooking the smaller issues.

I still am a firm believer in trying to communicate with people in a way that they can understand. In getting to understand a person—where they came from and why they act the way they do—you have a much better chance or understanding their behavior. And contrary as it may sound to what I'm saying—having some compassion for people as human beings, and understanding their point of view, is an important step in trying to in turn get them to understand you and your point of view. In the same way I think that any sort of attempts at change in our society require being able to communicate our ideas to people who don't know anything about our line of thinking. That means being able to get to the heart of our beliefs and explain what often times to many of us is the obvious. Because in this community we

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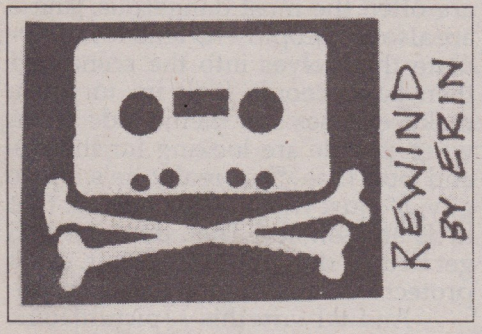
really do have a unique thing which binds us together across the globe—sometimes it is music, sometimes it's ideas and beliefs, sometimes it's a shared desire to make the world a better place and empower ourselves to take it all into our own hands. It all starts with our network and community and with being able to communicate with one another. And sometimes saying hi to random strangers and getting to know your neighbors is a good starting place.

For direct correspondence write to Chris(tine) c/o Slug & Lettuce/ PO Box 26632, Richmond VA 23261-6632.



Let's remember here that Sony Music is not an independent label, but sure, I like the "blank tapes." Those bands should send their tapes to their moms, who won't listen to it either, but at least they can't tape over it.

ACTITUD SUBVERSIVA are amazing, and hard to pin down. They remind me of LES THUGS, with the variety and melody they bring to every song. Also, there's a old Southern California feel to it, nothing overtly derivative, but maybe the sound before blazing fast was prevalent. The vocals are pretty high up in the mix, but they believe in the importance of lyrics and it's not to the detriment of the music. They sing in Spanish, but include English translation in the lyric booklet. I love this tape! ($4 ppd, 17 songs, lyric booklet, good production. c/o Felix A.S., Cond. Jardines de Caparra, Apt 1213, Bayamon, Puerto Rico, 00959.)

BORING, OLD, SICK play mostly midtempo and always play hard. The rhythm section reminds me of DEAD AND GONE. The singer has a throaty style, and on only one song do they betray their passion for the wahwah effects pedal. ($5 ppd, 6 songs, no lyric sheet, good production. c/o Lundqvist, Fristadstorget 1, 632 20 Eskilstuna, Sweden.)

THE CAVITY CREEPS play midtempo '82 punk rock with vocals ranging from Iggy Pop style crooning to good ol' snotty. Interesting touches include the most accurate rendition of the howling scream thing from the beginning of "Suicide's an Alternative." (6 songs, no lyric sheet, good production. 5014 15th Street N.E., Seattle, WA 98105).

This new demo by THE DEAD PEDESTRIANS has moments when they sound like BLACKFORK and other moments when they sound like YOUTH BRIGADE with a more melodic singer with not such a deep voice. (13 songs, lyric sheet, good production. 818 Saratoga St #2, East Boston, MA 02128).

DEATH IS YOUR LANGUAGE—hardcore! Solid thrashy and guttural. I can picture the crowds doing that mass gathering hypnotized hardcore sway. Great. ($2, 5 songs, lyric sheet, great production. PO Box 5583 Richmond, VA 23220.)

THE DEEP EYNDE have that pseudogothic touch like earlier TSOL or later DAMNED. Catchy, slow (but not like slowdance slow), and good. (6 songs, no lyric sheet, clean and clear production. PO Box 9805, North Hollywood, CA 91609-1809).

GAZZARA are a pop band. Nothing edgy about them. Mostly slow songs, with smooth male vocals. (8 songs, good production, no lyric sheet. 16 Main St. Suite 2, Bethel, CT 06801).

IZIMOBIL RECORDS put out a CD demo with PIGZ WILL TOAST (musically have JONESTOWN influences, sort of theatrical vocal styles, lots of talking and using the voice as punctuation), HALLALI (more straightforward and they remind me of early FUGAZI records), and KRAF (weirder, sort of industrial/experimental. I can't tell what's an actual instrument and what's a synthesizer). The bands work together pretty well. (13 songs, no lyric sheet, good and consistent production. 10, imp. Launaguet, 31200 Toulouse, France.)

KIDS WITH GUNS play pop punk with a heavy JAWBREAKER influence in singing style and lyric content but not in tempo or in the rhythm section. ($4 ppd, 8 songs, good production, no lyric sheet. PO Box 309212, Denton, TX 76203).

NOTHING IN COMMON play mid-tempo music full of hooks with a singer who's emo like HELLBENDER, not emo hardcore style.(5 songs, good production, no lyric sheet. Foerenstr. 49, 4I470 Neuss, Germany.)

THE NUMBER ONE BLOOD have screamy sort of falsetto vocals over guitars that half the time are in a state of feedback. Other weird noises are also featured (think video game effects). Pretty slow tempo, pretty eerie. ($1 or trade demo or zine, 5 songs, lyric sheet, okay production. 28 Piney Hill Rd. Airville, PA 17302.)

PAGEANT MOM's demo got a little too close to a magnet or something, it keeps fading in and out, but dramatically, like a rollercoaster. From what I can hear, and this maybe totally off, but it sounds melodic and fast, the vocals remind me of a lo fi version of the main singer for the DEAD MILKMEN (not the high pitched one but the one who mostly talks). Maybe your copy will have better sound. (4 songs, lyric sheet, bad production. 22 Prospect St. #2 Everett, MA 02149.)

PROBLEM sound how you'd expect a band who does a cover of "Somethin Else" and a song called "I'd Rather Be Sid" to sound...good! Early punk rock sounds slow to me, but if you called it slow you'd lead people to false expectations. This is paced like the old stuff, but poppier. One song is exclusively the male singer, the rest are shared lead vocals or female vocals (I'm having a hard time telling the difference) (10 songs, lyric sheet, good production. PO Box 13, Ronkonkoma, NY 11779.)

SPECK are Swedish hardcore guys who released this album but sent out promo CD's, which must have been why I got it. The vocals are slurry and guttural, and the music is a mixture of tempos (three in one song sometimes) but always well mixed with a good balance between music and vocals.It only gets real wanky on one song. ($10, and it's on vinyl. 14 songs, good production, no lyric sheet. Hochstrasse 74, CH 4053 Basel.)

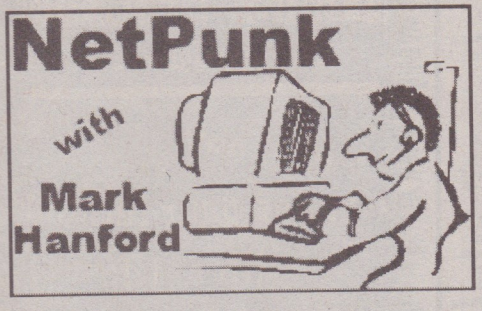
THROAT OYSTER basic punk rock with wanky guitar and upfront vocals. The pace varies, and is more like a slurry version of THE VANDALS then any of the bands they think they sound like (RANCID, TOTAL CHAOS, BLACK FLAG, etc.). (5 songs, no lyric sheet, okay production. 36865 Nutmeg Ct., Newark, CA 94560.)

UNISON are great! They remind

me of ECONOCHRIST, and also of SEEIN RED, but with more thrashy parts. They have the variety of both those bands, the not typical political/preachy lyrics and underlying melody to the hardcore. Once again, great, and a nice print job. (18 songs, lyric sheet, good production. c/o Srdjan Stankovic, Veljka Petrovica 12, 21000 Novi Sad, Yugoslavia.)

THE VISITORS have some songs reminiscent of CULTURE SHOCK, English accent included. Overall though, they have the classic punk form: melodic, rockin songs with angry and funny lyrics. Great! (20 songs, good production, no lyric sheet. P.O. Box 710371 Dallas, TX 75371.)

Just so you know, there's about a two or three month period between when I get the demos and when MRR is available at the record store by your house. I've received a rash of postcards lately from people who think I haven't reviewed their demos, or who send them again. Thanks, but really I do review everything I get unless it's from those pesky Christians or other folks who don't fit the *MRR* review guides. The waiting period is even longer if you send your demo to *MRR*. Still playing your stuff on the radio, and still going on a Puget Sound boat tour in late August with NOWHERE. PO Box 1113, Portland, OR 97207.



We all know the true meaning of punk...fashion! So this month, just in time for heading back to school, I present you with A Punk Rocker's Guide to Buying Punk Rock Clothes on the Web. Before I get started, I want to mention that there are a ton of people online selling handfuls of punk rock T-shirts and patches along with the records and zines they distribute. I'm (for the most part) ignoring these sites, instead focusing on those that just sell clothes or related items.

The other thing I paid little attention to was price. This is fashion, dammit, and so price is not important! Actually, I eliminated a couple of sites that were selling T-shirts for more than twenty bucks because that is ridiculous, but what I'm saying is that you should do some comparison shopping between all of the sites I mention. Personally, I wouldn't buy a shirt for more than ten bucks max, but you'll have trouble finding any store selling them for as low as that.

Probably the best-known punk rock clothing store is Angry, Young, and Poor (and after paying fifteen bucks for a T-shirt, I'd feel that way too). Anyway, they have pretty much every piece of clothing a fashionable punk could want — skirts, shirt, pants, leather, T-shirts, belts, bracelets and more. Unfortunately, some of the photos of their stuff are pretty hard to see. You'll find AY&P at http://www.angry youngandpoor.com/ .

Another pretty well known site is Interpunk (http://www.interpunk.com). You won't find as much '77 style clothing here as you will at some other shops, but they have a large selection of T-shirts and some decent leather bracelets and belts, plus a bunch of other stuff. Most of it is priced within reason.

If you're looking for some rather offensiveto mainstream society (T-shirts and stickers mostly anti-Christian), then point your browser to http://www.punkassgear.com/ . PunkAss-Gear has tons of slogans that will get your butt kicked out of class the first day.

For a small but pretty cool selection of bondage pants, wild skirts, and wacked shirts, visit Hooligan. The only big problem if you're in the US is that Hooligan is in the UK, and you'll pay a bit more for shipping to get the stuff to your door. Check them out anyway at http://www. punkhooligan.free serve.co.uk/ .

Crash And Burn mail order doesn't have an online store, but they do have their catalog online and a phone number where you can order stuff. They have two or three dozen band shirts, as well as boots, braces, bombers, and flight jackets. You'll find Crash and Burn at http://www.angel fire.com/ga2/crashandburn/ . The Last Resort sells the same sort of stuff, and you can find them at http://www.thelastresort.nu/. However, their T-shirt prices are way high.

If your idea of punk is paying $21.95 plus shipping for an Anarchy T-shirt, then ischwartz.com is for you. Otherwise, don't bother. The only thing they have are reprints of classic T-shirts from the past that might be hard to find. Look but don't buy — http://www.ischwartz. com/ .

Shock Therapy! Boutique has skirts, men's and women's shirts, bondage pants, studded bracelets, shoes and more. Good pictures allow you to tell what you're spending so much cash on. You'll find Shock Therapy at http://www.shocktherapy-boutique.com/ .

More high-priced fashion, in the form of Goth wear, vinyl, standard punk fare, and more is available from Retail Slut, at http://www.hallucinet.com/retailslut/ . The punks modeling the high-priced punk fashion include Andi from Snap-her, so you might want to visit for that reason.

Ever need a leather bikini or g-string? How about chaps? Okay, a bomber jacket then? Jamin' Leather, which seems to be more of a biker site, has all of that and more. And I was surprised at their prices. Pretty damn good for dead cow. Check them out at http://www.leathercat.com/ .

A site those of you into tats might like is WaterBulb. They have a pretty cool selection of T-shirts, g-strings, and boxers featuring flash art. You'll find them at http://www.waterbulb.homepage.com/waterbulb.htm.

What is punk rock clothing without accessories? The following are some sites that will allow you to complete your ensemble. The Punk Shop, at http://www.angelfire.com/punk/thepunkshop/ has a small selection of Manic Panic, patches, buttons, and studded bracelets. While the selection is small, the prices are decent, so check here to see if they have what you want before paying more.

The catalog at http://www.cool thing z.com is pretty extensive. They boast over 1,100 items, which include chokers, bracelets, belts and jewelry, including stuff for piercing. Part of their proceeds go to feed starving children, and their stuff is priced pretty reasonably. They actually have studded leather bracelets for less than 10 bucks!

Black Leather (http://www.black leathergirl.com/) carries bracelets, chokers, belts, and most importantly, guitar straps. Not a bunch of stuff, but

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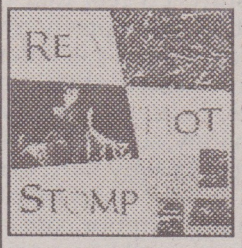
PAPPYS - PAPPYS CD (1+2CD122)

Pappys is a another new great band from Tokyo's underground. They are young and fresh girls trio. They plays very catychy pop tunes and heavy fuzz punk tunes. The Pappys sounds like ~ Headcoatees sings with Mad3. This self titled debut CD has 12 cuts including 3 covers from Shanglilas, Lou Reed and Don & Dewey. Must for girls bands fans!

VA - RED HOT STOMP COMP CD



(1+2CD121)

This is new sampler CD of new 1+2 bands. It features 3 wild and cool R&R bands from Tokyo. DAS BOOT is a super cool Rockin' trash band in Tokyo. they plays 5 live in studio cuts here. Really amazing! OGRESS is a girls punk rockers like Bikini Kill meet 1977 Brit punk. Snotty and aggressive! HOE-INU is punk blues band like Fat Possum/In The Red/Crypt bands. They have big sonud too. Anyway 1+2 Rec highly recommend it. You can check latest Tokyo scene.

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V/A - ETERNALLY OURS : A TRIBUTE TO THE SAINTS CD (1+2CD100)

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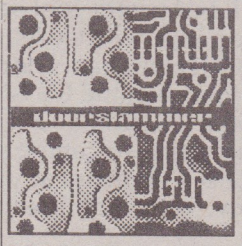
DOORSLAMMER - S/T CD (1+2CD119)



1+2 Records proudly presents Doorslammer's debut CD! They came from LA and features a great singer/composer/bass guitar player, Todd Westover and members from Street Walkin' Cheetahs. And Rich Coffee from Alter Egos plays guitar some cuts. Thier music reminds me Detroit Rock meet Velvet Underground with Kinks melody and early Blues Explosion's sounds! Totally really cool and emotional.
This is a long waited debut CD. It includes 15 oroignal tunes from Todd Westover.
It's a solid and mazing production! You can enjoy real independent music here! Highly recommended for all punk/garage/indie music

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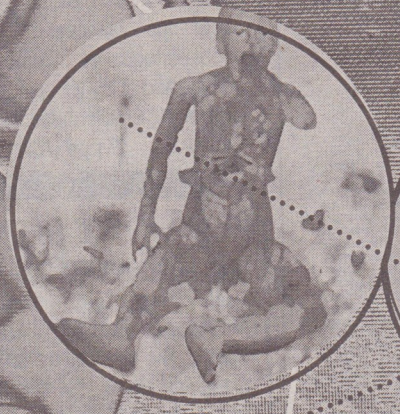

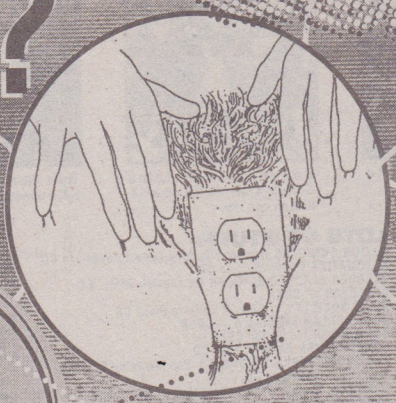

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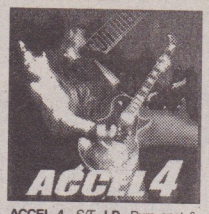

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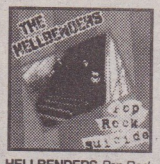

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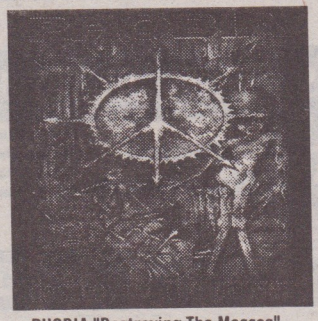

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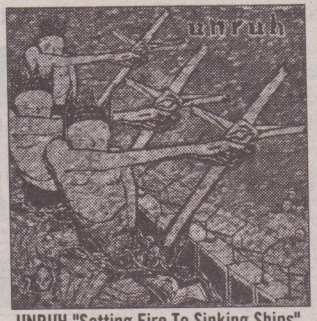

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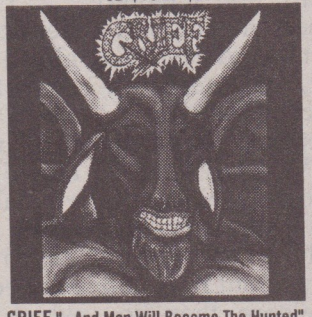

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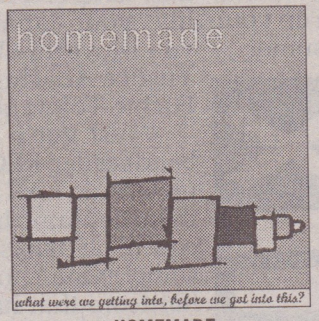

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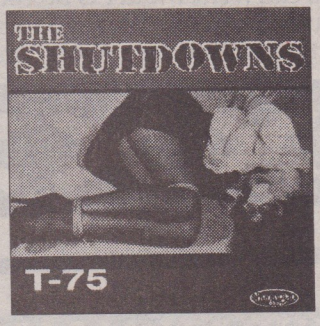

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Columns

what they do have looks pretty good. I have a feeling they make these themselves, as the website gives me that sort of feeling.

Finally, you'll need jewelry for the piercings that will no doubt accompany your new duds. Rings of Passion has a lot of what you need. Not only do their carry jewelry, but they also have some pretty good advice on what to expect from a piercing parlor and advice for caring for your piercings. Visit them at http://www.ringsofpassion.com/ .

Finally, if you didn't find what your were looking for from this column, visit Punk Wear, which bills itself as "A Clothing Directory for Alternative Lifestyles." They have a lot of stuff that I didn't mention in this column, either because it was limited to a few products, or because it was overpriced. Still, I might have missed something you'll want to know about. Punk Wear is located at http://www.angelfire.com/nc2/punkwear/ .

Okay, that's it for this month. You can write me at netpunk@diehippiedie.com or visit http://www.diehippiedie.com/netpunk for an archive of all of my columns. And as always, you can write me at PO Box 8059; Santa Cruz, CA 95061. Now go turn on your computer and be a good consumer.

Hello hardcore land.....I know I start every damn column I do with, "This has been a crazy-ass month...." so I won't bore with you my now customary opener. Let's just say it's a couple days past deadline and I haven't been able to sit down and really dig through some of the goodies I managed to search out on my own time to include in this column, so the pickings might be a little thin. But again, quality over quantity! So enjoy...and always, Let's Fucking Go!

So there's a whole new movement of youth crew bands springing up on the West Coast now (mainly focused in the SoCal area), so it's refreshing to see positive hardcore return with some energy to this once barren and metalified coast. Two bands to watch out for are CARRY ON (like you didn't know this already...) and FIELDS OF FIRE. CARRY ON are the new sensation here and with the two EPs that I have, they are the band to watch out for. Their EP on Youngblood destroys (as with everything else on that label). Write Youngblood at: 217 W. Main St., Ephrata PA 17522.

FIELDS OF FIRE just sent up their debut EP and I was pleasantly surprised by it, especially since I knew nothing of them before. Good youth crew hardcore with some change ups now and then. Write 'em an email and tell 'em that their singer is crazy for not liking HALF OFF. The only contact I have is: xbenedgex@hotmail.com

Next up is a CD from Japan's TERRIBLE HEADACHE who destroyed me with their debut EP on Blurred Records (that's one label you can always trust for extremely brutal international hardcore/grind). This is a self-released, nine-song CD that will rip your fucking head off! Total straight forward, no-bullshit Japanese thrash. It's got guitar solos mixed in with their mid-tempoed hardcore attack. If you like your Japanese hardcore/crust, you'll love this. Write 'em get this now! Yusuke Adachi, 1-9-39 Shimizugaoka Fuchu, Tokyo 183-0015, JAPAN.

Just got a tape from a German bands called REGRET. The demo starts off with an EARTH CRISIS rip-off, and then they jump into a high-speed hardcore song that is anti-metalcore! Awesome! Nine songs of stripped down hardcore that has 88 HC mixed with fast beats. Good stuff, and I would expect some vinyl soon from an outfit like this. Available for $4ppd from Our World Tape Distro c/o Matze, Mulhweg 9, 73269 Hochdorf, GERMANY.

Speaking of metalcore, a promo CD came in from BY VIRTUE ALONE who play metalcore to the T. Not really my things these days (especially since it's been done to death) so I don't really have too much to say about it. If you like super tech metalcore, than you should hunt this out. Common Ground Records, Po Box 1583, North Hampton, NH 03862.

Last audio entry is a demo from BULLSHIT EXCUSE. This band is comprised of ex-members of NO LESS, APESHIT, EMETIC, AGENTS OF SATAN and PLUTOCRACY, so you know what to expect: loose but crazy hardcore. Tons of vocals laid over some crazy guitar riffs: fifteen songs in all, plus a BLACK FLAG cover. Write 'em at: Frank, 1030 S. Delaware St., San Mateo CA 94402.

Last thing is this fucking awesome zine I got while I was at the Chicago fest (I'm still coming down from the fest, it was awesome). It's called *Element* and is a skate / hardcore zine. Super well done with engaging skate and hardcore articles, interviews with Ed Templeton, 7 SECONDS, THE SWARM, etc.. The pictures are well-scanned, but it's not polished at all. Really, really good zine, so I suggest you write him and get a copy (he's got up to 13 now). Eric, 4701 Woodworth, Dearborn, MI 48124.

So that's it for this month. Again, sorry for the quickie, I just have tons to do this month (hell, look at the new 625 ad, then you'll understand how many damn records I have to stuff and ship this month!). If you have submissions for this column (tapes, records, etc...sxe or thrash) send em to: Max/625, Po Box 423413, San Francisco CA 94142-3413. Okay, till next time, see you in the pit!

I must confess to a weakness (endemic to hardy Viking stock) for the allure of steam baths, saunas and spas. Sadly, my free membership at the Y has long since lapsed and I've been unable to indulge myself of such amenities, which I'm certain makes you almost as miserable as myself (since such self-pitying hardly promises to lend itself to the sort of action-packed intellectual woolgathering which had made it the favorite of teens everywhere, or at least a few retired Albanian date pickers). But I earnestly believe that you'll find worthy observations of a nature consistent with themes previously stated previously in this space if you'll merely bear with me (and if you don't bear with me, *c'est*

Columns

la fucking vie or *guerre or quelques choses*).

So I engage a modest safari-type expedition to the land just beyond the northern extremities of the Wine Country, just about where the Gold Country almost begins (in short, Podunk Country with a certain overlap of Redneck Country), underwritten by my near-magical ability to do a little business (the nature of which involves a certain amount of illegality, but suffice it to say that it involved neither drugs nor any actual money-making on my part so I stayed true to form) on the side, in your (and I suppose my) lingo where there exists some fabled hot springs, Harbin by name.

One of my recurring disappointments with such spots is that the hot water (stinky with minerals that may be good for one, or not) is all too often channeled into some swimming pool-looking thing, even in Japan where ads for everything from cigarettes to...well, more cigarettes commonly feature the soothing image of some consumer relaxing in steaming waters among Nature's Awful Splendor (as I believe Flaubert's "Dictionary of Accepted Ideas" listed it).

And getting back to the Nordic (but nice) angle, let's not forget (I'll bet you did) the attempted murder of the hero by evil Christians by the introduction of too much uncut hot geyser juice into his dipping pool in the *Icelandic Western* or *In the Shadow of the Raven* (and why haven't art houses been showing that lately? {other than there being almost no art film houses left, that is}). That just won't fly in a regular old swimming pool setup, Jack, and where's the fun without the risk of imminent scalding at the hands of malevolent religious kooks trying to get their hands on the Queen's money with the help of your ex-inlaws (or something like that, I haven't seen it in a while for reasons outlined above)?

Even more annoying (I'm not bothering with Johnny Sartre's "Hell is other people" chestnut {sorry if I gave away the punchline for any of you high schoolers who haven't read *No Exit* yet} since that's liable to be encountered just about anywhere outside your own domicile) is the touchy-feely New Age aspects that dickweeds feel has to be dragged into such joints in order to appeal to the lowest common denominator of wishy-washy religious etc.. For fuck's sake, I've got as great a capacity for mystical experience as any atheist (my patented and still yet-to-be-profitable Mystical Atheism will make me the next Deathmaster yet {especially if I can get my hands on the mailing list of the dupes who fall for these poops), but what's with these "Healing Our Relationships" and "Naked Poetry" (probably a double meaning, these joints are crawling with naked "people" who shouldn't be {pictures I saw as a kid left me severely disturbed until I discovered a friend's brother's *Hustler*s years later - praise Odin I'm normal now}) seminars? It'll never take the place of drugs and alcohol (both verboten).

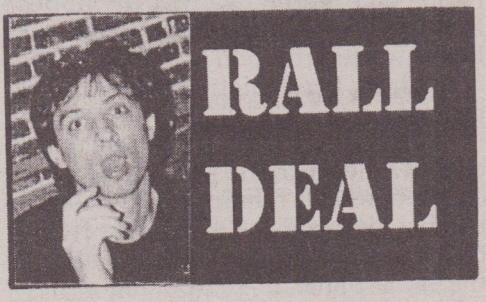
Caketaker, though, (with seminar description worthy of quoting in full, hence our minimum literary content) is "Healing the Mother Wound for Women" (the description for the complementary "Healing the Mother Wound for Men" is merely dashed off by comparison with this manifesto) by Shauna Wilson (extra points for looking like one of the more presentable nudies {I should talk, but I'm permitted the classic Male Double Standard as I was planning on not only wearing a stripped suit extending from my shoulders to my knees, but a diving suit with lead-weighted boots and a large helmet with glass portholes as well}), as well as her herewith given findings well-calculated to set the scientific world on its ear, to wit: "Through our navel we have the visible evidence of our link to our biological mother, a link that is encoded with messages - our history, patterns, destiny, even our sense of self [*I knew I was missing something*]. We are tied to this woman who birthed us [*Oh mother who bored me!*]. And we are tied to the generations who preceded us. We can choose to release ourselves from the bondage that traps us [*I want all you assholes OUT of my belly button!*].

"The journey to freedom is through excavating the memories and feelings [*funny, all I manage to excavate from there is lint*], acknowledging experiences [*amazing!*], releasing emotions [*as though we have a dearth of selfish, spoiled crybabies in this country*], forgiving ourselves and others [*even Adolf Hitler?*], and opening to new possibilities [*such as being $525 lighter in the billfold after this seminar*]. Through breathwork [*and to think that all this time, I've been breathing for free*], express and release techniques [*como se dice?*], movement [*no cheap joke here, sorry*], psychodrama [*I LOVED that band!*], myths [*and mythters*], archetypes [do you get the impression that fashionable buzzwords are simply being tossed into this verbal fruit cocktail to give the appearance that one is getting a whole lot for one's demi-grand?] and transformational processes [*that one I can get behind, since I'm a fan of berserkers AND Lon Chaney, Jr.*] we will access and release what no longer serves us. We will reclaim what we forgot we always had [*not the five hundred twenty five clams, I assume; I think she keeps those - a gal's gotta eat, even if it is spun gluten*].

When we heal our Mother Wound, we break the cycle. We become free to live the life we were truly born to live."

I'd like to report more on the hot springs themselves, but the admission price was unfortunately high enough to keep out the riff raff. Some material about the "Meditation Pool" not being the place to initiate social and sexual contacts, however, implied that the other two pools were considered OK for initiating such contacts which made the whole thing sound more disgusting than a Mensa orgy (with a thick layer of STD-filled sex juice pond scum as a bonus). So we said-

"G^is!"



Thanks to the Internet, I have lots of brand-new friends and family. Actually, I have lots of old friends and family who I never used to consider either friends or family, all of whom seem to remember the past much differently than I do.

Hardly a week goes by without a high school classmate, former girlfriend or old colleague looking me up online. "Hey, Ted!" a guy from sophomore English lit (or was it trig?) opened up a few months back. "I don't know

Columns

why we fell out of touch, but I thought, 'why not do a search on your name and see if anything comes up?'" Such are the perils of having a website.

Of course, *I* remember with exo a quisite clarity why Henry and I "fell out of touch"—we were never *in* touch to begin with. He was an asshole. I hated the little fuck, and that oddly pure sentiment was gleefully reciprocated. In high school, his only contact with me came in one of three delicious flavors: (a) ridicule, (b) assault and/or battery and (c) hitting on a chick I liked not because he liked her but in order to prevent me from getting any action.

His e-mail, however, forced me to question whether I had mentally misplaced fond memories of many hours hanging out together after school smoking doobs behind the 7-Eleven. But no, we'd never spent so much as a wretched nanosecond together outside class. I didn't smoke pot, and had I done so I would certainly not have called them "doobs." And our 7-Eleven was way on the other side of town. Nonetheless, something had convinced this relatively articulate, evidently employed individual of the following, terribly flawed assumptions:

First, that Fate had tragically shattered a meaningful friendship spanning his and my formative years.

Second, that we had obviously wanted—nay, needed!—to contact one another over the last two decades, and had been eagerly awaiting the popularization of the Internet to make our long-awaited reunion possible.

Third, that I might reply to such a dipshit.

Over the last few years, a plethora of erstwhile girlfriends, far-flung pseudorelatives and relationship revisionists has deluged me with blast-from-the-past e-mails. They always follow the same pattern: An opening volley advising me of successful careers, happy families and bouncing babies while requesting news of same from me, my cheerily polite compliance with said request and finally the cyber equivalent of tumbleweeds rolling lazily down the desolate road that is my "in" box.

For the truth is that the former flings aren't (unfortunately) looking for love and the fake former friends don't want to go out for beers. Having established tenuous connections based on dubious interpretations of the history of our prior interactions, they vanish into the electric ether, perhaps to reemerge in another twenty years on some as-yet-uninvented doodad to ask me what's up.

People rarely lose contact involuntarily. Friendships and romances and even families collapse because one or both participants choose to stop calling or even returning calls. It's a choice; the passage of time does nothing to erase the clashes of personality that caused the ruptures to form in the first place.

In only one case has the Net reunited me with an old pal I'd stopped talking to involuntarily—his family had suddenly moved away when we were kids. Otherwise, nearly everyone who has dropped out of my datebook has done so either because they made an active decision to stop returning my calls or because I did the same.

If only these former members of my Christmas card mailing list told me they wanted money or a favor or whatever, their surprise e-mails wouldn't be that annoying. But these people never tell me what the hell they *want*, and something about that creeps me out.

Perhaps the worst of these virtual reunions, however, started out the most pleasantly. Scott, a guy I'd known in junior high and high school, e-ed me out of the blue. We'd been staunch competitors, so much so that we'd never been friends, and I'd never devoted so much as a passing thought to him. But he's since become an extraordinarily successful and principled person, a brilliant, openly-gay First Amendment lawyer who fights for free speech and artistic expression in a Midwestern city where the locals reward such courage with bullets through your windows.

Among the sea of former acquaintances who've contacted me online, he's one of the few that I'm dying to meet and solve the world's ills with over fermented beverages, not so much to catch up on old times as to lay the foundation for a genuine, present-day friendship. That's what I thought when he told me what he'd been up to, and that's what I told him.

Unfortunately, he never replied.

Send stuff:
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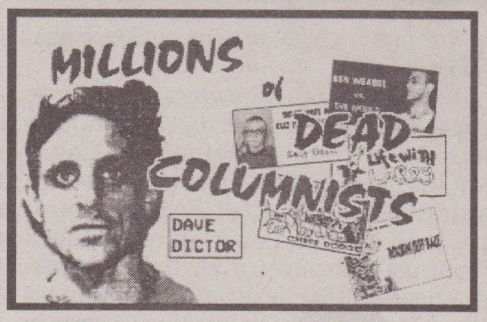

Mid-life Crisis

I was discussing my life with a good old friend via the internet and he shared that he was going through a mid-life crisis, and maybe I was as well. I hadn't thought of it as such, but it has finely hit me that I am at my mid-life and I guess it's been a crisis lately. What with the bust, loss of lover, jail, rehab, now sixteen months clean and sober, twelve months of single parenthood plus my 44 years of life under the belt, I guess I'm eligible. When I was winging on speed my mom would always say we're not close any more, and with that and the way my dad's eyes would well up during my short visits, I decided to ask if I could move in with them for a bit ,to help me get on my feet. They said yes, and that was eight months ago. With my tail between my legs, I sheepishly took my son and myself to my parent's home. Of course, there is a fair amount of shame that goes along with this from them, family and friends. Eeven my son looks at me with that, "What have you gotten us into?" look from time to time. First drugs, then jail, now living with grandma and grandpa, "Gee whiz dad, that's just great." Heck with everybody. I'm very lucky it's there and I can use the leg up. My brothers were all, "Cool, go for it Dave, punk rock for twenty years, now move back in with the 'rents." My brothers' wives were less cool, they always are afraid their hubbies are missing out on their just rewards. And the first few months I was going crazy with it. My parents both know the buttons to push to get me going. All the things that would've been so much better if I'd only listened. Constantly reminding me who made it big in medicine, dentistry, Wall Street - you can imagine. My parents are Brooklyn Italian-English-Scots-Irish but talk with heavy Jewish New

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York accents. Most of their friends are Jewish and I didn't put together the intelligent career moves their friends' kids put together. I was going crazy hearing how Sam's son Irwin Adelsburg wouldn't wear torn up jeans with a rainbow patch sewn under the crotch. He took over his father's accounting business, parleyed it into owning apartment buildings in Manhattan, Miami, Atlanta and Chicago, and needless to say, he doesn't need to move back in with his parents. I realize it's their way of motivating me. What the hey, figure it out and don't let it play me. Agree with everything, "Yeah, these jeans with the hole in the crotch can take a rest, mom, I agree with you." At dinner discussions with my dad about New York City killer cops and their volatile mayor, I bit my tongue hard and forced myself to say, "You're right, pop, I don't know how hard it is to be a cop," and "It must be tough to be mayor of New York City," and before you know it, dad's switching sides, complaining about the cops being out of control and what a waste of money these small drug-buy bust units that kill people are, and Guiliani should show some empathy and on and on. I smile and say, "Whatever you think is best, pop," and look at them both affectionately.

Hell, it reminds me of showing up to the Cuban Club in Tampa circa, 1987. We get there and people warn us that the skinheads have threatened to hurt us bad. Florida and Deep South skinheads are a very gnarly breed. There they were , white-power tattoos everywhere , tremendous-sized inbred motherfuckers. I walked in the side door, kind of slid up to the big main dude out of about the fifty skins that were there and introduced myself, not sure how this was all gonna play out. I said," Hi, I'm Dave of MDC, how's it going?" He looked at me surprised and then mean as could be and said, "I hear MDC is alla bunch of commie queers!" I looked him in the eye earnestly and said, "No sir, but I have found Jesus Christ Lord Savior in my heart and I do believe in the gospel of the New Testament." I almost felt bad for how these guys took it. "Shit, Jesus freaks, God dammit all!" and they stormed out of that show. We got to go on and play a short, somewhat safe set, packed up and have never been back to ol' Tampa. Anyway, this reminds me of dealing with my parents, with anybody for that matter. You don't have to share your opinions with everybody all the time, really you don't. So anyway when my brothers ask, "How things are going living home with the folks?" I say great. And now it's mom clipping out rental ads for apartments and sticking them on the fridge and me just ignoring them and saying stuff like, "How could I leave now? We'd miss you all too much." And I overhear my brothers' wives whispering about how they knew it, I'm never gonna leave our parents' house. In fact, one of my brothers' wives asked me the other night where my old band members of MDC were. And added, "Sing Sing?" as in the upstate New York prison. I almost took very much offense 'til I remembered Al is in the Oregon state penal system. Well water off a duck's back. I am the many-tattooed, punk rock black sheep come home to play the dutiful son, living rent free, playing the East Coast this summer in sporadic, stay-free mini tours. I just left my yard man job and I might just take the whole summer off to think what next to do with my life.

And yes, my love life, I am carrying on with my wonderful lesbian dentist and her lab assistant. Mind you, I'm not a boyfriend or even plowing anybody's fields. I'm more her houseboy/ handyman/ favorite masochistic patient who gets to occasionally lick some of the most fabulous juicy places I've ever been. And stay as egoless and humble as I possibly know how to. Next week my son is off to Portland for the summer and the women and I are off to California to the Women's Pebble Beach Classic. And yes, I am set to have the time of my life. A women's golf groupie, who'd a thunk it? These girlfriends, while not really at all punk really, do rock and my Tribe 8 tattoo is quite the hit, so different strokes for different folks. I'll let you all know how this turns out.

MDC is playing C Squat on July 22nd at Avenue C and 9th Street, ABC No Rio on August 6th, and the Tompkins Square Park Festival on August 7th, all on the Lower East Side of New York City. Regards to Ralphie boy and Disassociate who kick ass and move and shake N.Y.C. very well.

As my dentist/gal friend /mistress says, "New York may not be all right, but it beats the tits off wherever the fuck your from." On that note, hasta les-bagels, stay in touch: mdcops@hotmail.com

The Future Belongs to Me

Bronze Fist/Shout and Shout Records from Osaka, Japan has some great new releases for you!

First you have the split EP by RADICAL UP and DEFECTIVE FORCE. This EP is called *Lake Side Punk* in honor of Shiga City, located by the lake Biwako, the largest lake in Japan. RADICAL UP is a trio of teenage punks produced by Tetsutarou of THE DIKE SPIKE. RADICAL UP plays '80s "no future" type of punk and Oi!. DEFECTIVE FORCE plays Scandinavian style hardcore with crust-laden vocals.

Next up on shot and shot is the CLASH DOGS *Equality* 7". CLASH DOGS are a street punk trio that is very active in the Osaka punk scene. In "Difference Is What You Want," CLASH DOGS sing: "I will be a victim of money/I will be handled without my will/Observe your life/I was fascinated by all my freedom/I'm frightened by the shadow/I can't see tomorrow." Turn this punk rock record over and you get another ripping song, the title song: "Equality." A paraphrased lyric would be : "I wanna get out of this fuckin' system/I'm going to get revenge someday/I wanna get out of this fuckin' control/I carry on through my faith." This record has good singa-long choruses which should appeal to OXYMORON fans. Satone from THE KICKERS sings on the guest chorus. The CLASH DOGS record is fucking punk as hell! Find this fucking record! Highly recommended for all Oi! boys, skinheads, boot boys, and punks!

Next on the agenda is FINAL YOUTH with their single *Blade and Armor*. This record has very dramatic vocals reminiscent of early DANZIG or BOWIE histrionics. The band sings decent harmonies and the music floats

along.

The real fucking Hammer this month on Bronze First is STRONG CROWD with their *Fight for Tomorrow* EP. This record kicks some serious ass! The influences from BAD VULTURES to SIDEBURNS to CRIKEY CREW are present. Some of the vocals on "We Got the Power" remind one of THE TEMPLARS sound. On the song "Justice", the singing brings back fond recollections of the singing style of Greg from the SUBWAY THUGS. This is a very good record from this Iwakuni, Japan skinhead scooter crew. Radical Records, at 77 Bleecker St. #C2-21, New York, NY 10012, presents *Never Mind the Sex Pistols*, a PISTOLS tribute. This CD features the BOOKED doing "Holiday In the Sun," the GENERATORS doing "No Feeling," SUBMACHINE doing "Liar," (a great version!) "Problems" covered by the KRAYS, an acceptable version of "God Save the Queen" by I.C.U., (not as powerful as MOTORHEAD's rendition on their new LP), BLANKS 77 doing "Anarchy in the UK," "Submission" by Pennsylvania's BOILS and a steaming cover of "Pretty Vacant" by the world reknown DUCKY BOYS from Boston. The CD continues with "EMI" by ROAD RAGE, "Belsen Was A Gas" by Austin's great LOWER CLASS BRATS, "Friggin' in the Riggin" by those brilliant punk 'n' Oi! purveyors the SHOWCASE SHOWDOWN and a fantastic version of "The Great Rock N' Roll Swindle" by Jersey's old Oi! Meisters NIBLICK HENBANE.

The BRUISERS "In the Pit" LP is fucking out! This much anticipated record (The first BRUISERS LP ever!) gives you an important history lesson about one of the most influencial American Skinhead bands. The first four songs on this collection belong in every true BRUISERS fan's house. There are spectacular versions of "Bloodshed" and "Society's Fools," and alternative versions of "Never Fall" and "Eyes of Fire" from the "Independence Day" recording sessions on 7/29/90 in Portsmouth, New Hampshire. In addition you'll find ten live tracks from 1992 that show the real power of the BRUISERS. Order this LP immediately from TKO Records.

BROKEN has a new CD out now. This Connecticut band features ex-members of THE PIST and BALTIMORE FOOT STOMPERS. You get some full throttle American hardcore here. Listen to "I Start Fires" and "Lock and Load" and "Wage Slave"- tough! There are some bitter sentiments revealed in "Fat Lying Bastard," "Filthy Elitist Scum" and "Out of Line." You also get a cover of "Police Story" by the PARTISANS. This is a good CD for you hardcore political punks.

Outsider Records presents the new ten-song CD by FORCED REALITY. This CD has some ass-kicking songs! The hate-core experience starts out with "Back Breaker." Peter Morcey wraps his vocals around "Never Forget" in full-throated American Oi! fashion. "This Flag is Mine" has a lot of power! "Your Money and Your Life" has strong guitar work by Dan Altieri and Eric Darmon. A good sound with good harmonies. "Blood Is Thicker Than Water" is a really good song! There are solid vocals similar to TERMINUS CITY and guitar playing that really punches through. There is a reprise of the song "We're Not Alone" and this fucker just bristles with anger and triumph. Great! Next you get "Brotherhood," with a message about skinhead camaraderie. The CD ends with a cover of "Mama Tried" by Merle Haggard from 1968. Good shit! Write to Outsider Records, PO Box 92708, Long Beach, CA 90809.

Fight Records from Tampere, Finland has released a SKITZO record recorded in 1984 and entitled simply *6 Track EP*. This band included members of KAAOS, BASTARDS, and TAMPERE SS. This is top quality Finish punk with good melodies and fairly deep vocals. The guitar has lots of punk muscle, but is not in the complete metal vein. This is sung in passionate Finnish with driving rhythms throughout. Write to: Fight Records, Hikivuorenkatu 17D 36, 33710 Tampere, Finland.

Mark Brennan and the excellent Captain Oi! label continue to bless you punks with UK SUBS reissues. The newest re-release is the great *Crash Course UK Subs Live* album. Having scored two top 30 albums and five national hit singles between June 1979 and June 1980, the UK SUBS were one of the most beloved punk bands in England at the time. After a mediocre *Live Kicks* LP released early in 1980, it was time to release a proper live LP that captured the SUBS raw energy and power. *Crash Course* did just that! This album contains good live recordings of most of the songs from the *Another Kind of Blues* and *Brand New Age* albums, with standout tracks like "C.I.D.," "Tomorrow's Girls," "New York State Police," "Public Servant," "Rockers," "Brand New Age," "Teenage" and the title track, "Crash Course." First-rate punk spoken here! Nicky Garratt's guitar takes the fucking top of your head off! *Crash Course* was recorded at London's Rainbow Theatre on May 30, 1980, and released on September 13, 1980. This is essential material for all UK SUBS fans! Next you can look for a reissue of the *Diminished Responsibility* album. To Captain Oi! we say - keep up the good work.

Bull Dog Power Records from Prague, Czech Republic has released a good CD by THE PROTEST - a S.H.A.R.P. skinhead band from Prague. The CD is called *From Protest to Resistance* and it proudly bears the "Skinheads Against Racial Prejudice" Trojan Records symbol on the cover. The music presents several different styles with the Oi! songs predominating along side some ska material. The fervent guitar playing sometimes is metal-tinged and quite vicious! The singing is strong with tight choruses. The songs include a studio version of "Anti-Fascist Skin" by POBLERS UNITED and live versions of "Iron Chin" by the BRUISERS and "Kde Ste Boli?" by ZONA A. All in all, a solid release that is well played and energetic throughout. Some selections of special notice are "Fuck the Rash," "Osud," "Dobyvame Svei" and "Dite Ulice." Contact PROTEST through Vladimir Cerveny, PO Box 48, 199 21 Praha 9, Czech Republic. Email: bulldog@seznam.cz

Alright! Headache Records has another one of those *Live On A Five* discs available for you punks and skins. Volume four of *Live On A Five* features the DROPKICK MURPHYS doing "Pipebomb On Lansdowne" and "Never Alone," both of which kick ass! "Never Alone" remains one of the most popular DROPKICK MURPHYS' songs and for good reason, it's great! The DROPKICK MURPHYS swung through the bay area recently and played two excellent shows in San Francisco and Santa Cruz, respectively. This band knows how to work its audience and most of the fans sing along in unison. We are looking for-

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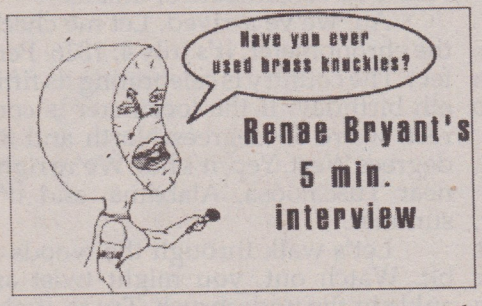
ward to a new record by the DROP-KICK MURPHYS before the end of the year.

I'll be seeing you.
See you around.
I'll be seeing you.
See you in Hell!



I was going to make this a quick column, but why? Although I originally wanted to write about psychotic men in the scene, recent developments have caused me to put that topic on the back burner. This month will focus on self-esteem, love based on friendship, "finding out what you need isn't always what you wanted," and Murphy's Law (the strange incident, not the band). So I dumped the drunk, well-endowed ex back in March. Met famous punk rock, drumming-behind three-white-guy-rappers, digging-on the-hardcore-scene Awol. As anyone that knows me could guess, I was instantly intrigued. Corresponded back and forth, finally got the nerve to give him my number. You know, one of those, "Let's go to La Luz de Jesus sometime," sort of come-ons. Well, the obvious thing happens....nothing. Two months went by, getting my shit together time. I had kind of expected him to call, famous or not, because (as every girl should feel about herself) I rule. Anyway, during these two months my very best guy friend and I start hanging out a lot. I didn't really think much about it until I realized I was spending my birthday with my favorite person. Then something weird happened. After six years, I realized that this was the guy I had always wanted, but just didn't know it. For six years he has treated me like a princess, for six years I always knew he would do anything for me, for six years I'd con him into doing the most ridiculous things, and for six years I said I would never date him romantically. All that changed in the moment that I realized how rare and amazing my best guy friend was. So I told myself that if I decided to do this romantic thing with him I could not go into it lightly. I would also have to give up my never-ending cycle of going for the bad boy and dumping him three months later, and definitely no more nineteen year-olds. I would have to give up my pining for Awol. Okay, I could do this. So my guy does the Nascar race thing, crew manager. I went to his race. They won. We celebrate by heading to the parents' beach house in Rosarito to consummate our relationship. Then he asked me the question, "Who was the older guy you were into?" "Oh, that was my silly pining for the Beastie Boys' drummer. He had his chance and never called. His loss," I replied. He is satisfied with the response. We had an amazing time. I had that cheesey "waiting to exhale" moment and felt calm. Hmmmmmm. So late Sunday night I head back to my condo. I talk to my newly-single lesbian roomate about her evening with my other newly-single lesbian girlfriend for a good hour. Finally, I saunter back to my room and listen to my messages. First message: "Hey, this is Amery _____, Awol. I'm at ###.###.####. Give me a call." MURPHY'S fucking LAW I tell you. It never fails.

As always, my one month off flies by and next thing I know I'm back on track, teaching full-time again. I applied to graduate school at UC Riverside. I have a new teaching assignment that I start in July with a district that will pay me $6,000 more a year than my last district. I've found some ladies to help me with the zine so I can make it a reliable quarterly. I have a four band, female-fronted split CD in the works with Media Blitz (LA), Squab (LB), The Voids (IE), and Undergirl (Phili, PA). I'm really excited about the project because these bands truly rule. I was able to see a couple of fairly amazing shows while off track. Kill Your Idols blew me away at Ron's Chain Reaction. I interviewed the boys and they really impressed me. Mach Tiver from Canada stayed with me the last weekend of May. They were sweet as pie and incredible; a brother and sister team, with sister playing drums and sceaming. They played at the Hell House in LA. Miguel Hell puts on these shows. True blessed hell. Jackie Joice's documentary, *Punk Pretty*, is being shown all over the nation at colleges, clinics, cafes and venues. *Punk Pretty* shows feminists in the punk scene in action and yours truly is featured. You can check tidbits of it out at www.gurlpaages .com/other/punkpretty. Justice Howard also has her site up with her infamous erotica at www.justicehoward.com.

While off-track, I interviewed Louis of Sub City and Hopeless Records for *MRR* and OTR. I was really impressed with Louis, his altruistic personality and true drive. He is doing another Take Action Tour (that you will read about in the next couple of months in MRR), this time to benefit Y-Me National Breast Cancer Organization. If you are interested in helping out, you can contact Louis at louis@hopelessrecords.com. Speaking of helping women in the scene, I thoroughly enjoyed *Law of Inertia* #7, "Women In Punk." I was just sorry I wasn't contacted. You can reach them at www.lawofinertia.com. Those are my "heads up" for the month. You can reach me at webmistress@ontherag.net and PO Box 251 Norco, CA 92860-0251. Feedback is welcomed and expected now.

It's as painful as a spiked dildo. A twinge in my right side, down by the hipbone. At first, I'm barely aware of it. Then it turns, bubbles. A little ball of gurgling gas. Rising peristaltically, it moves up my large intestine. The discomfort turns to pain, as slowly the internal fumes inch upward. How good it will feel when it makes its escape. Noise or not. I don't care. A blurt or a pop. Anything to end the bloat. The pain now crawls across my belly, right to left. Pressing nerves, rumbling with increasing intensity. It slams like a fist. I stop. Grab a chair. Bend forward, pregnant with the pain. Oh great gaseous gob, please release yourself. It's moved to the left now, starting its final

blessed descent. The pain is intense, but the anticipation of relief is greater. Oh fortuitous fart, blast forth from the depths. Save me from this gastric hell. Now it sits just above that tight circular muscle, a force seeking its own relief. Who am I to deny its flatulous freedom? Yet relief does not come. The doors to liberty have shut themselves, locking in their vaporous victim. Seated, I lean slightly to the left. Tightening my sagging abdomen. I push. Again. The stubborn sphincter gives way. A joyous opening through which, instead of gas, splats a viscous brown sludge.

Bear with me. I'll connect. Right now join me aboard my space-time machine. Don't worry. There's room for everyone. You, yeah the massive mammaried one in the back. Would you mind exhaling a bit so we can fit in a couple more? Thanks. That everyone? Fine. Steady. I'll start the whirring. The twisting. Don't mind the flashing lights. Dizzy? It'll pass.

Here we are. Step out please. That's right. Don't mind the crowd. You can pass right through them. They don't even know you're there. Where are we? We're in The Left Nut, a fashionable homosexual bar in the Northwest section of Washington DC. It's the day of the Millennium March. A million homos in the nation's capital. The march is over. The sweaty marchers relax over their PRIDE beer, talking about their victories, their goals, trying to pick each other up.

At the table in front of you is Carl Closet, an advertising agent from the DC area. The guy over there in the black suit with lapels out of *American Psycho* is Gavin Gay The IV. He's a dotcom tycoon. For a fee, you can sign on to his website, type the name of your enemy and get immediate access to negative medical reports, unpaid loans and legal history. The site, www.destroyem.com, has recently added a "web history" function. That lets you track the web-surfing habits of your intended victim. Remember that mayor of Springfield who stepped down because of his frequent visitations to kissthebunny.com? That information came from Gavin.

Then there's Larry Lisp, dressed tonight in a taffeta gown, with gold high heels, and eyelashes out to here. Larry calls himself "a male impersonator." By night, he's a drag performer at The Stud. By day, he works as a lab assistant at George Washington University. Let's listen in on their conversation.

"I think it could really happen," says Gavin. "Already there are gay marriages in Vermont."

"It's worth the fight," agrees Carl. "Finally I'd be able to get decent healthcare for Bruce."

"It's so logical," answers Gavin. "Gay marriage is natural. It's only a matter of time. Like a fart waiting to bust out."

"That's disgusting," says Carl. "Vut you're right."

"Oh PUL-LEASE!" says Larry, brushing away an invisible fly. "Miss Thing over there wants healthcare for his cute little asset. What about me? Do I get anything? Can I choose a trick for a free check-up?"

"Look," says Gavin. "We can only go one step at a time. What's important is equality. Sure, we need national health care and lots of other things. Should we wait for it? We'll be waiting forever."

"Exactly," agrees Carl. "The most important thing is equality. That's what we need."

"Equality? Mary doesn't know what she's talking about," answers Larry. "You think marriage will make equality just like that?" He raises his right hand, snapping his fingers.

"That's no equality," he continues. "It's only people getting screwed. Heaven knows getting screwed is FAAABULOUS. I come just thinking about it. But honey, that government-registered screwing means Preparation H for a year. And what about those who don't register? Where's *their* equality? They get screwed without doing anything."

"Look," says Carl." You're not going to make marriage illegal, so you might as well make it fair."

It's time to make my move. Swallowing a bottle of substance enhancer, I become corporally real enough to be visible to the discussioners.

They're a bit startled by my appearance.

"Boys, boys," I say. "Let's settle this with science fiction."

I motion for them to stand up and follow me to the second stall in the men's room. I don't know what they expect, but they find my space-time machine. Please step back a bit to make room for the new comers. Are we all inside? Fine. Now hang on as we're off again.

If it makes you dizzy, don't look outside. Space-shifting is tough enough, but this time travel. I dunno, some people get sick. If you feel you're gonna puke, let me know and I'll stop. Please be considerate of others.

Ah, we've arrived. Let me check the chronometer. It's July 4, 1826. Perfect. The country is celebrating its fiftieth birthday. If the locometer is correct, we're 35 degrees North and 87 degrees West. Yep, it's hot. We're right near Tuscaloosa, Alabama, and it's summer.

Let's walk through the woods a bit. Watch out, you might twist an ankle in the underbrush. Try to avoid the swinging Negroes. They hang by the neck, eyes bulging, tongue stuck out. They dangle like cherries from the trees. Mostly runaway slaves. Look at that one over there, the one with this cock cut off and stuffed into his mouth. Yeah him. They say he touched a white lady.

Hope you can put up with the heat and humidity. We've only got a few hundred yards to go. Ah, here we are. In the Tuscaloosa town square. Independence Day and scene of the first gay rights march. Unrecorded in most history books, I found a mention of it in an old diary I bought on eBay.

Ah, here we are: The Tuscaloosa Tavern. The bar is packed. Bearded white men wrap their arms around each other's shoulder as they raise their beer mugs.

"Here's to ole Dixie," says one man, with pale skin and a beard as blond as a Swede, "and equal rights."

"I'll drink to that," says another.

Sorry I can't tell you their names. We lose some particulars with time travel. Names fade, like details in an old photograph.

"Think it'll happen?" asks a beefy guy with a massive beard and hair that goes down the back of his neck.

"Yes!" replies the blonde with a big smile. "It's taken fifty years, but I predict that by the end of this year, homosexuals will be allowed to own slaves."

"Here, here!" shouts the second guy. "Yes! We too will be slave owners! Long live equality!"

Everyone in the bar raises his mug and shouts the chorus, "LONG LIVE EQUALITY!"

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There is one objector, a slightly effeminate young man, either clean-shaven or with no need to shave. It's hard to tell.

"Are you sure about this guys?" he asks. "I mean the whole idea of slavery is unjust. How can us joining it make it better?"

"Look," says the blonde. "You're not going to make slavery illegal. You might as well make it fair."

HALT. Shift. Move to the present. The here and now. The theoretical? Get it? What is a system that says that the government has to approve your relationship before it's valid? What is a system that says if you are legally tied to someone else and you break that tie, they punish you? What is a system where the law says you cannot have sex outside of government-registered coupledom? What is a system that gives free insurance to legal spouses but not to single people? What is a system that requires you to be tied to someone with paper manacles so they can visit you in the hospital, inherit your money or even share a motel room? That is slavery, buckaroos.

The work world invented the nuclear family as an economic union between income producer and kid-nurser. It's the smallest group that can do both jobs. It is economically efficient, because it provides income and child-care in one compact unit. It is also isolating and dehumanizing, making nice little functioning machines and not much else. It creates financial gears instead of friends. It makes *us* and *them*, instead of just us.

If you don't need or want that cozy machine, you don't need or want marriage. If you're not interested in "providing for a spouse" or being a Betty Crocker homemaker, then you don't even need coupledom, let alone marriage. Why two? Why the same two, for G-d's sake? Even if you believe the romantic myth, you're not dumb enough to think it's the only myth, are you?

Last year there was a protest because Microsoft offered an internet contest. One of the prizes was a vacation in Jamaica. The contest limited that prize "to male-female couples."

"Unfair to gays," protested the hapless homos. "You should allow gay couples."

Hello? What about NOT couples. Why is preference discrimination bad, but number discrimination okay? Marriage is institutionalized TWO.

And the penalties? The price paid by those who violate that government-sanctioned twoness: alimony, child support, loss of job, even jail. Rudy Guiliani was forced from the NYC senate race not because he had prostate cancer, but because he fucked around. He violated the couple.

Tangent: Child support, the darling cause of liberals and feminists everywhere, is an oppressive unfair institution. One of many built around marriage and forced partnership.

Let's get this straight, it is a woman's choice to have a child. That is the basic and primary fact. Abortion is legal in America.

If a man agrees to help raise a child than he should be bound by that agreement. But only that. Many men are tricked into becoming fathers. "I'm on the pill." "Oh just this once won't hurt. It's the wrong time of month."

None of this trickery counts in court. Nor does it count if mom is rich and dad doesn't have a pit to pot in. Nor does it count how much it *really* costs to raise a child. Courts base child support on the size of your pockets, not on the needs of the child. It doesn't even count if the court allows you to see your child. Even if you're banned, you still have to pay.

They can get you anywhere. Anytime. It's a federal offense not to pay. You're better off just stalking and shooting the kid. Murder isn't a federal offense.

End of tangent.

You can take care. Wear your party hat. Avoid fatherhood/motherhood as well as the more insidious form of government control: marriage. It's your choice, right?

Wrong. So much DEPENDS on this legal coupledom. Those who aren't part of it are shut out of free healthcare, child-rearing, hospital visitation rights, inheritance, and tons of other privileges. A foreigner can stay in the US just by getting married? Most others get thrown out! One of those Miami Cuban idiots should marry Elian Gonzalez. That would solve the problem.

The homo-marriage website offers a document listing 1,049 privileges married people have that are denied to everyone else. (Check it out at: www.marriageequality.com/images/1049.pdf) Those of us who run from coupledom like from a cancroid penis are denied those benefits. Our choice is be a servant of government-approved twoness, or be an outcast. Do you choose servitude?

Gay marriage is NOT equality. It is spreading slavery. Like slavery, marriage is unfair and unequal. It is the legal binding of two people, as strong a bind as a slave and her owner.

As long as the law treats married people differently than unmarried people, there is no equality. As long as the law rewards legally blessed duos and curses other relationships, more marriages cannot bring equality, but only more misery to those who aren't married.

When liberals ask you to support gay marriage, your reflex is, "Sure, I favor gay marriage. It's only fair and natural." You see it like a fart. Just expel it and everything will be okay.

Well, buckaroos, check a little deeper before you blow out that fart. It'll be too late when you find yourself covered in shit.

ENDNOTES: *[Visitors to my website: www.MykelBoard.com or subscribers (email to: TheBoss@MykelBoard.com) will receive a few extra endnotes. There are just too many to keep up with.]*

—>Spam o' the month dept: This came unsolicited into my e-mail inbox. I've cut it slightly to save space.

From: Poll_05@jegeec.chat.ru

VOTE YES OR NO FOR SPAM!

The hottest issue on the Internet is unsolicited e-mail, affectionately referred to as SPAM. I've heard it said that stopping spam would be an infringement on one's right to free speech as well as freedom of the press. People on the other side state that unsolicited e-mail is an invasion of privacy and should be illegal. Which side are you on?

By taking part in this survey you will be helping to decide what outcome the law will have on this issue and help to offset the cost of publishing these results. To participate, call 1-900-VOTE-NOW or (900-868-3669) and after the very short message, select "1" on your phone for "NO", or "2" for "YES".

Let your opinion be known! VOTE- VOTE- VOTE- VOTE- VOTE- VOTE- VOTE- VOTE

You will be charged $1.99 for your call.

—>If that's socially responsible, then

so's my dick dept: So I'm looking for a place to invest the millions I've made writing for MRR. I see this ad in the *Utne Reader* for "Domini Social Investments." It's a fund that invests in goodguys "using social and environmental criteria." So I send 'em a letter and get back lots of paper. On one of the sheets, the company lets us know more specifically what it's investment strategies are:

1. We strive to avoid companies with significant revenues from alcohol, tobacco, gambling, nuclear power and weapons contracting.

2. *Largest holding: Microsoft* [biggest monopolizer, unfair business company in America.]

3. *Fourth largest holding:* [Wal-Mart, biggest third-world exploiter, mom and pop destroyer, low wage payer in America.]

Yeah!

—>*It's how you say it dept:* In fifty years there'll be no difference between British and American English. Every day I hear Brit terms like "wanker" and "bollocks" creeping into American English. With the internet, more could be on the way.

Well, I say, Let It Be, at least in some cases. Here are some British words I'd like to see in American English:

aeroplane blonds - girls who have dyed hair but still have "black boxes"!

drink-link - an ATM machine you use before going out on a drunken binge!

mumblers - used when you spot an attractive girl in tight clothes. You can see the lips moving but can't understand what they're saying.

release a chocolate hostage - to shit

—>*Speaking of the homovote dept:* Before the big Millennium March, I got an e-mail message asking me to join thousands of others. We would decide what the issues were going to be. They planned the march first, then decided why they were marching.

Here are the choices they offered and the comments I sent back:

___ *Hate Crimes Legislation* [Sure, create a new kind of thought crimes.]

___ *Right To Marry* [Oy vey!]

___ *Non-Discrimination in Employment* [How about "ending the need for employment"?]

___ *Right To Serve Our Country* [With gravy and dressing on the side?]

___ *Lesbian Health Issues* [The Adkins diet or the Pritkin?]

___ *AIDS/HIV Issues* [For the last 10 years we hear "AIDS isn't a gay issue." Now it's a gay issue?]

___ *Child Custody and Adoption Rights* [But you still want it limited to couples, right?]

_x_ *GLBT Aging Issues* [This one I vote for. Stop Aging Now!]

___ *Immigration Rights* [Was that Cuban kid a homo?]

___ *GLBT Youth Issues* [How about HUMAN Youth Issues? Like freedom of press and information access for everyone, regardless of age?]

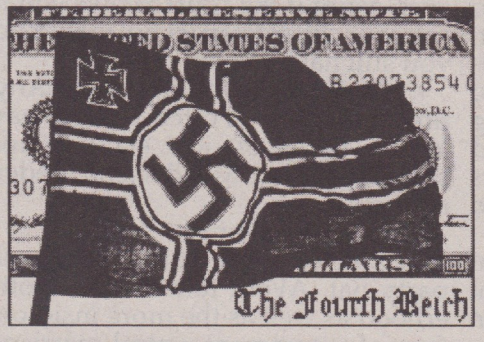
___ *Overturning Anti-GLBT Laws* [How about overturning ALL discriminatory laws?]

___ *Right To Privacy/Choice* [Why is this a gay issue?]

___ *GLBT Global Issues* [How about ALL the evils of Globalism?]

_*XOther:*_____

[You bet! Sexual freedom for everyone. End of censorship. End of enforced coupledom. End of penalties for any kind of consensual sex. End of all criminalized sexuality. End of anti-prostitution laws. End of anti-pornography laws. End of narrow identity politics. Fat chance.]



Hello, my name's Dave Emory. In the following half hour we're going to be taking a look at "Dubyew" as the columnist Molly Ivans calls him, that is George "W." Bush the current front-runner in the race to gain the Republican nomination for president.

Some very unappetizing aspects of George W's political agenda were revealed in the *San Francisco Examiner* of Friday, November 26, 1999, in a column by syndicated columnist Carl T. Rowan. This is dateline Washington and headlined by the *Examiner*: "It is becoming clear that what Texas Governor George W. Bush will give us if he is elected president (as now seems probable) is the most conservative and mind you, frightening US Supreme Court in this century. A strident foreign policy that will regenerate the cold war with both Russia and China... [We're going to touch on the foreign policy aspect in a minute.]...and a period of unimaginable strife over abortion rights. Bush made this clear on Sunday during an interview on *Meet the Press*, when he said some things that showed him to be far to the right of what a lot of Americans have assumed him to be. When NBC's Tim Russert asked, 'Which Supreme Court justice do you really respect?' Bush replied, 'Antonin Scalia is one.' He then added, 'Judge Clarence Thomas, I think he got a raw shake in the nomination process.' When asked if he would make opposition to abortion a litmus test for any person to be appointed to the highest court, Bush said that he would want to know if his nominee would give a 'strict interpretation' of the constitution. Scalia and Thomas are the two most reactionary members of the court. Bush's citing them as models of what he would appoint strikes fear in my heart and surely in the hearts of millions of other Americans. I am sure that Bush also lost a lot of liberals and moderates when he said that as president, he will support a constitutional amendment to ban all abortions except in the case of incest and rape or when a woman's life is in danger." He also said basically that he's going to kick some ass with regards to Russia and China if they don't come around to his way of looking at things.

In the past on the subject of George W's political heritage, we've taken a look at that he flies around in a plane that is owned by Barry Seale, one of the principal players in the Iran-Contra affair, and a drug smuggler of considerable note. 0A-Foxtrot, one of the aircraft that was used by Barry Seale in the Iran-Contra affair, is now one of George Bush's favorite planes that he flies about from the Texas State Aircraft.

In FTR 182 (and segment 181) we took a look at some business connections between George W, his Arbusto Energy Company, and the family of Saudi terrorist Osama Bin Laden, the best known of the Wohabi fighters who are currently making their presence felt around the world, including in parts of the former Soviet Union. We're

going to review some of the aspects of the George Bush-Bin Laden connection. As some supplemental material we're going to take a look at a suppressed biography of Bush entitled, *Fortunate Son, George W. Bush and the Making of an American President*. This was co-authored by J.H. Packfield, published in hard cover by Saint Martin's Press, copyright 2000 by Omega Publishing, although it came out in 1999. This book was suppressed and recalled after it came out that J.H. Packfield had a criminal record. Of the connection between the Bin Laden family and George W. Bush through his Arbusto Energy Company, we read as follows from *Fortunate Son*.

"In June of 1977 Bush formed his own drilling company, Arbusto Energy. Arbusto means Bush in Spanish. Like his father who made his fortune in the oil business using the money of others, George W. funded Arbusto with the financial backing of investors including James R. Bath, a Houston businessman who George apparently met when they were in the same Texas All National Guard unit. Tax documents and personal financial records show that Bath, an aircraft broker with business ties to Saudi Arabian sheiks, had invested 50,000 dollars in Arbusto granting him a 5% interest in the two limited partnerships controlled by Bush. In one of the most bizarre footnotes to history, *Time Magazine* described Bush in 1991 as a 'deal-broker' whose alleged associations run from the CIA to a major shareholder and director of the Bank of Credit and Commerce." The BCCI (as it was more commonly known) was closed down in July 1991 amid charges of multi-billion dollar fraud and world-wide news reports that the institution had been involved in covert intelligence work, drug money laundering, arms brokering, bribery of government officials, and aiding terrorists. An accounting commission by the Bank of England finally exposed the extent of BCCI's deficits and criminal offenses, forcing the bank's eventual collapse. Bath was never directly implicated in the BCCI scandal, but according to *The Outlaw Bank*, an award-winning 1993 book by *Time Magazine* correspondents Johnathan Beatty and S.E. Gwynn, Bath originally "made his fortune by investing money for sheik Kalid Bin Mafuse and another BCCI-connected Saudi, Sheik Bin Laden." Allegedly the father of none other than Osama bin Laden, the man accused by the US government of masterminding the August 1998 terrorist bombings of the American Embassies in Kenya and Tanzania, which killed more than 250 people.

According to news reports, in a 1976 trust agreement drawn shortly after George W. Bush's father was appointed Director of the Central Intelligence Agency, Saudi Sheik Summod Em Bin Laden appointed Bath as his business representative in Texas. Bin Laden (along with his brothers) owned Bin Laden Bros. Construction, one of the largest construction companies in the Middle East. In a 1991 deposition, Bath testified that he was the sole director of Skyway Aircraft Leasing Ltd., a Houston company owned by Pall-Ed Bin Mafuse. Bin Mafuse had been a major shareholder in BCCI, which had been accused of using Middle Eastern oil money to seek ties to political leaders in other countries throughout the 1970's and 80's.

I would note that Oliver North used BCCI for many of his Iran-Contra machinations.

Time Magazine reporters Beatty and Gwynn suggest in their book that the 50,000 dollars Bath invested in George W's Arbusto Energy Company may have belonged to Bath/Saudi clients since the Houston businessman "had no substantial money of his own at the time." Ironically, the money used to underwrite the first business venture of a possible future President of the United States may have been partially derived from the family fortune of Saudi terrorist Osama bin Laden.

According to court documents, Bath also swore that in 1977 he represented four prominent and wealthy Saudi Arabians as a trustee and used his name on their investments in the US. In return he received a five percent interest in their deals. Federal authorities, the Financial Crimes Enforcement Network, and the FBI later investigated Bath after allegations were made by one of his American business partners that the Saudis were using Bath and their enormous financial sources to influence US policy.

In 1990, in an attempt to distance himself and his presidential father from the growing BCCI scandal, George W stated in an interview that neither he nor the elder Bush had ever conducted business with James Bath. George W went on record at the time as saying that he met the Houston businessman in 1970 when they both were fighter pilots at the Air National Guard Base in Ellington. President Bush "knows Bath the way he knows thousands of people," his son told the press, "and the two could not be considered good friends." He went on to say, "I've never done business with Bath, and I know the president hasn't either."

Well, at least in the case of George W Bush, he was lying. He obviously had been doing business with him. Bath owned five percent in two limited partnerships controlled by Bush. Note again (as written by J. H. Hatfield), "Saudi Sheik Sonam-Em Bin Laden appointed Bath as his business representative in Texas. More about George W's denial of knowing Bath, which was obviously a lie. A few months later, the release of tax documents and personal financial records forced George W to admit that Bath had indeed been one of Arbusto Energy's original investors.

Bush stated that to his knowledge, Bath's investment was from personal funds and no available evidence exists to determine that the money came from Saudi interests. Numerous questions remained unanswered as to Bath's motives behind his investment in George W's first business ventures. In a footnote, US intelligence agencies were concerned that Bin Laden might attempt to assassinate George W or the former president when both men toured the Middle East and met with Arab and Jewish heads in November of '98, only four months after the embassy bombings in Kenya and Tanzania. Bear in mind that when Bath invested 50,000 dollars into Arbusto Energy as reported by *Time Magazine* reporters Beatty and Gwynn (*Time* is a very conservative publication), the Houston businessman had "no substantial money of his own at the time." And as noted by Hatfield, "Ironically the money used to underwrite the first business venture of a possible future president of the United States may have been partially derived from the family fortune of Saudi Terrorist Osama bin Laden. More about the Bath/Bin Laden/Bush connection from a book which was cited in that J.H. Hatfield book *Fortunate Son*.

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The following is about BCCI, it's called, *The Outlaw Bank, A Wild Ride into the Secret Heart of BCCI.* It was co-authored by Johnathan Beatty and S. C. Gwynne. It's copyrighted 1993 by Ranjack Incorporated and was published in the US by Random House.

The "White" referred to here is a Bill White who was a business partner of James R. Bath, who later found himself at loggerheads with Mr. Bath. This is Bill talking about his former business partner and eventual enemy. "You have to understand that they thought I was one of them," White said earnestly. "Bath told me that he was in the CIA. He told me George Bush (Sr.) had recruited him in 1976 when he was the director of the agency. That made sense to me, especially in light of what I had seen once we went into business together. Bath and George Jr. were pals and flew together in the same Air National Guard unit, and Bath lived just down the street from the Bush family when George Sr. was living in Houston. He said Bush wanted him to involved with the Arabs and to get into the aviation business." White began pulling documents out of his cases while he talked. "That's how Bath (who didn't know anything about the aviation business) became one of the biggest jet-aviation dealers in the country within a couple of years. Look, here's a Boeing that he's leasing to the Abu-Daubi National Oil Company. That's a multi-million-dollar jet. And that's how he became a representative for Sheik Kalid Bin Mafuse, whose family controls the National Commercial Bank of Saudi Arabia."

I would note, that's also how he became the Texas business representative for Sheik Bin Laden, the father of Osama Bin Laden.

Now in this book, Bill White says that Bath told him that he was in the CIA, having been recruited by George Bush, Sr., during his tenure as Director of the Central Intelligence Agency. He then goes into business with George W. Bush (or Junior as he is sometimes called), and thus becomes one of the top aviation brokers in the US despite the fact that he knows nothing about the aviation business. This is a connection that raises more questions than answers. Bear in mind that the Wahabi sect, of which Bin Laden is now the best-known combatant, has been very active in various parts of the world on behalf of Islamic fundamentalism, including some of the oil producing regions of the former Soviet Union. Indeed the US has been quite overt in trying to weaken Russian control of the petroleum-rich Caspian Sea. It also sheds an interesting light on the embassy bombings in August of '98 when Bill Clinton was facing impeachment, and when his actions in retaliating for those bombings alienated the left wing of his own party (from Bill Clinton).

I commented at the time that Clinton was essentially damned if he did and damned if he didn't, with regards to the embassy bombings. If he had responded in a proper fashion, or what I consider a proper fashion, by launching a long time-consuming counter-intelligence investigation in order to locate the suspect and attempt to bring him or them to justice. That is a process that would have almost certainly have taken years. Yet just imagine how the talking heads would have reacted if Clinton had responded in that fashion. Bear in mind that not only had American lives and property been destroyed, but that there were threats of more action to be taken by the terrorist groups. The talking heads would have been saying, "Well, this is proof that Clinton is too weak and has to resign. What we have here is American lives lost, American property threatened, and threats of more attacks? This is a time of decisive presidential action to protect the lives of American citizens and American property, and yet Clinton is launching an investigation! This is proof that his presidency is too weakened, he can no longer do the job, he has to step down, bla bla bla bla bla..."

So he was damned if he did and damned if he didn't. Also one should bear in mind one lesson of the John Kennedy assassination, which is that the president is not in control of the intelligence community and is ultimately dependant on them for his view of the world to a certain extent. Bear in mind that Ramzi Ahmed Yousef was the mastermind of the World Trade Center bombing which I have analyzed in the past as part of a destabilization campaign against the Clinton Administration. Ramzi Ahmed Yousef was a protégé of Osama bin Laden. There are also eye-witness accounts linking Ramzi Ahmed Yousef with Terry Nichols in the Philippines (Terry Nichols being one of the perpetrators of the Oklahoma City bombing, the alleged "mastermind" according to an ATF informant of the bombing), and Andrea Straussmeyer (the son of Eunter Straussmeyer, Helmut Kohl's Chief of Staff, and the architect of the German reunification). Andrea Straussmeyer was present at the reunification ceremony and that would have given him a German Government security clearance. Also bear in mind that Ramzi Ahmed Yousef reputedly tried to kill Bill Clinton when he traveled to the Philippines in 1994. One wonders whether perhaps Bush/Reagun petroleum underground right factions in our intelligence system were behind some of these activities either directed against Bill Clinton or working to destabilize his administration. One also wonders if perhaps the petroleum related sections of our intelligence community (which would certainly embrace the Bush family) is involved in some of the shenanigans in the former Soviet Union, in particular the accounts that Bin Laden has been associated with some of the guerrillas in Chechnia who attacked Dogeson (a key Russian facility in regards to the Caspian Sea).

As mentioned in that Rowan column, George W has finally launched his foreign policy edict and that his hard stance against Russia and China initiate a new cold war and very expensive arms races against those countries. It would also alienate those countries and put them in the German trade camp because normally Germany would pick up the slack in regards to trade with those two enormous countries. George W has now finally come out of the starting gate with regard to foreign policy. A very interesting note should be taken in that context of who one of his primary foreign policy advisors is.

Reading from the *New York Times* of Saturday November 20, 1999. This is a story by R.W. Apple Jr., dateline Simi Valley California, November 19, headlined "Bush Questions Aide to Moscow in a Policy Talk." He's basically looking to cut off aid to Moscow, thereby weakening Moscow's attempts at putting the Wahabi uprisings on the southern border to rest (uprisings in Dogistan and Chechnia). Bear in mind that this is actually part of Russia. This is about Bush's foreign policy talk, and in this particular article there is a list of

George W's foreign policy advisors, most of which had served in past administrations and many of which had served with his father. There's a list of his various advisors and one of them in particular is worth noting. This is Robert Zoellick of Harvard, a German American or American of German extraction. Robert Zoellick of Harvard, Goldman Sachs, and the German Marshal Fund of the US. He's one of the top Bush foreign policy advisors and he not only worked for Goldman Sachs, but also is with the German Marshal Fund of the United States as well as with Harvard. The German Marshall Fund is an institution that you'll see funding programming on the Public Broadcasting System. It also is an organization that was crafted to basically serve as a public relations firm for the key German corporations that had backed Hitler, and thereby it is (of course) linked to the deadly Borman Corporation of which I have spoken so often.

We're going to turn to the definitive text on the Borman Organization, authored by Paul Manning, part of the CBS news-stream that covered WW2 along with Edward R. Murrow. Manning broadcasted the surrenders of Japan and Germany to the American people on the CBS Radio Network, and in order to cover the air war in Europe was trained as a waist gunner on a B-17. In order to cover the air war in Japan, he became a nose-gunner on a B-29 because the aircraft could not carry any journalists on air raids into enemy territory in case they got hit and had to limp back to base; they couldn't carry any extra weight. So in order to cover those raids, a journalist had to become a combatant. Paul Manning then became a very heroic journalist in the post-war period as well, having provided us with the definitive text on the Borman Flight Capital Organization. Of the creation of the German Marshal Fund of the US, it's role as a PR organization for corporate Germany and its connections to Borman and the Borman organization. Paul Manning writes as follows (bearing in mind that Robert Zellig of Harvard University also works for the German Marshal Fund of the United States).

Turning to *Martin Borman, Nazi in Exile*, published in hardcover by Lyle Stewart, copyright 1981, we read: "By the 1970s, the West Germans had concluded that influencing US public opinion is better accomplished with a skillful touch than with a meat cleaver, of which it characterized their efforts during the first two world wars. An example of such skill was the staged news event of June 5, 1972, when Vidi Braunt announced at Harvard University that the Federal Republic of Germany would donate 150,000,000 marks (or 47 million dollars) to establish a foundation in honor of the Marshal Plan, a statesman-like approach to the recovery of former enemies and to the general recovery of Western Europe. Braunt stated that the money would arrive in equal installments for the next fifteen years for the establishment and US operation of an independent American-run educational foundation specializing in solutions to European problems, to be known as the 'German Marshal Fund of the US,' a memorial to the Marshal Plan."

The overriding function of this German George C. Marshal Research Foundation is public relations to cosmetize the German industrialists and bankers whose corporations had worked so successfully for the Third Reich.

In October 1978, the Marshal Foundation was utilized as a platform for Dr. Herman J Abs (now honorary President of Deuchebank A.G.) as he addressed a meeting of businessmen, bankers and members of the Foreign Policy Association in New York City on "The problems and prospects of German-American economic cooperation." This luncheon meeting was chaired by his old friend John J. McCloy, a Wall Street banker and lawyer who had worked closely with Dr. Abs when McCloy served as US High Commissioner for Germany during those post-war reconstruction years. At that time, Herman Abs (as Chief Executive of Deutchebank) was also directing the spending of America's Marshal Plan money in West Germany as the chairman of the Reconstruction Loan Corporation of the Federal Republic of Germany. With him were Henry H. Fowler (Wall Street investment banker and former Secretary of the US Treasury), Henry Cabot Lodge (former US Ambassador to the Federal Republic of Germany), and George C. Mcgee (another former ambassador to Germany, trustee of the Marshal Foundation, and a member of various private and government advisory groups).

These, along with others on the Dais (sp?) and in the audience represented firms and banks that are among the most prestigious in the US and throughout the world. All benefited from the rebirth and rebounding prosperity of the new Federal Republic of Germany. Knowingly or not, these figures and their corporations are indebted to the man who was not there, the financial and administrative genius who set the foundation for the post-war recovery of Germany... Martin Borman.

So it's interesting that a representative of this organization, Robert Zellig, is one of George W's top foreign policy advisors.

What we're going to do next is review a short section of "For the Record," segment 177, about the *Fortunate Son* biography that I excerpted earlier. This was suppressed.

"And with regard to the Borman group, that it controls the major German corporations and they operate in concert as part of an organized political and military strategy."

In FTR122 and 123 I described the Von Holtsbrink Firm. Among the many English language-publishing outfits that they control is Saint Martin's (which has recently come into public view with regard to a biography of George W Bush, the odds-on favorite to get the Republican nomination) which alleged an arrest for cocaine in 1972. It then turned out that author J. H. Hatfield had a criminal record and had apparently tried to kill a boss with a car bomb, at least according to official reportage.

The *New York Times* of Wednesday, October 27, 1999, described this book and described the Saint Martin's editor-in-chief's resignation over this particular biography. I've spoken in the past about the Bush family's connections to the underground Reich, the progenitors of George Herbert Walker and George W.

Bush had companies that were deeply involved with the Third Reich, and George Herbert Walker Bush is very close to the Nazi branch of the Republican Party, the Republican Ethnic Outreach Section. It's interesting to watch this particular biography. It'll be interesting to see if it winds up putting the whammy on the George W

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cocaine story because as some have noted, journalists are something like blackbirds; they alight together on a wire and they all fly away together. It'll be interesting to see if this highly secretive biography keeps people away from the George W cocaine story and then contributes to his election.

We've spoken about the allegations that George W was involved with a DEA sting involving picking up kilos of cocaine in some of our past conversations with Mike Ruppert. From the *New York Times* of October 27, 1999, is an article by Doreen Carvajal entitled, "Editor quits amid turmoil surrounding book on Bush."

The Editor-in-Chief of Saint Martin's Press abruptly resigned from the company yesterday in another sign of continuing turmoil at the New York publishing house after its cancellation of a biography of George W. Bush of Texas by an author with a criminal record....Former and current employees of Saint Martin's Press say that it is entirely plausible that the editor-in-chief had not been informed early in the process about the book which was considered so secret at the company that Saint Martin's sales representatives referred to the title by the code "MJ."

The Bush biography was acquired, edited, and published by Mr. Dunn's imprint; a separate line of books with its own logo that is distinct from the Saint Martin's brand. Robert Wallace claims that he never knew about this particular book. Saint Martin's Press is part of Verlag's Groupa George Von Holtsbrink, a German media conglomerate based in Stutgard." This indicates the extent to which publishers among other media corporations influence public opinion. And again, with a connection to the Bush family to what I've termed the "underground Reich."

It'll be interesting to see whether this spurious biography keeps journalists away from the allegations of on-camera cocaine purchases by George W. Bush, thereby contributing to his election. Food for thought and grounds for further research. As I've asked in my weekly show on my home-based station, is George W. the Borman candidate?

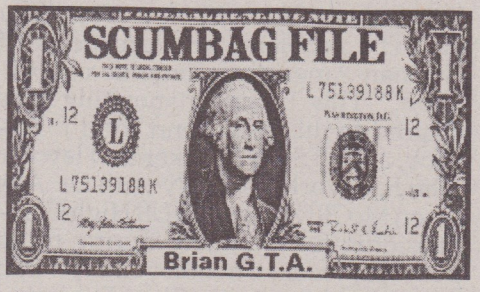
We're going to conclude the broadcast on a somewhat light note... There was a very witty letter to the editor written to the *New York Times* about George W's foreign policy address. From the *New York Times* of November 23,1999, a Lisa DiCaprio wrote as follows:

"To the editor: You note front-page, November 20, of the general concern about George W's lack of foreign policy knowledge and experience, but conclude that his confident performance in a foreign policy speech given at the Ronald Reagun Presidential Library 'put such fears to rest for the moment.'

In fact, the speech proved only that Mr. Bush can read from a script prepared for him by a group of advisors drawn from his father's presidency. We learned that Mr. Bush 'laced his address with quotes from Perocles among others.' Does anyone really believe that Mr. Bush, who recently referred to the Greeks as the Grecians, is now reading Perocles?"

Indeed! That concludes this broadcast. I'm Dave Emory, thanks for listening.

Links:
http://www.publishers-associates.com/sepore/tfsgwb.htm (Publication about GWB)
http://www.gmfus.org/ (German Marshal Fund of the US web site)
http://www.goldmansachs.com/about/history.html (GoldmanSachs History)



Greetings and beatings everyone; welcome to the place where my pen meets your eye. The other day (well, not by the time this comes out) a friend and myself made a weekend trip to Frisco while the hot tub was being installed. On the way up and back a wide (dis) array of stuff logged time in the deck including Urinals, Wire, B52s, Devo, Eater, Psychedelic Furs, Bill Haley, Nuggets comps, Smogtown (three times no less!), lounge, old soul, new wave, etc.

My buddy and I got to talking about how restrained, unimaginative, and downright dull music and listeners tastes had become. (Yeah, I know you've heard me speak of such before and guess what? I'm gonna do it again. Feel free to skip my form column, but don't blame me later when a passenger jet careens into the side of your home, or you develop a rare Ugadan foot fungus.)

Unfortunately, much of the time this goes double for people involved within the so-called open-minded punk rock community where many of its participants have seen fit to tightly lodge themselves exclusively into some of the most narrow music genres out there, of which many have an accompanying strict rule book of accepted political and social ideals. Individuality is frowned upon in favor of becoming part of an established musical/social order. Screw adventure, isn't it exciting to always know what you're gonna get and always know that you're gonna like it? (At least until you get bored and then find the next thing that you're "always" gonna like!)

What if you decide that you liked Chinese food the best, so you're now only gonna eat Chinese food? No Thai, no Italian, no Mexican, no Indian, no Cuban, no.. just Chinese! Maybe every person you date could look and dress exactly like the last person you dated and you can only have sex in the one same position every time. Sounds rather ridiculous doesn't it!?! So then why go about listening to music in the same restrictive fashion?

Anyhow this time around I've chosen once again to discuss some of the more interesting hard to pigeonhole. Old groups associated with "Punk" / underground music (and hopefully some people might feel inclined to search out their material).

Monitor - this very strange and unique Los Angeles art damage unit existed from around early '78 to '81 and were part of the same loosely affiliated crowd that included Human Hands, BPeople, and 45 Grave. Their hard to describe "Pet Wedding"/"Beek" 7" was featured in an article penned by the Meatmen's Tesco Vee about record collecting in a 1984 issue of MRR and is a fairly hard to find but worth hearing slice of L.A. underground history.

After such an original and clever debut 7", the question was whether

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they could sustain such uniqueness for a full LP and of course the answer was a resounding hell yes! None of the tracks really jump out at you with full bore aggression, but rather lie back ready to ambush with their more subtile creepiness. One of the highlights for me of the old underground live music TV show "New Wave Theater" was when Monitor played "Dead Jim's Shade"

Mydolls—this early eighties almost all-gal (they had a male drummer) Houston, Texas punk group possessed a great combination of cool keyboards, pseudo Middle Eastern elements, and unique vocals. All of these came together in an unusual package that was part punk anger and drive, and part unsnobbishly cerebral and arty.

They released a 12" EP, made an appearance on the infamous "Cottage Cheese from the Lips of Death" comp LP, but for me their debut three song 7" is the best of the bunch. Taken on a visual level, it's nothing much to look at and is very easy to pass up, which would be a major mistake as all three tracks, "Nova Grows Up", "In Technicolor", and especially "The Rapist", with its brilliant chorus of "Therapist - Mind Fucker" (Therapist - The Rapist, get it!?!), are far more than just mere keepers.

I wish I could say that its easy to find a copy, but truthfully I never see too many floating around, though I might be wrong. (Hopefully the wannabe hipster collector geeks haven't latched onto this one yet, and turned it into an absurdly overpriced trinket, though I doubt it as I've yet to hear that collecting this record causes insane competitive jealously amongst dweebs and is therefore trendy to like / want.)

Well I guess that's about all the time I have for now. Sorry I had to cut it so short, but I'm currently busy juggling at least eight different projects.

Next time we'll pick up where I last ditched you; try not to get too lonely without me. Cough, cough, cough.

Brian GTA 501 W. Glenoaks Blvd Ste. 313, Glendale, CA 91202 USA

P.S. I'm desperately searching for a copy of, and will not pay any price to find a copy. If you do possess a copy of, please patiently wait for me not to call you.

Neoteric Declaration Draft Three

I knew it was coming. I sensed its earliest forms the very first night I heard Kill The Hippies at The Mantis in Kent, Ohio. As Kill The Hippies began to release material and I saw them play more frequently, I realized that they were so good at what they did, the term "punk rock" actually DIDN'T DO IT for this phenomenal band. They did BETTER! Hell, they deserved a better word! New wave? Close but damn, new wave can mean all those crappy wave bands just as easily as Devo. Kill The Hippies deserve SOOOO MUCH MORE! I knew what HAD to be done, but I refrained...

I could say I did something dramatic, like I denied it or something, but that wouldn't be the truth. The truth was that it scared me. Me. What the fuck? Did I have the balls needed to pull off something as big as I was contemplating? Who did I think I fucking was? Someone who mattered? Everyone would call me arrogant. Everyone would say I didn't know what I was talking about. Well, fuck everyone. I now feel confident enough to fucking do it. Who cares if they don't believe me? They're already casualties in my eyes anyway , and I'm not calling for a medic. Let 'em die. I'll save my pain med for a rainy day....

Here recently I decided to put a lil' something together and package it up in a tight lil' bundle and press the launch button. There's no countdown, no "t-minus" for this missile. It's from the Midwest and what it doesn't covert it will destroy.

I was reluctant to take the necessary time and effort to actually develop something NEW until here recently. You see, I'm getting up there in years. I'm 27 years-old now and if I died tomorrow from a stab wound to the gut or a car crash-- which are two very distinct possibilities since I foresaw one in a dream and been threatened via e-mail with the other (have some fun and try to figure out which is which)--I wouldn't leave very much behind. Bills, a few copies of a zine laying around the ground at a Midwest venue, some dirty dishes, a pretty decent music selection but man! I need to leave behind something more! I wanna leave my mark! I wanna leave a LEGACY!

I thought about a (fake) biological attack of some sort in the name of ART, like try and pass off sprinkled baby powder as the anthrax virus in zines with photocopied pictures of kitchen appliances (hell, this does sound cool, think I will do that) but I want MORE! I'm unsatisfied with what I've dealt out as of late. With this in mind, I feel it is only DUE time that I unveil, unleash, RELEASE! SOMETHING! NEW!

Think about the guy who coined "Rock and Roll." Think of his legacy! Where that fucker went wrong was he failed to control it. Me? I have CREATED, and will control, THE all-new, fantastic version of MODERN ROCK AND ROLL; welcome to my NEOTERIC PUNK/WAVE Movement!!!! I could bore you with this whole spiel about what exactly is and isn't Neoteric and give you some strict guidelines to see if yer pathetic band MIGHT fit in but that shit's all so fucking boring. I'm going to tell you the BARE BASICS of what you need to know, because if I give you too much control you will fuck it up.

MY "Neoteric Punk/ Wave," movement is the BEST of all the current flavors. It's modern new wave without the downers. It's indy-pop with a punch to the face, it's punk rock, meaning "PUNK-ROCK" and not "punk rock," meaning all that Korn bullshit wasting space in CD players ROUND THE WORLD (that Korn "punk" is fucking global, ya know). My Neoteric Wave rock movement is the bitter anecdote to all that's wrong with those people slinging around punk like its a fucking adjective. "Look mom, punk rock!,""Oh Mikey, yer sooo funny! Grandma will think that's soo CUTE!," FUCKERS! YOU RUINED PUNK ROCK!

I recently had to revive "punk-rock" (with the dash) to right some of the fucking wrongs done over the last twenty years. Me, a 27 year-old screw machine operator that plays bass in a band, does a zine and has even became an "artist" lately, I HAD TO REVIVE

Columns

PUNK ROCK. Somewhere in between the great shit known as punk-rock and this current shit being pawned off as "punk rock," TOO MANY people fucking ruined it! Too many people had their chance to mold it. Me? I OWN NEOTERIC ROCK and I won't allow it to falter. I'm the Boss. I'm the man! I know what music that is out right now that's actually worth something; I'm now arrogant enough to tell you that. I know what is good and what is shit, but on the same hand I know that you don't have the balls or conviction enough to even stand up and tell me I'm wrong. It wouldn't matter anyways cause I don't need your fucking help. This is a blood-letting.

I remember not to many years ago I was in a local record store and this one guy who I will call FUCK-FACE (with the dash) was spouting about how limited punk rock was and basically was making fun of MY music. I took it personal. In someways ol' fuck-face was right. But in other ways he REALLY fucked up. You see, fuck-face was saying all of this from the feeble (in)security of his indy-pop band which he thought was the shit. His band, they formed. They went. They broke up. They wasted much valuable plastic putting out their CDs when it should have been used to print up more Testors, Registrators or better yet, Cock-Spaniels records. Punk rock to him was bad words. Ol' fuck-face had grown. Well, me too. I've grown. I have also isolated the whole problem why "punk rock" became such taboo for "musicians" (watch out for that big pile of bull-shit over there...). Punk-Rock was the thing they couldn't control. It was the thing they had to keep one eye on the whole time because they failed to "get it." It was the thing that took the power out of their hands and gave it to the commoner who just needed to buy a guitar and amp and bang! Could start a band. Punk-Rock was the thing that destroyed their rank. Here, lately you got shit like Korn or Prodigy doing shit that's being called "the next punk" because punk-rock was something, it shook shit up. Disco STILL sucks...but realize! Disco isn't just a music, it's a fucking parasite. Disco STILL sucks. Like I said, I tried to right the wrongs by unveiling "PUNK-ROCK," but I had to go the extra length and birth NEOTERIC PUNK/WAVE!

I developed this new word while writing a record review for a band called Crimson Sweet. They, like Kill The Hippies, have a lil' something about them. Using the thesaurus to find a different word to describe their sound, I came across Neoteric. I liked it. Then I decided to add Punk/Wave to it just so everyone could see a common starting point. The Neoteric Punk/Wave's got energy, attitude, power, and as always cracks in the walls. Nothing is anything without cracks in the walls! Neoteric Punk/Wave is a NEW way of saying something old that was never forgotten; just passed up without due chance or fucked-up beyond repair. Punk-rock was born, then died. It was further carried on by its bastard son called "punk rock," but that kid's a fuck. "Punk-Rock," is back and now it's not going to get fucked up. "Punk-Rock" IS "Netoeric Rock" IS "New-Wave" IS "NEO-WAVE" IS "Punk-Rock" IS NEOTERIC !!!! This shit isn't a LP description. It's a fucking ROCK MOVEMENT! You still with me or did that new Nike commercial take you away for a moment?

Like said above, I control this new Movement BUT others do help out from time to time with SUBMISSIONS. There's a group of delegates that belong to a secret group called The Neoteric Wave Directorate (NWD) that I PERSONALLY hand-picked who could suggest a band to me for induction into the movement, but most NWD members have no idea that they even belong! They, too, are helping to birth the new Neoteric Punk Wave movement IN THE SHADOWS. They are the Shadow Warriors! This movement will live in those shadows! The NWD are the are carriers of "punk-rock" and dealers of something BETTER. They are the holders. They are many last chance and others first look at what will replace them. Envy and deceit are two different things. Don't give me yer idle threats, I want developments. Once again, the NWD only know what they need to. I can't be too loose with this... spies are everywhere. There's danger on them thar streets, Rus-ty! DANGER!!!

This shit is being dealed out on a need-to-know basis. If you have yet to "get it," then just go dye yer hair green, you pussies. Get yerself a mohawk... I'm giving you a switchblade of your own on this magical journey to Neoteric Punk/Wave with this this declaration, and I'm dropping you off in the bad neighborhood called MODERN MUSIC. You live, you live. You get satisfied with what is thrown to you, be it Korn or the CRASS discography, then you really don't deserve much better. Yes, I said CRASS, Like I said, DISCO SUCKS!

So what you want now? A invitation? Look to bands like Kill The Hippies, The Cock-Spaniels, Crimson Sweet, Registrators, Computer Cougar, The Static, Die Eeyore, Milemarker, Servotron, Eleventh Symphony and others yet to reach my eyes and ears, or as space would permit, as the movement's soundtrack. It would have been so easy for me to just give you a way to mailorder something from all of those bands, but that's the first lesson of the Neoteric Punk/ Wave; not everything is so goddamn easy nowadays. Struggle a lil' bit and that poison will taste like a fucking eclair.

Thanks for the opportunity. My "un-zine", The Neus Subjex (website: neussubjex.cgi.net) , is available by sending a SASE to THE NEUS SUBJEX POB 18051 FAIRFIELD, OHIO 45018. I'm playing bass again in The Socials so you can find me in a midwest venue near you soon. I can be contacted via e-mail at NeusSubjex@hotmail.com... This article is dedicated to Kenny, Morte, Melissa, Matt Puke, Tic Toc, Julie, Mark M., Darren & JB, LGD, Josh Rutledge, The driver of the car / or the guy who will stab ME DEAD... Yer doing the world, a favor but killing me will only make Neoteric Punk/Wave bigger, you pussy... I'M GONE.
Shawn Abnoxious.

The Unauthorized Fab Mab Reunion Show: May 20th, 2000 at the Cocodrie
by Johnny Strike

"No fun my babe, no fun —Iggy

1976. On a rainy night in San Francisco, Frankie Fix and I were scouting the clubs in North Beach, trying to find a place for our band Crime to play. We saw some flyers which advertised a group

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called Switchblade playing on Broadway at a weird-sounding place, the Mabuhay Gardens. The club was closed but we knocked on the doors. Eventually a Filipino man who identified himself as Ness Aquino let us in. We handed him the flyer, said we were Crime and that we would like to book a show. We found that Switchblade had drawn poorly. A group called the Nuns had fared a little better and someone called Mary Monday had done OK.

We told Ness that there was a new thing happening and that we were sure we'd pack them in. We explained that Glam was long dead, but musically, the Dolls had pointed the way. Ness shrugged and gave us a night. It would be our second show. Our first advertised show, which was to be held at the Stud, had been canceled by the club's owner because we had put Hitler on the flyer. The Stud's owner and nearly everyone else had thought we were neo–nazis. But that's another story...

So...on Halloween, 1976, our official first outing was at the Old Waldorf. It was for some gay political benefit, and my barber had arranged it for us. We were unplugged after five songs by the club's owner.

Our debut at the Mabuhay was Quaalude-driven, chaotic and thrilling. Punk was the new thing. The Mab, like CBGB's in New York and the 100 Club in London, became a nerve center. Stripped down and primal. You could taste it and it tasted like a kind of victory. You could hear it, a unanimous Fuck You! The next couple of years mobs of San Francisco bands armed with self made 45's and three chords exploded onto the Mabuhay stage; the Dils, Avengers, Mutants, Negative Trend, Offs, etc., etc., etc.

2000. Going through a recent SF Weekly I came across the ad for the geriatric reunion gig. There appeared a picture of Dirk Dirksen like a ghost from another life time. A second photo showed just his disembodied head floating over a frenzied crowd. Except for the style of mustache he looked a bit like Hitler. A balloon coming from the bodied Dirk said "Hey, we didn't all OD, ya know!" Along with Dirk the show would feature Jumbo Shrimp, an ex–Dead Kennedy's surf band, Penelope Houston unplugged, and a punk piano player. Some punk–era films would also be shown. Over the next couple of days I received some phone calls about the show and intuitively felt it was to be avoided, but against my own good sense still considered attending.

I called my current drummer Biff O'Hara, who had played the Mab in the Hardcore days when he was with Ribsy. We decided to go together. It might be interesting to see what old life forms emerged from S.F.'s punk past.

That evening we arrived not at the Mabuhay but around the corner at the Cocodrie. Inside the club we found a couple dozen people meandering around. I spotted Dirk and we chatted. He gave me a run down on a project he was involved with that helped feed hungry children. And he mentioned that this was not the real reunion. That was still in the works. "We didn't all OD but..." Strangely Dirk didn't look that different and I wondered if there was anything to the rumored longevity treatments. I said a quick hello to Vale and joined Biff who had spotted a table. We leapt onto it and claimed it. Vale, long time S.F. publisher and cultural scientist, headed towards a table of his books.

It wasn't long before the punk piano player as advertised sat at his instrument, on stage, and began to play and sing... perhaps purposely annoyingly? Behind him on the wall was something I found totally lame. Two large posters. One poster featured a band from Ohio. The other featured a band from L.A. It's bad enough when elsewhere S.F. is ignored, but right here at a show celebrating S.F.'s punk palace—it's insulting. Shame on Liftoff! Productions and the SF Weekly.

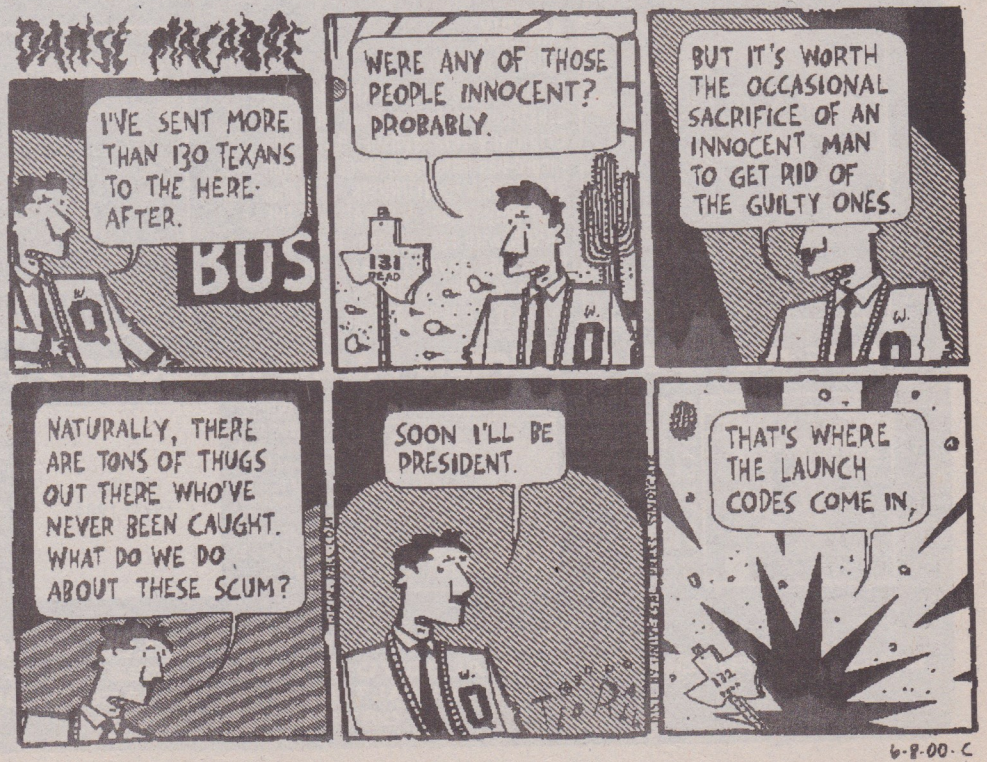
Quack! Quack! a crazy homeless man uttered walking around like a lost member of the Marx Brothers. Smack! Smack! he said to a wall. Next he sat on stage and rolled his eyes and made funny faces. Different people that worked for Liftoff! (please do) would approach him and try to get him to leave, but he would somehow slip away. Finally, a hefty security guard, not unlike a Bill Graham goon, was sent to force him out. The homeless nut howled bloody murder but, alas, was expelled from the club.

Over the PA system came an announcement that the room had to be cleared so that the punk pianist could finish his sound check. "This isn't the show! It's just the sound check!" the piano player quipped to the audience. Some people left. We did not although one of the staff also asked us to. On the table was the day's newspaper and I turned it over to a picture of a stunned Jello Biafra taken after the decision in favor of his old band mates to the tune of 250 thou for not promoting the DK's back catalog. Huh?

Another man came around to hassle anyone who was ignoring the 'clear the room' command. He went from table to table asking everyone to go outside, get in line, pay the piper, and get stamped. We told him we had people in line, and he reluctantly left us alone. Eventually the crowd was let back in and the place began to fill a little. Another dude now came over to inspect our stamps which, of course, we didn't have. When we laughed he stormed off and we felt the security guard would probably be sent next.

The punk piano player began his set, and the cumulative effects of the night thus far convinced us that this was the time to exit. Later reports on the rest of the show were mixed; or I should say, mixed up.

Anyway...on Grant Street, another piece of synchronicity awaited. There in the window of Show Biz, The Memorabilia Store, was a Crime poster. I remembered it well since I had stolen the artwork off an ancient gaming machine in the penny arcade on the Santa Cruz Boardwalk. But that's another story...



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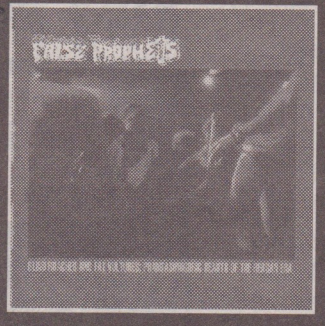

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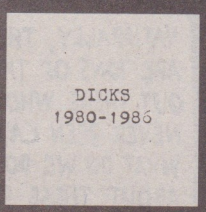

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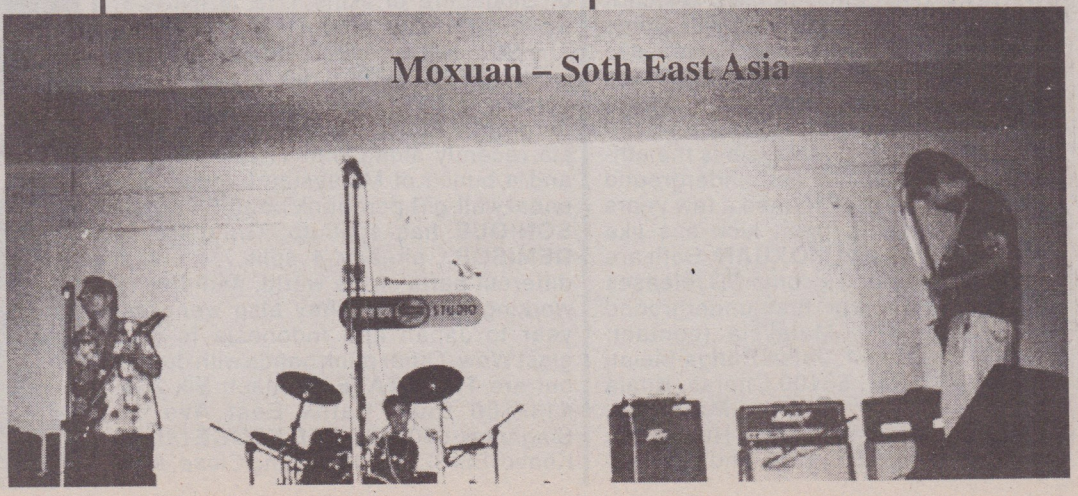
After an absence in that region of, like, 3 years (gosh is time passing fast!}, I decided to go back and take a breath of their scenes again, just for a change from the chaos-torn Balkans. I just flew in to Bangkok, Thailand and arrived on time there just 2 hours before the start of the first "Demonic" concert to be held at the Thai Cultural Centre on their open air stage on April 22nd. This gig was organised by **PLAHN** guys to raise profits to help disadvantaged kids of Kanchanaburi province. PLAHN was of course headlining the evening. They are a death metal band which who have been around for many years in the underground, and just released their first album on cassette, titled "Stop War Stop Aids". However, they split up after the gig due to money dispute... Other bands who played the concert were **COUGH** (HC with rap influences), **COCUMRAN** ("Screaming Cow", industrial metal), **EBOLA** (HC with rap influences), **DEATHGUY** (extreme metal), and a black metal band whose name I already forgot.

I met up with Chris of Wreck Age Asia before the gig. Chris has been living now for 2 years in Bangkok and is trying to organize, unite and hook up the small Thai underground scene with the rest of Asia and the world. Contact him at <wreckageasia@hotmail.com>. The underground scene is small, but at least it exists, compared to 5 years ago, some Thai bands with punk influences made it to the major scene: You might remember SEPIA from the comp 7" I released in 1995, "Traffic Jam". They since released 2 CD's ("2 Eggs" on Bakery Music, and "3" on Indycafe, freshly off the press). Their music is still great, crazy, punk with a lot of experimentations. However I was warned by local scenesters that they have homophobic lyrics, so be careful. A11 their texts are in Thai, so I can't judge for myself (check www.indycafe.com). **SICKCHILD**, which you might know from the comp "Punk Rock Makes The World Go Round" on Teenage Rebel Records out of Germany also have 2 CD's out ("First Time" on Soldout Muzik, and the 2nd one on Mahajak Entertainment, just released) are now having a videoclip played on Thai TV, and from being good and energetic pop punk, they went more or less plain commercial pop on their new album... **DONPHEEBIN** the total thrashcore kings of North Thailand are still around, although are now playing a kind of mellow, atmospheric experimetal metal. They have like 7 CD's out They are back to total DIY after a try at EMI... (Donpheebin, PO Box 40, Klongton, Bangkok 10116, Thailand). Dok Mohok, the oldest punk guy in Thailand, blind, (remember my previous Thai scene reports, or various comps like "Tour De Farce" LP, "Don't Forget The Punks Of Bangkok" 12", etc?) which I failed to locate at first as the house where he used to rent a cublicle for him and his family has now been turned into a sweatshop, is still around. He moved a few streets down and still can be met every week end at the Chatuchak market, where he's usually doing a kind of noisy karaoke (using CARAB6O songs mostly) jamming with some older punks from the 1988 crew... If you pass through Bangkok, don't forget to pay him a visit. The Thai scene is still somehow confused with many bands giving a try at punk and then turning to pop or grunge or whatever... **STUDENTSUGLY** have 2 CD's out, the first having a few good punk songs, the other being some copy of Rage Against The Machine. **CATAROCK** just released a CD titled "Burn", which proudly states in the inner cover "Modern Rock, Hardcore, Punk", it is however mostly bad mainstream Thai pop. They are currently in the Thai top 10. **PARADOX** has a CD out and a few tapes and plays a mix of experimental rock styles, rather interesting I must say. **FLY** is the same way, but more on the pop side. There are a few catchy songs on their "2K" CD though (check www.gramrny.co.th). Contact Chris if you want to contact any of the new underground bands. **EBOLA** will have songs on the volume 2 of the Asian HC comp CD out on All Systems Fai] in Japan soon (All Systems Fail, c/o Izumi Kubo, 35 Sannaicho, Sennyuji, Higashiyamaku, Kyoto 605-0977, Japan).

After Thailand, I went down to Malaysia and met with my old friends there. Joe Kidd's bands **CARBURETOR DUNG** and **THE SHITWORKERS** are still active, although the Carburetor Dung vocalist Lee (ex-Pilgrims) is now more into playing didgeridoo with industrial metal band **KOFFIN KANSER** and surfing on the East Coast beaches... CARBURETOR DUNG just released a 7", titled "Sheep Farming In Malaysia" in the UK on Hideous Rds (Hideous Rds, PO Box 22016, Brixton D/O, Londoll SW2 2WE, UK). Joe is also still running Alternative Garage Entertainment (whose release of the 2nd PILGRIMS album "Away From The Numbers", their last real punk one, recently got pirated on CD and distributed all over Malaysia), releasing and distributing a lot of great and inspiring stuff (Contact: AGE, 14A Bukit Ceylon, 50200 Kuala Lumpur, Malaysia. <dungboy@rocketmail.com>, http://members.tripod.com/~JoeKidd/DungMain.html). The latest mini album of CD "The Allure Of Manure", released on cassette only is excellent! Check it out! Joe and CARBURETOR DUNG also took part in the soundtrack of a Malaysian underground movie, "Dari Jemapoh Ke Manchestee", a kind of Malay rock'n'roll epic, unfortunately due to political sensitivity, the movie has not been distributed in the country yet, although it was presented at festivals throughout Europe. The comp soundtrack of the movie with great music was released on tape and CD by A.G.E. The rest of the Malaysian scene is now divided into a lot of sub-scenes, from the totally PC DIY HC guys of like ASAS Distribution (ASAS, LBKL, 64, 4th Mile, Gombak Rd, 53000 Kuala Lumpur, Malaysia), Anarchocrusties of PARKINSON in the South (contact: Parkinson, Jalan Lembah 24, Taman Desa Jaya, 81100 Johor Bahru, Malaysia; one self released CD "About A War", a split 3" CD with AGHAST out in Japan on All Systems Fail), DIY punk rock like FSF (c/o Fahmi, 63 Jalan Lembah, 8/IA, 40000 Shah Alam, Selangor, Malaysia),



legendary bands like THE PILGRIMS who signed to a major (Pony Canyon), chain releasing CDs and finally losing their punk roots. There are tons of oi bands all signing to the now infamous rip-off label Strange Culture, some of them being nationalists like **THE OFFICIAL** from Johor Bahru (2 CD's out), while others try to keep away from politics like **A.C.A.B.** (4 CD's out, all excellent anthemic stuff), **THE BLADES** (one CD out), **SATURDAY HEROES** {from Kuching, Sarawak, one CD out), **THE RUDE BOYS** (from Kuching too, one CD out), pop punk like **ORIGINAL UNCENSORED** (, **XTROVERTS**, fake punk like **THE SKINBASHER** lone split double CD out with **RACY CUE**), nazi punk boneheads like **THE EXPIRED** , **NOSURVIVORS** or **ACID RAIN** from Penang, totally phony punk/oi projects like ABOI (playing classical Malay pop hits in a punk style, one CD out), non-DIY HC like **SOCIAL CURE, AK PROJECT, GROUNDRULE, ANGTHER SIDE**, a new scene which developed recently with ska bands like **CORUMN 80'S** , etc.

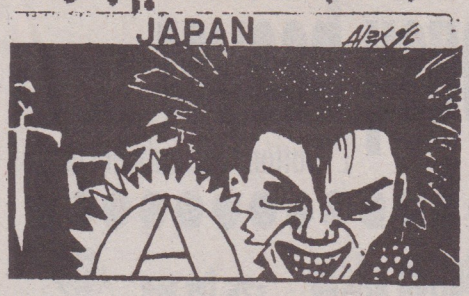
Please take note that after ripping off at least a dozen of bands, Strange Culture folded out and reappeared like the phoenix under a new name but with the same commercial strategy as Clockwork Records. Be warned! A collective of new punk bands on the East Coast state of Terengganu got together and released a comp cassette titled ',Bollock Wok", including **IDLE MINDS, STRICT TEASE, SYSTEM BLANK, QUIET ROT, AFTERMATH**, and **FORTHRIGHT** (contact: Ronin Distro, B783 Banggol Limau, 21200 Kuala Terengganu, Malaysia. <drsa76@yahoo.com>). While some "old" punk bands like **TEJE BOLLOCKS** split up, others like **KARATZ** from Taiping are still around. KARATZ have a split tape with Indonesia's No Man's Land out on Muzikbox (clo Fadzil, Lot 243, Kg Kangkar Tebrau, 81100 Johor Bahru, Malaysia. <muzikbox@hotmail.com>). Anak Liar Rds (c/o Mat, 12 Jln Tasek 25, Bandar Seri Alam, 81750 Masai, Johor, Malaysia) released a 3 way split tape with **INFIREAL** (HC) and France's Watch It Fall and Indonesia's Burgerkill. Some punks in Kuala Lumpur got organized in a collective called Callus Collective and collect food and clothes to be redistributed to the poorest families. A new underground scene in Malaysia is the ethnic Chinese one. The first underground Chinese bands here formed a few years ago and some of them kick ass like **CHANG YONG** and **MOXUAN**. Both are featured on the first 2 comp CD releases of Huang Huo, the first underground Chinese label in Malaysia (contact: Huang Huo, No.44, Jalan Bunga Melati 2, Taman Mawar, 56100 Cheras, Kuala Lumpur, Malaysia. <huanghuo@hotmail.com>). Huang Huo are really cool DIY guys and also released a Beijing Chinese punk band on CD, You Dao She, as well as licenced for Malaysia the albums of mainland China bands No and The Fly. By the time you read these lines, the first album of CHANG YONG should be out. They are preparing to tour China this August with MOXUAN. There's plenty of zines, contact guys there for info. I probably forgot a lot of bands and people, sorry to them, but why don't you guys write your own scene report? The ones who are too lazy to get their shit together should not complain. I'm just a foreigner trying to help with info and connections, so please wake up.

In Singapore, the legendary band **OPPOSITION PARTY** is still around, although they have been playing a kind of thrash metal for the past few years (ffrightful@yahoo.com). Old school HC pioneers **STOMPIN' GROUND** seems to have almost disbanded... nothing has been released since their album "Measured By The Richter Scale" that was put out, like, 5 years ago by Pony Canyon (urgh). **4 SIDES'** original HC, released a CD but it's sold out already. **THE JABS** (old school HC, c/o Fauzi, Blk 508, Ang Mo Kio Ave 8, #02-2584, Singapore 560508) have a CD on Straits rds. New punk releases include the CD's of **FORCE VOMIT** (pop punk, contact Blk 540, Jelapang Rd, #06-40, Singapore 670540, <forcevomit@yeayea.com>), **SUBURBAN DAMMIT** "We Nearly Killed Each Other!" (80's style punk, contact <sisisimon@hotmail.com>), **PLAIN SUNSET** "Runaway'' (melodic punk, contact: Straits Records, Ridhwan V. Ghany, Blk 359, #03-364, Woodlands Avenue 5, Singapore 730359), and **DISSIDENCE** "Pay For It" (contact: Sound Chamber Rds, Blk 75 Whampoa Drive #09-3.56, Singapore 320075; <dissidence@minister.com>). **BLOODI REJECTS**, an all-girl punk/HC band got a CD out on SCR in Malaysia, although they were ripped off like countless others (contact: 8 Lorong 37, Geylang, Guilin Mansions, #03-01, Singapore 387906. < mew hawk@hotmail.com>). Also on SCR is the first album ("Lion's Bovver Brigade") of Singapore oi skins THE MANIACS, while their 2nd album ("Voices From The Streets") is on SCR follow-up Clockwork. **GENERATION 69** is a new upcoming oi band. They played the "Underground 2000" stadium gig in Malaysia recently along with THE MANIACS and a bunch of Malaysian bands. Legendary all-girl pop-punk band **PSYCHO SONIQUE** has split up. Grind freaks **DEMISOR** already 4 split 7"s out in different parts of the world, and they're working on more! They also went last year to Japan and Indonesia to play gigs! Wow. Other punk bands with demos out are **THE STATE** (contact: Blk 250, #11-160 Bukit Batok East Ave. 5, Singapore 650250), **RED KEDGE** (Abdul Khalid, Blk 321, Sembawang Close, #04-287, Singapore . 75032 E <jawatimor@hotmail.com>), **INSURRECTION** (c/o Nizam, Blk 256, Serangoon Central Drive, #14-42, Singapore 550256), **MINUS** (Jasman, Blk 113, Hougang Ave.I, #08-1222, Singapore 530113), **PROTEST** (c/o Irfaan, Blk 227, Tampines St 23, #01-173, Singapore 520227). Mouse Rds has been lately concentrating on the release of Singaporean bands singing in Chinese (Mouse Records, Orchard P.O. Box 260, Singapore 912309), although they also released mixed comps like "Menagerie" CD and "M.I.S." tape series. Highly recommended is **HAN YEW KWANG**, emo/noise in which sings Shaiful of Zerox zine, probably the best zine in Singapore (Shaiful, Blk 554, Bedok North St. 3, #08-241, Singapore 460554. <trashkore@yahoo.com>). The CD of **BORED PUCKS** (ex-BORED FUCKS after a friendly meeting with censorship) got banned officially as the bands used too much abusive language on stage. Singaporeans have to behave! OK, I'll wrap up this report here. By the time you'll read this I'll be in Indonesia for a year long mission. It seems the scene there developed further, if I have the chance I'll check it out again, although I'll be in the backwoods of the Moluccas Islands...

Take care.

Luk Haas, 28 rue de Soultz, 67100 Strasbourg, France.

AGE – Japan



When I moved to Japan from Oakland, California, I stopped going to shows. Let me explain. I live out in the middle of nowhere in northern, rural Japan (I'm an English teacher). My town, Tsuruoka, is surrounded by rice fields. I have to special order any record or CD that isn't a Japanese major label band. I even have to order "exotic foods" like tortillas and parmesan cheese. I'm the only punk girl in my town, hell, probably in the entire county. Punk rock in Tsuruoka means singing "Anarchy in the UK" at a karaoke bar. I lived in total punk rock exile until one lucky day when I bumped into a guy trying to mail-order some Ebullition records at the post office. This guy (named Yuuichi), his two punk friends, and I go to shows all the time now, at a place called Woody in Niigata City. It's a three hour drive from Tsurnoka, but definately worth it!

Woody has been putting on all-ages shows for 17 years. It's a small, smoky, intimate punk venue with good sound and the requisite disgusting toilet. I see every type of punk there, from heavy metal to crusty to hardcore, all headbanging together. I never saw that at Gilman. It's a good place to play, both for local and touring bands, because Woody is owned and operated by punks. The orginal owner sold Woody to a guy named Asari in 1996. Asari is the lead singer in **AGE**, a rad grindcore band who play there all the time. They are one of my favorite bands right now. AGE (Armed Government's Error) are brilliant. Seeing them live is a totally metal experience: long hair, Black Sabbath style bell bottoms, guitar solos, deep throaty vocals, slow grinding bass lines, and loads of black leather. They put on an excellent show and they're nice guys, too. Their 7 inch "Inside Darkness" sold 1000 copies and has just been reissued by Dewa Records. I recommend it if you like heavy metal influenced powerful grindcore (but then again, who doesn't?). It's excellent.

Another regular at Woody is a great hardcore band named **DERIDE**. The story goes that they used to be more poppy punk, until Los Crudos came to town and so impressed Deride that they switched to hardcore. Maybe they should change their name to Derive. Just kidding. Actually, I really like their stuff, because the lead singer is very charismatic and they have a bunch of sing-a-longs, which are always fun. Dewa Records has a few live recordings and videos of Deride which you can check out by emailing dewarecords@hotmail.com. There might be a 7 inch coming out pretty soon, too. Kengo (the lead singer) describes their sound as "Full slaughter, high energy." Sounds good to me!

Other Niigata bands show up occasionally and have a good time at Woody. Some of those are **SPRAY PAINT** (melodic punk), **FUCKED UP KID** (strange skate punk kinda sound), **ANOTHER REALITY** (grindcore-ish hardcore) and **MOUNTAIN DEW** (punk).

Woody also attracts bands from other parts of Japan and the rest of the world. **TOMORROW** are a good New York style (but they sing in Italian) hardcore band from Aiichi prefecture. They played recently, as well as **MAN FRIDAY** (hardcore) from Tokyo, who reminded me of Rorschach and Los Crudos. Cluster Bomb Unit (CBU) from Germany played in March, as part of their two week tour of Japan. It was great to hang out and talk (in English!) with the band members after the set. It's rare to see a foreign band this far north, so when they do play, everyone comes to see them. They have a Japan tour 7 inch called "Distortorama" for sale, it has some cool songs on it. You can get it from Tribal War Asia Records (PowerOfID@aol.com). They also recorded an EP in Tokyo which will be out soon. For more Japan tour info and photos, go to http://www.uni-tuebingen.de/psi/cyber/cbu. CBU played a really good, long set and the audience enjoyed the show. PLEASE NOTE: If you're a band touring in Japan, don't be alarmed if the audiences are quiet and not dancing. Every show I've been to is like that. They just stand there and headbang quietly. It's kinda scary performing to a bunch of spike and leather clad punks who are staring at you in absolute silence, I know, but don't take it personally.

Masaki Kobayashi (plays bass in Power of Idea) was the tour manager for CBU. He books a lot of punk DIY tours and deserves a big pat on the back for helping keep the scene alive all the way up here. Cheers, Masaki! He is bringing Code 13 (Felix Havoc's band) to Woody, and everyone is buzzing about the show. **GAUZE** is also coming, a brilliant grind/noise band from Tokyo.

The one thing that I haven't enjoyed about going to shows at Woody is the lack of women, both in the audience and on stage. Not many women go to punk shows in Japan, unless it's more of an indie band. I went to Birdland in Sendai (also in northern Japan) to see the **CRABS** and **SARAH DAUGHER**, and there were lots of women, which was great. At Woody shows, however, I'm usually in the extreme minority. It can get pretty lonely.

By the way, I do a feminist, personal style zine with my friend Megan Dickens (she lives in Bath, England) called Pearshaped. The next issue has interviews with Red Go-Cart and the Crabs, plus articles on living in Japan, being a feminist, articles and reviews by Megan, and lots more. You can order a copy by sending $2/¥100 or a trade to either Megan or me. My name is Mia Ellis. You can email me anytime at meema(~usa.net or meema(~goplay.com. I'm trying to set up a web page of all the photos I've taken at Woody along with band profiles and contact addresses, but for now, you can visit. http://mypage.goplay.com/meema for Pearshaped stuff. Please write to me if you live in Japan and are into punk, especially if you are a woman!

If you want more information on Niigata punk bands, or even better, you want to hear them, please contact Yuuichi Onodera at Dewa Records. His email is dewarecords@hotmail.com. He has a ton of different tapes, CDs, videos and records to sell. If you want to contact the bands directly, Yuuichi has their addresses. If you're interested in playing at Woody, write or call. If you can't speak Japanese, ask for Ai. She speaks great English.

I was wrong to think that there aren't any punk shows in Northern Japan. I just didn't know about them! Thanks to Yuuichi and the friends I've made at Woody, I have witnessed more true punk rock spirit than I evc did in the San Francisco Bay Area. Now there are 4 punks in Tsurnoka instead of 3 watch out world! Here come the Tsuruoka Punks!

*Mia Ellis, Yamamura Haitsu 203, San-no-machi 8-24, Tsuruoka, Yamagata, Japan 997-0028

*Megan Dickens, 26 Third Ave. Oldfield Park, Avon, Bath, BA2 3NY England

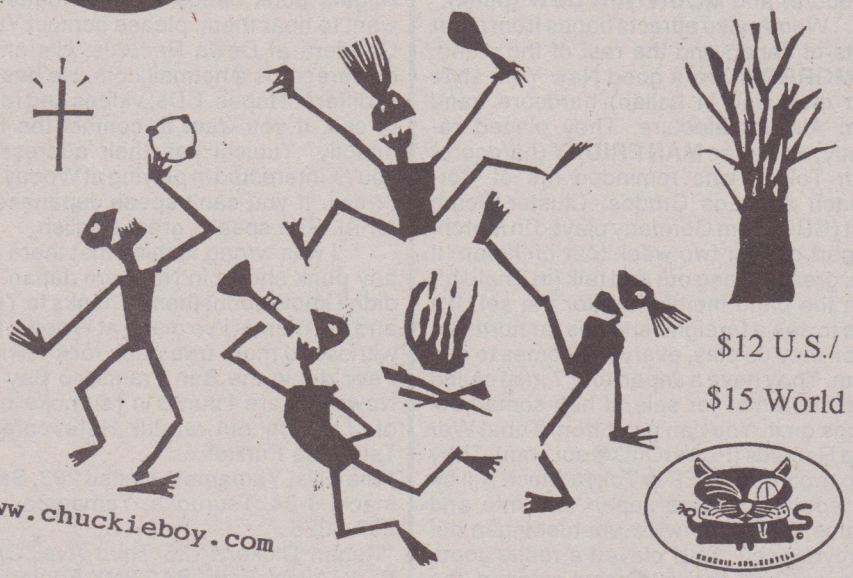
*Dewa Records, c/o Yuuichi Onodera, 89-11 Ishinada Tonojima, Tsuruoka, Yamagata, Japan 997-0815

*Club Woody, Fuji Building 3F, Furumachitori 4-647, Niigata city, Niigata, Japan 951-8063 tel: (country code 81~025 224 4525 ~

*Tribal War Asia Records, JH 549, 825 Ishiwata, Mizuho, Nishitama, Tokyo, Japan

Another Reality – Japan

THE O-MEN



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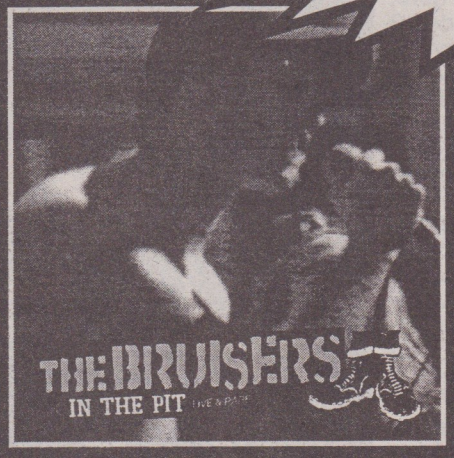

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CATARACT	Memories
CATTLE DECAPITATION	Homovore
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CODE 13	Complete 1994-2000
COUNTDOWN TO OBLIVIAN	Brain Surgury
CROSSED OUT	1990-1993
CROSSED OUT	1990-1993
CRUDE B.E.	Alptraummerkemale
DAMAD	Burning Cold
DAMAD	Burning Cold
DEAD NATION	Dead End
DEATH WISH KIDS	Demo
DEATHREAT	Severing of the Last..
DESPITE	Destroyers will be...
DESPITE	Destroyers will be...
FEAR IS THE PATH TO THE DARKSIDE	
GEHENNA	Negotium ...
GEHENNA	Negotium ...
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V/A BAD MUSIC FOR BAD PEOPLE	
V/A BARBARIC THRASH DETONATION	
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V/A INFEST / PISSED HAPPY CHILDREN	
V/A REALLY FAST Volume 1-3	
V/A RED SCARE / ORCHID	

The original 1985 release from this influential English crust band - with the addition of two bonus (unreleased) tracks
First reissue of this LP on vinyl since 1985 - this UK band defined crustcore before there was such a thing - bonus EP
Thought I might not live long enough to see this happen - awesome 2nd LP - quick, basic and engoging hardcore - 19 songs
Three songs from this older Japanese band - recorded in 1992, as you might guess. Thrashing since 1988 and never give up
Weird - Bizarre feel to the whole thing - spastic hardcore, dark somber moods - 10 songs in 23 minutes - whoa.
Taking the D.C. sound and influence to a West Coast destination - great hardcore - anthemic, political, insightful.
Opening with sample used by Iron Maiden (!?) - huge guitars usher in the metallic onslaught - hardcore '00 style.
The somewhat delayed CD is in stock - this is more of the depraved, distorted and disgusting HC they're about.
Totally deprived sick stuff (again) from this San Diego splattercore outfit - shock value, 16 songs, gatefold cover
Forty song CD - humor, powerviolence and irreverence. Samples, high/low vocals and brutal guitars. Great stuff
That's what it is - a 50 track / 51 minute collection from Minneapolis' Finest. Flying the flag of midwest HC.
From the ashes of Swarm/Left for Dead and One Blood (!) - Four songs of charasmatic, hoarse, spastic Can. Hardcore
The definitive collection - 47 tracks, proper sound quality - EP, split 5", split EP, demo's and so forth - still the best
This is long overdue - this band about invented powerviolence. This destroy's everything, even today. Essential.
Great HC - short (13 tracks) and fast with dual vocalists - serious lyrics + inserts with some humor + samples
Ken called it 'metallic fury....hypnotic rhythms, thundering destructo-core'. Whoa - accurate by me - great Pushead art
Know the Pushead cover art will be mentioned - huge production, great songwriting and it's apparent - will rock you
Quick and to the point - 19 song LP wastes no time - looks/sounds old (compliment) - straight on hardcore energy. Poster.
Great release - this band never got their due - silkscreened single sided EP - four blazing tracks - incindiary stuff
This has certainly been eagerly anticipated - beautiful gatefold LP - 18 tracks of simple, powerful hardcore.
Mixing the apocalyptic lyrics of spikey hair crustcore with their hardcore roots - called '16 Tracks of Wartorn Brutality'.
Turning from the ashes of Midwest HC stalwarts URBN DK and 10-96 - it's a crustcore culmination of years of frustration.
Stack (Germ) side project - full color packaging more expensive - harsh, sporatic wall of noise - Engaging Euro HC
Another twelve song expression of the scornful, angst ridden existence that they know. A painful experience for all.
Whoa. Haven't seen a band as spiteful and driven as Gehenna in some time. Sound of Hatred, pure and undiluted.
Remastered from it's previous incarnation - they call it 'Swiz' influenced - I hear it. Thick, crunch hardcore.
Frantic 10" from this CT band - noise, samples and hardcore ferocity captured to vinyl - ethereal lyrics, blending into one
Super technical grindcore - thesy have a PhD in structure - harsh, fast, technical. Former Creation is../Racetraitor
Complex, intricate and unique TX hardcore - dual guitars and dual vocalists- not your 1-2-3 thrash, not mellow either.
Blazing quick Japanese hardcore - you might know their previous output - it's spastic, 1000 mph hardcore - 8 tracks
Bob Suren hears a lot of shit, so when he puts it out - quality is first - blazing Atlanta area hardcore/crust....
Another smoking release from these Dutch hardcore heros - ten songs, great layout, high energy. Excellent stuff.
Fronted by one of my personal heroes - Aussies do crunch guitars, pounding mid-tempo HC - great lyics
Yeah, this is what you wanted - 25 song CD that just doesn't make sense. Fast, short and totally unpredictable.
Legendary European skatecore band gets their retrospective - great upbeat quick hardcore - good sense of humor - circa 86-90
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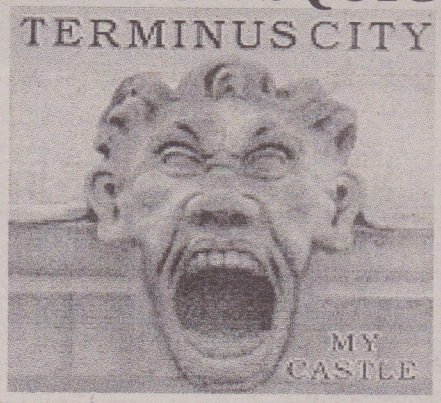

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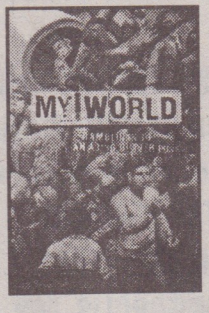

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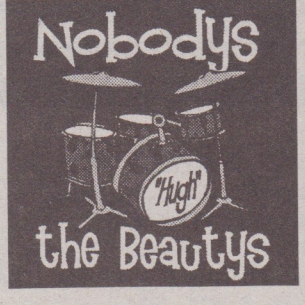

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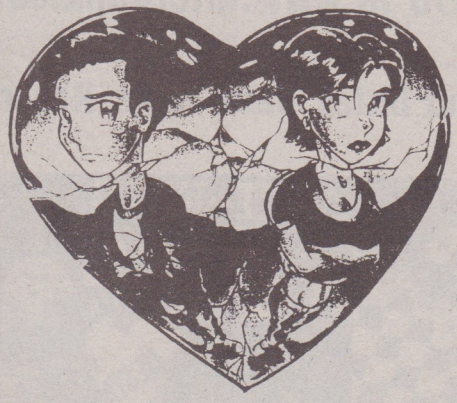

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MRR NEWS

No. 207
August 2000
compiled by:
Mimi Nguyen

corcoran prison guards acquitted

15 June 2000–The acquittal of eight prison guards accused of staging "gladiator style" fights among prisoners once again illustrates how difficult it is to bring guards to justice for abuses in the California prison system, Amnesty International said today.

The guards acquitted last Friday were accused of setting up prison yard fights among rival prison gangs in Corcoran Prison's High Security Unit between 1989 and 1995, and then shooting at them when brawls broke out. This resulted in guards shooting 31 unarmed prisoners, seven of them fatally.

"The incidents at Corcoran were part of a serious pattern of abuses in the Californian prison system during the period in question," Amnesty International said. "We are worried that investigations into this and other cases were hampered by cover-ups and the 'code of silence' among prison officers."

Amnesty International is concerned by claims that the prosecution was stifled by the judge's ruling barring any testimony about a "code of silence" among prison guards. A former guard called as a government witness backed away from her testimony for fear of being labeled a "rat." The two prison guards who became "whistle blowers" and exposed the deadly system at Corcoran were subsequently threatened, ostracized and forced to resign.

The prosecution was further hampered when the judge allowing several people to sit on the jury even though they apparently had reason to lean toward the guards' side, including someone whose application to be a state guard was pending.

"The shootings during the period of the gladiator fights raise serious questions about the failure to ensure a safe environment for inmates and staff and about the use of lethal force on prisoners," Amnesty International said. Between 1988 and 1994, more prisoners were shot by guards in California than in the rest of the country. "The authorities should explain why there have been so many more shootings in California than in any other state," the organization added.

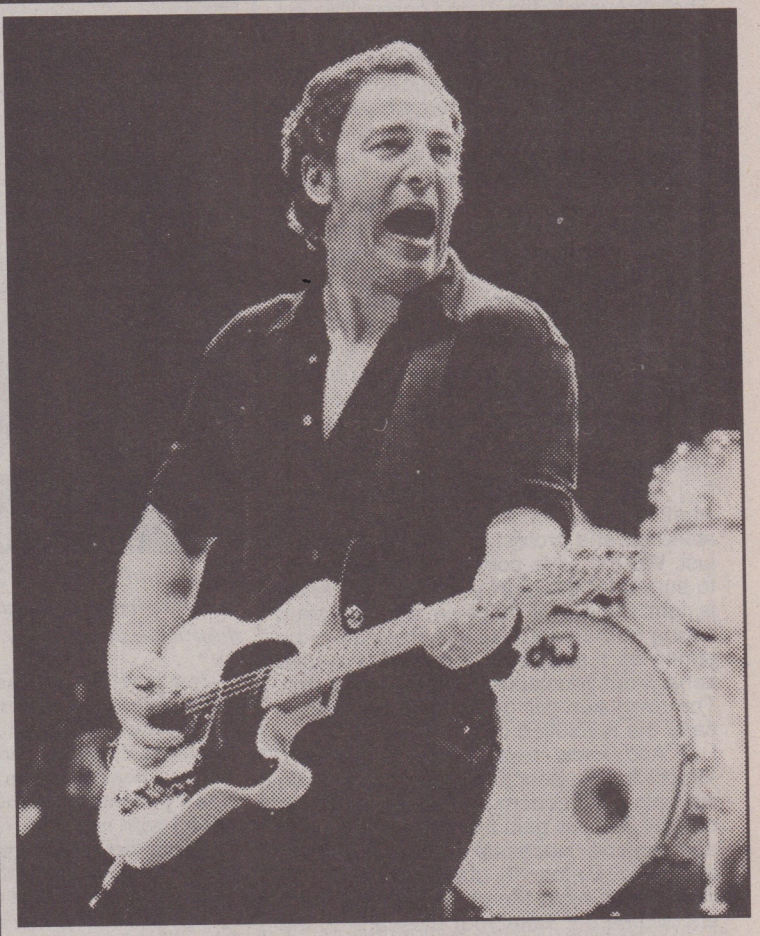
While the Californian authorities have been forced to revise their policy on the use of deadly force and "integrated yards," Amnesty International continues to receive reports on the failure of prison officials to protect inmates. "Adequate preventative policies and monitoring are urgently needed," the organization said. "It is time the Californian authorities put into place measures to deal with the 'code of silence' among prison guards to break the circle of connivance in abuses against inmates."

Amnesty International is also urging the authorities to ensure that any prison officer found to have been involved in abuse is strongly disciplined or removed from the prison system. The organization has recently written to the authorities about a series of cases of alleged abuse in Californian prisons.

California's prison system is the largest in the country. State legislative hearings in 1998 confirmed a pattern of brutality at Corcoran, and criticized the Californian Department of Corrections for failing to investigate or prevent abuses in prisons and for inadequate discipline. An independent panel found that nearly 80 per cent of the shootings were unjustified and never fully investigated by the state.

The trial of the eight Corcoran guards was one of the largest prosecutions ever of state prison guards and eventually took place in the federal courts after the abuses and cover-ups were exposed by two "whistle-blowers"--and after four years of Federal Bureau of Investigation (FBI) and newspaper investigations. The prosecution conceded, however, that it would be difficult to prosecute guards in a largely conservative area with a high number of prisons.

The eight guards were indicted in 1998 after years of internal investigations and legislative hearings had produced no charges. Four of them had faced possible life sentences for civil rights abuses including the fatal shooting of inmate Preston Tate during one of the 1994 brawls, moments after a guard allegedly said, "It's going to be duck hunting season." (Amnesty International public document - AI Index AMR - Amnesty International, 1 Easton Street, London, WC1X 0DW United Kingdom)



The Badge Means You Suck: *The Boss joined AK-47, the DICKS, PUBLIC ENEMY and countless other bands critical of the police, when he composed and performed "American Skin (41 Shots)" at his recent concerts in Atlanta, and Madison Square Gardens in NYC. With "41 Shots" and another song, "Code of Silence," Springsteen indicts New York City's finest for its wave of brutality against African Americans, specifically the shooting death of Amadou Diallo. "Code Of Silence" also addressed the lack of critical coverage this and similar cases have received in the media. New York Mayor Rudy Giulliani and many police expressed outrage at Springsten. Police Commissioner Harold Safir responded by calling Springsteen a "dirtbag," and a "faggot," among other epithets. In the past, Springsteen has helped raise money to buy bullet proof vests for the police.*

albright faces protests at graduation speech

On Saturday, June 17, 2000, US Secretary of State Madeleine Albright spoke at the graduation ceremonies at Northeastern University in Boston and received an honorary degree. Outside of the building where the graduation ceremony was being held, about twenty five to thirty people held signs and distributed leaflets to the huge crowd of Northeastern graduates and their families attending the event. Speakers emphasized that we were not there to ruin any one's graduation, but to challenge the US government's abominable human rights record as represented by Albright's actions while in office. Twelve activists from Mobilization for Survival and the Colombia Support Network managed to attend the graduation ceremony. Four banners were dropped from balconies as Albright spoke and received her degree. The first banner, displayed as she began her speech, read "Iraq sanctions = weapons of mass destruction"--one woman sitting next to the activists actually helped hold the corner of this banner. Next, banners that read "Sanctions will kill fourteen Iraqi children during this commencement," "No Blood for Oil" and "Stop U.S. Guns to Colombia" were also unfurled. Ten of the twelve activists inside were escorted out; no one was arrested.

Recent appearances by Albright elsewhere, including the Bay Area, were similarly met with anticipatory rallies and protests.

excerpt from final statement made by graham/sankofa

I would like to say I did not kill Bobby Lambert. That I'm an innocent black man that is being murdered. This is a lynching that is happening in America tonight. There's overwhelming and compelling evidence of my defense that has never been heard in any court of America. What is happening here is an outrage for any civilized country to anybody anywhere to look at what'shappening here is wrong.

[...] Know that I love all of you. I love the people, I love all of you for your blessing, strength, for your courage, for your dignity, the way you have come here tonight, and the way you have protested and kept this nation together. Keep moving forward, my brothers. Slavery couldn't stop us. The lynching couldn't stop us in the south. This lynching will not stop us tonight. We will go forward. Our destiny in this country is freedom and liberation. We will gain our freedom and liberation by any means necessary. By any means necessary, we keep marching forward.

[...] This is genocide in America. This is what happens to black men when they stand up and protest for what is right and just. We refuse to compromise, we refuse to surrender the dignity for what we know is right. But we will move on, we have been strong in the past. We will continue to be strong as a people. You can kill a revolutionary, but you cannot stop the revolution. The revolution will go on. The people will carry the revolution on.

[...] And know that victory is assured. Victory for the people will be assured. We will gain our freedom and liberation in this country. We will gain it and we will do it by any means necessary. We will keep marching. March on black people. Keep your heads high. March on. All ya'll leaders. March on. Take your message to the people. Preach the moratorium for all executions. We're gonna stop, we are going to end the death penalty in this country. We are going to end it all across this world. Push forward people. And know that what ya'll are doing is right. What ya'll are doing is just. This is nothing more that pure and simple murder. This is what is happening tonight in America. Nothing more than state-sanctioned murders, state-sanctioned lynching, right here in America, and right here tonight. This is what is happening, my brothers. Nothing less. They know I'm innocent. They've got the facts to prove it. They know I'm innocent. But they cannot acknowledge my innocence, because to do so would be to publicly admit their guilt. This is something these racist people will never do. We must remember brothers, this is what we're faced with. You must take this endeavor forward. You must stay strong. You must continue to hold your heads up, and to be there. And I love you, too, my brother. All of you who are standing with me in solidarity. We will prevail. We will keep marching. Keep marching black people, black power. Keep marching black people, black power. Keep marching black people. Keep marching black people. They are killing me tonight. They are murdering me tonight.

outrage grows after appeals for clemency ignored and gary graham is executed in texas

Black Panther Quanell X holds up a burning Texas flag in front of the Walls Unit in Huntsville, Texas to protest the execution of Gary Graham on June 22. Graham was charged in the May, 1981 shooting death of Bobby Grant Lambert. (Adrees Latif/Reuters)

In a June 24, 2000, article in the UK's Independent, Andrew Gumbel noted that George W. Bush faced international condemnation and widespread accusations that he had put an innocent man to death. Texas authorities ignored a flurry of last-minute pleas on behalf of Gary Graham, also known as Shaka Sankofa, and executed him under "the full, impassioned glare of the world's media." Reflecting growing outrage among European nations, the French government declared that pressure for a moratorium on capital punishment in the United States would be a central plank of its European Union presidency, which begins next week.

Graham/Sankofa, charged with killing a man in a 1981 parking lot robbery in Houston, was convicted solely on the testimony of a woman who said she glimpsed the shooter's face for a few seconds. In affidavits, two witnesses said that Graham/Sankofa was not the gunman. Graham/Sankofa, who had vowed to "fight like hell" to stay alive, struggled defiantly to the end, forcing prison guards to handcuff him and clamp his head as they attached him to the execution chamber stretcher and inserted the needles with which they administered their lethal drugs. Outside the prison in Huntsville, Texas, over five hundred demonstrators accused Mr. Bush, the Texas state governor, of organizing a lynching to further his presidential campaign. Eight were arrested for breaking through police lines and a minor arrested for assaulting a prison adminstrator. Others burned American flags. Another 150 people protested outside the governor's mansion in Austin.

Graham's lawyers spent the day petitioning every authority they could think of, from the US Supreme Court to the Texas Court of Appeals, and finally a federal civil court judge. All of them refused to give further consideration to his allegations that he had been woefully misrepresented by the defense lawyer at his original trial, and that he could produce witnesses to back up his assertion that he did not kill Bobby Lambert in a hold-up outside a Houston supermarket. Repeated attempts to have new evidence admitted in his case have all failed. Earlier in the day, his petition for clemency had been turned down by the Texas Board of Pardons and Paroles, whose 17 voting members did not discuss his case but merely faxed in their opinions from their homes and offices. Five had argued strongly for a stay of execution. The US Supreme Court declined to review the case by a 5-4 vote.

Bush has repeatedly asserted that all 135 prisoners executed during his five years as governor were definitely guilty. However, an opinion poll released this week showed that a majority of Texans, while supporting the death penalty in principle, do not believe him.

Aside from defense lawyers and civil rights activists, his cause was taken up by several newspapers including *The New York Times*, which said there should have been "deep doubts" about his conviction, which Bush effectively ignored. The execution also drew strong reaction from the United Nations human rights representative, Mary Robinson, who said Texas was flouting international conventions on the rights of minors. Graham was just 17 at the time of his arrest.

nike website hacked for global protest

On Wednesday, June 21, visitors to the Nike website were denied access by industrious hackers and diverted to http://www.s11.org,. the protest site organizing resistance to the World Economic Forum meeting scheduled for September 11-13 in Melbourne, Australia.

over 50 women attacked in public after festival in New York City

New York City's THE AUDRE LORDE PROJECT, a Center for Lesbian, Gay, Bisexual, Two Spirit & Transgender People of Color Communities, released the following statement on June 16, 2000, in response to the mass public attacks and sexual abuse perpetrated against women just outside Central Park following the Puerto Rican Pride Day Parade and Festival, Sunday, June 11. Women–most of them black and/or Latina--were surrounded, cornered against buildings, the crowd, and thrown to the ground, stripped, and groped. In one case the dress was torn completely off one woman, a white French tourist on her honeymoon, and even as police escorted her away, men continued to grab at her buttocks and breast. Police officers had been alerted but chose to ignore the situation for hours; home video footage was subpoenaed and subsequently broadcast nationwide. Going to press, about 50 women have come forward. Four are suing the city of New York for inadequate police protection.

As a Center that is run by and for Lesbian, Gay, Bisexual, Two Spirit & Transgender (LGBTST) People of Color communities, we issue this statement in the context of June Pride month to unequivocally condemn the vicious attacks against women that occurred this past weekend (Saturday 6/10 at the 116th St. Festival, and Sunday 6/11 in Central Park). As of this writing, over 30 women have been reported to come forward as survivors of these attacks.

Let us be clear that these attacks, and violence against women in general, are examples of hate violence: women were targeted based on their gender, and gender expression. And in spite of the extraordinary media coverage of these particular assaults, these are not isolated incidents. They unfortunately reflect sexism, misogyny and violence that are deeply rooted in our society, where women (including lesbian, bisexual, two-spirit and transgender women) of all races and cultures are still victimized on a DAILY and HOURLY basis.

We view the media coverage and statements of some public figures regarding the shameful incidents this past weekend with mixed emotions. On one hand, the visible attention and rejection of violence against women is to be applauded. On the other hand, we are also witnessing a dangerous public discourse that is using racism and ageism to scapegoat men of color and young people as the roots of the problem.

As part of justice movements, we are right to demand accountability and justice in each of these cases. At the same time, it is critical that we combat the backwards elements of this public discourse.

Despite the impression that may be left by the "mugshots" of men of color that have been displayed on the covers of NYC tabloids this week, and the constant underlining of the fact that the incidents took place during the weekend of the Puerto Rican Day Parade, perpetrators of violence against women are not specific to Puerto Rican, Latino, African descent, or other communities of color. Men who perpetrate violence against women are of all racial backgrounds. And as evident from the assaults that took place during Woodstock 2 (and the reality of daily life in this country), these attacks are not restricted to ethnic-based celebrations or communities. As people of color, we know that racism in the U.S. has often supported the mistaken notion that men of color are somehow more prone to violence against women than white men. We reject this notion. Many men of color understand and act on the reality that anti-sexism is a core value and requirement of progressive justice movements. As a result, we call on our brothers to re-commit themselves in this time to breaking the silence - by confronting sexist jokes, by intervening and stopping violence when they witness it (whether physical, mental, emotional or spiritual), and by proactively fighting for and supporting women's participation and leadership in all arenas.

We also reject current trends of public discourse that have sought to single out youth and hip-hop culture as somehow inherently violent. Commentators and public figures who attempt to scapegoat and criminalize youth and hip-hop culture as the root causes of violence against women ignore the daily and historic role that young people and hip hop culture have played in struggles for justice, including the ongoing struggle for women's rights and feminist justice.

Finally, as a Center committed to justice and liberation for all of our peoples, we call on our communities to struggle with the contradictions inherent in some of the recent calls for increased policing, police presence, and enhanced criminal penalties as a solution. While these incidents are indeed examples of hate crimes, incarcerating more people for longer periods of time in a racist, homophobic, trans- phobic and classist criminal (in)justice system can not be our final solution to hate violence. In addition, the reality of sexism within the NYPD, the behavior of some officers this weekend in belittling and remaining inactive in spite of direct reports of the violence, and the continued harassment and violence by the police against LGBTST communities (particularly gay men of color, people of transgender experience and youth of color) and other communities makes the call for increased policing problematic. While the NYPD must be held accountable for the non-action of officers this past weekend, we must simultaneously continue to challenge the further criminalization of our communities as an easy solution to violence.

In the spirit of Pride, in honoring the legacy of Stonewall, and in celebrating and cherishing the lives of each of our LGBTST brothers and sisters of color in this city, we ask that all of our communities speak out, organize and confront the ongoing epidemic of violence against women, and all others deemed expendable by dominant cultures.

(Audre Lorde Project/85 So. Oxford St./Brooklyn, NY 11217/T: 718-596-0342/Fax: 718-596-1328/Email: alpinfo@alp.org)

organization of american states protested in windsor

Thousands of police officers filled the streets of Windsor, Ontario, June 4, 2000, as demonstrators turned out to protest the Organization of American States. Between 2,000 and 3,000 people supporting a variety of causes took part in the noisy and colorful protests. Officers pepper-sprayed and arrested about twenty young people, almost all women, who had attempted to block a bus believed to be carrying OAS delegates. The police, equipped with plastic shields and batons, sprayed some of the protesters from as close as 15 centimeters before dragging them behind a police line. Windsor Police Staff Sergeant Dave Rossel said forty people were arrested for disturbing the peace but would not be charged. Police, suspecting these were to be used for civil disobedience, confiscated a large amount of material. Many demonstrators were protesting against poverty and human rights abuses in Latin America and talks for a free-trade agreement in the Western Hemisphere.

advocates fear wave of homeless murders in americas

The murder of a homeless man, whose throat was slashed in a downtown Toronto bus shelter [late at night on June 4], has left police baffled and advocates fearing that homeless people are becoming the newest target for vicious hate crimes. Adrian Vernon Fillmore, 50, was at least the second homeless person to die on Toronto's streets in the past few weeks in a seemingly unprovoked attack. A native of New Brunswick, Mr. Fillmore had claimed the bus shelter on the sidewalk outside an Ontario government office building as his home.

Such a cold-blooded murder was all the more shocking because it followed on the heels of a series of savage attacks on homeless people over the past several months. In the past two weeks, a homeless man was bludgeoned to death at University and Dundas streets and a woman, who only a few days before had been turned away from a packed homeless shelter, was shot at point-blank range in the Moss Park public-housing development. And only a month ago, a 40-year-old homeless man sleeping on a park bench in Nathan Phillips Square outside Toronto's City Hall lost his right baby finger and suffered head injuries when we was attacked with an axe in the middle of the night. Shortly before Christmas, a mentally ill man wandering under the Gardiner Expressway suffered severe burns after being set on fire by a gang of squeegee kids.

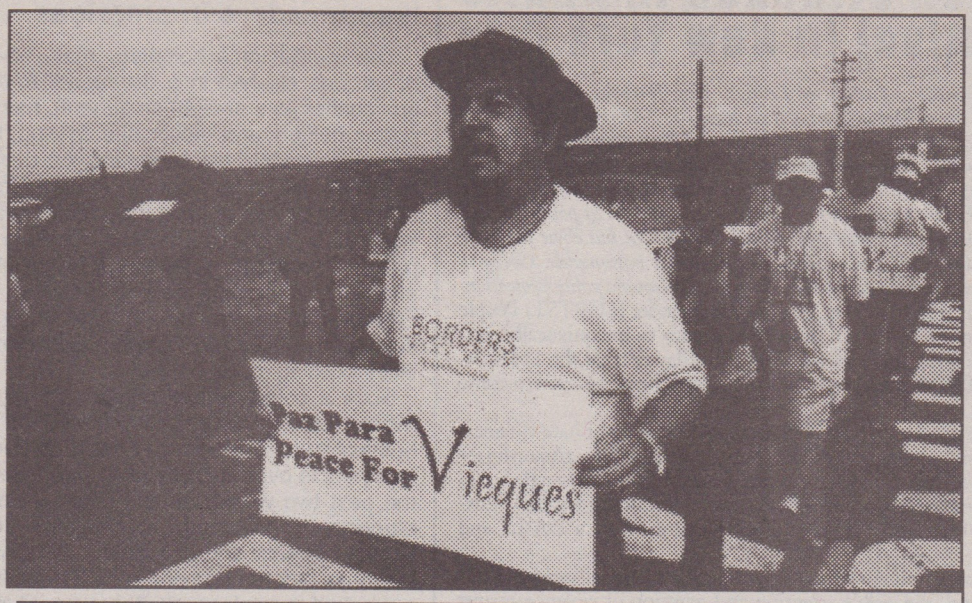
But advocates for homeless people are starting to fret that the influence of a spate of hate crimes against homeless people reported in the United States during the past year is creeping across the border.

Over the course of several months last fall, seven homeless people were stabbed and beaten to death in Denver--two of them decapitated--by roving gangs of teenagers and youths in their early twenties who would otherwise pass their time hanging out at downtown malls.

In all, there were at least 39 known cases of homeless people killed in unprovoked attacks in cities across the United States last year, according to the National Coalition for the Homeless in Washington. And the perpetrators convicted were invariably deadbeat youths.

"It's definitely a trend here in the States," said Michael Stoops, the coalition's community organizer. "We have been lobbying unsuccessfully so far to have homelessness added to federal hate-crimes legislation. We all remember the young gay man killed in Wyoming. And the black man in Texas, dragged behind a pick-up truck. But the fact that 39 homeless people were killed for being homeless by a gang of teenagers goes unnoticed." (Excerpted from the article, "Advocates fear wave of homeless murders: Police have no leads in Sunday's killing, but attacks on Toronto's street people over the past few months mimic U.S. hate crimes," by Margaret Philip, The Globe and Mail, Toronto, Canada, June 6, 2000)

protestors successfully disperse in u.s. navy bombing range



In the early morning of June 22, 2000, a group of around twenty protestors successfully penetrated the U.S. Navy's bombing range on the island of Vieques, Puerto Rico. They are acting as human shields to block the resumption of bombing on the inhabited Caribbean island. The group consists of members of the Committee for the Rescue and Development of Vieques and individuals from the main island of Puerto Rico, from all sectors of civilian society who have joined the cause of Peace for Vieques. The group entered the bombing range through an area of thick and thorny vegetation to avoid being detected. They are prepared with water and other supplies to remain in the restricted zone for as long as possible. The members of the group are dispersing throughout the bombing range to create a more serious obstacle for bombing and to make arrests more difficult.

Simultaneously, fifty representatives of the pro-Vieques movement have been arrested for entering the Navy's restricted zone. The purpose of this action was to dramatize the serious health concerns for the people of Vieques in the face of Navy announcements they will fire thousands of bombs on the East end of the island in the next few days. Carlos Ventura, a biologist and local fisherman, and labor leader Wilfredo López, explained by radio from the bombing area that the struggle to end the military presence will continue until there is peace in Vieques. These two groups bring to over 200 the number of those arrested for entering into the Navy's restricted area since the removal of 15 civil disobedience camps on May 4th. (Vieques Libre - http://www.viequeslibre.org)

mexican police attack protesting duro workers

The Coalition for Justice in the Maquiladoras reports that police have instigated violence against peaceful strikers at a factory in Rio Bravo, a border city in the state of Tamaulipas, Mexico (across from Brownsville, Texas). The strike is taking place at a factory owned by Duro Manufacturing, a Ludlow, Kentucky-based company which also has facilities in the United States. Duro produces paper gift and shopping bags for Hallmark and other companies.

On June 18, 2000, Duro workers hung strike banners with the objective of establishing their own union. In the pre-dawn hours of Monday morning, 13 police patrols arrived at the factory, surprising the workers gathered in the streets who were guarding the strike. Police then attempted to intimidate the workers by cocking their weapons and insisted that the workers leave. When the workers did not withdraw, the police attacked them. Five workers were beaten, four of them women. One of the injured women, who is 8 months pregnant, has been hospitalized. Mark Horowitz, an international observer who was present at the scene, was detained for interrogation.

The majority of the Duro workers are now camped out in front of the Rio Bravo City Hall, demanding that their fellow workers be released and their union recognized. Mark Horowitz, an American, has been released. The workers are still in jail. Their combined bail now comes to the equivalent of about $2,000.This is a much lower figure than what was originally stated by authorities. Supporters are concerned that, if bail for all the jailed workers isn't posted promptly, other obstacles might be put in the way of the remaining workers' release.

Among the ill-founded charges which Duro management is pursuing, the most serious may be kidnapping - because security guards and the plant manager were inside the plant when workers hung strike banners on the gates of the plant.

In recent days, a delegation of workers has traveled to Ciudad Victoria to meet with the governor and file papers for registering their union. Although they were successful in filing the papers, the governor refused to meet with them and his second in command was extremely unreceptive.

According to a report by Michelle Engert, of Austin Tan Cerca de la Frontera, workers apply glue without protective equipment or ventilation within the manufacturing facility. The rate of miscarriages among female workers is said to be high. More than a dozen workers have lost fingers from machinery lacking adequate protective guards. Wages average the equivalent of around $40.00 per week.

Through their strike, the workers seek what is supposed to be guaranteed by federal labor law in Mexico: the right to form a union with leaders of the workers' own choosing and to engage in collective bargaining with management. They need this to gain safe working conditions, to have freedom from mandatory overtime and for workers to be safe from emotional abuse, threats, acts of violence and sexual harassment.

Their demands also include: medical attention inside the plant, life insurance for the families of workers who die on the job, bathroom breaks, fans or air conditioning and improved food service. (Workers complain of the mandatory cafeteria program providing food containing mouse feces, hair and cockroaches).

Hallmark reportedly has been made aware of the situation at Duro since the beginning of the year. In March, Hallmark sent monitors to interview workers about their complaints. However, three workers who were interviewed were selected by Duro personnel and were afraid to speak candidly when taken to an office where they believed that their every word was being recorded. Duro management reportedly had instructed the workers to say nothing that was not a direct answer to the questions they were asked.

NOTE: The Duro workers have not requested that any pressure be put on Hallmark at this time. Please do not contact Hallmark unless you receive an alert indicating that workers have made such a request. (From the Campaign for Labor Rights, 1247 "E" Street SE, Washington, DC 20003 Phone: (541) 344-5410. Web site: <www.summersault.com/~agj/clr> CLR is a member of the Alliance for Global Justice. Based primarily on information provided by the Coalition for Justice in the Maquiladoras: <cjm@igc.org>, (210) 732-8957, and also a member of the Austin, TX organization, Austin Tan Cerca de la Frontera.)

argentine unions protest IMF austerity plan

May 31 (AFP)-Tens of thousands of people marched Wednesday through downtown Buenos Aires to protest a new government economic austerity plan, with union leaders calling for a one-day national strike next week. In an unusual move, the protest march was strongly supported by Roman Catholic church leaders, who hold the IMF largely responsible for Argentina's economic malaise. Organizers said 80,000 people joined the protest, held one day after IMF economists arrived here to review the government's budgetary and revenue accounts.

Never before had a visit of IMF economists sparked such wide-ranging protests, uniting previously divided unions and garnering support from Argentina's Catholic clerics, traditionally among the most conservative in Latin America. Union leaders used the rally to call for a national strike that was the largest ever to confront President Fernando de la Rua, who took office in December.

us health care ranks 39th of 191 systems surveyed

According to a survey of the world's health systems released yesterday, the US health care system is inferior to those of most other industrialized nations as the most expensive system that yet fails to provide adequate care to the poor. The United States ranked 37th of the 191 systems surveyed by the World Health Organization, behind Japan, most Western European countries, Scandinavia, Canada, and several Middle Eastern nations. In addition, the survey concluded that health care in both China and Russia deteriorated after those nations enacted free market reforms. The French ranked first, living longer on average than almost any other people, but also because, according to WHO authors, they consistently enact safety regulations.

The WHO study examined the quality of care in each country, how well the care was distributed and cost. The authors concluded that countries with universally available care, financed by broad taxes, have the best health care. The United States, which spends a world-leading $3,700 per person on health care every year, ranks lower than its industrialized counterparts because, too often, its indisputably world-class medicine is not available to those without money.

"The US is really three Americas. The top 10 percent here are the healthiest in the world. The middle bulk does mediocre. But it's the bottom 5 or 10 percent, made up of Native Americans living on reservations, the inner city poor, rural blacks, and Appalachia that is a third America," said Dr. Christopher Murray, WHO's director of global programs for health policy. "They have health conditions as bad as those in sub-Saharan Africa."

The bottom third of the list is dominated by African countries south of the Sahara Desert, a population that has seen its health go from bad to worse in a decade.

toronto further criminalizes the poor

Ontario's anti-squeegee law is unconstitutional, discriminates against the poor and infringes on their freedom of expression, lawyers for those charged under the new act say. On June 13, lawyers for about 30 defendants charged under the Safe Streets Act or related legislation are to begin their court case before Mr. Justice Peter Hryn in Old City Hall court. The act, which went into effect Jan. 31, makes it illegal to approach a vehicle for the purpose of offering a service, panhandling aggressively or engaging in other types of aggressive soliciting.

"What could be a more fundamental right than to ask for alms when one is indigent?" Peter Rosenthal, one of the two lawyers, said yesterday. "They've criminalized that. Under almost all circumstances, if you're begging in this province you can be charged under that act."

The case is believed to be the law's first constitutional challenge of the province's Safe Streets Act–the so-called anti-squeegee law. The act also outlaws panhandling in spots where the right-of-way is impeded, such as near bank machines and transit stops, or soliciting while impaired by drugs or alcohol. Maximum penalties are a $1,000 fine and six months in jail. "It is one of the most grotesque acts that one has ever seen," Rosenthal said. The government has cut welfare and housing subsidies, thus reducing more people to begging, he said, and "then they pass a law that criminalizes begging."

The defendants argue that the law contravenes the equality rights provision of the Charter of Rights and Freedoms by discriminating against poor people while allowing others to solicit funds for charities. The legislation also contravenes Charter rights to life, liberty and security of the person, Rosenthal said. ``What could be a more fundamental right of a person who doesn't have enough money for food, than to ask for money for food?" (Excerpted from the June 13, 2000, article, "Squeegee law faces its first Charter test: Act infringes on rights of poor, lawyers will argue," by Peter Small, Toronto Star)

Editor's note: The Ontario Coalition Against Poverty (OCAP) held a large, mostly non-violent demonstration of over a thousand to two thousand anti-poverty activists and homeless on June 15, 2000, at Queen's Park, Toronto, demanding the right to address the Ontario legislature on recent measures marginalizing poor and homeless peoples. Riot police officers, many of them mounted on horses, scuffled with protesters for about an hour on the legislature grounds resulting in injuries and arrests.

CALLS TO ACTION!

Independent Media Center recruiting in LA for DNC!

August 13-17, 2000 • Los Angeles, California, USA

Hundreds of media activists in LA have signed up to volunteer at the Independent Media Center (IMC), a 4500 sq. foot space in an office building on Figueroa and 18th st, which is 1/2 mile away from the DNC Convention at the Staples Center, located at Figueroa and 12th st. in downtown LA. We will be moving into this space on August 1st. The IMC will be covering all the protests via video and audio web streaming on our website: la.indymedia.org. We will also have a satellite uplink truck parked outside our office and will be uplinking live to all network and cable stations Amy Goodman's show "Democracy Now," additional live news shows, and a video documentary of each day's events. We are also building a radio station and will produce web radio 24 hours a day. In addition, we are printing a daily newspaper, the LA Free Press in English and Spanish, which will be distributed to the 5,000 DNC delegates, the 15,000 members of the mainstream media, the protestors, and people who work downtown and around LA. We are currently seeking journalists around the country who would like to write articles now about the Democratic Party and the DNC and post them on our website: indymedia.org You can e-mail chris@regenerationtv.com since he is our webmaster for the site and can help you post your article.

If you are coming to LA to cover the DNC and the protests, you can work out of the Independent Media Center (IMC). Just bring your laptop, cell phone, pads and pens, etc. and we will provide a work space for you. Or you might want to plug in to the media we are producing, and work with us. If you don't already have a press pass from your media organization, we are producing an IMC Press Pass that you can get at the registration area of the IMC when you first arrive. It will cost $5.00. Whether you can or can't come to LA this August, please link our website to your website: la.indymedia.org.

180/Movement for Democracy and Education and United Students Against Sweatshops

August 16-21, 2000 • University of Oregon, Eugene, Oregon

Over the past two years, the amount of activity at campuses around the US has risen sharply. Many students are taking action to counter the power and influence that corporations have on our universities and society in general. Students are protesting the use of sweatshop labor at home and in abroad. Campus workers are standing up and with students for higher wages, union recognition and job security. Students are protesting steps toward privatization and have played a major part in the demonstrations against the globalization of corporate power and its effects on education, the working class, consumers, and the environment.

The 180/Movement for Democracy and Education has been active on all of these issues and is growing and moving in a direction toward a principled and healthy student movement to stand up for a quality and corporate-free education for all. United Students Against Sweatshops has seen a major amount of growth since their 1999 conference. Many campaigns have employed sit-ins as a tactic to pressure their schools to adopt the Worker Rights Consortium plan. USAS has been vehement in its denunciation of the Fair Labor Association, a plan initiated by apparel corporations and the Clinton administration to let the companies have a great deal of control over who monitors their factories.

Now, these two groups are joining forces to host a joint conference designed to take a hard look at the current system of corporate power and exploitation that has led to the current squalor that pervades the lives of majority of the globe's people. They will begin to organize to take the next step in fighting that power. How to get involved and find out more:

•180/Movement for Democracy and Education: (608) 262-9036
http://www.corporations.org/democracy

•United Students Against Sweatshops: (202) NO-SWEAT
http://www.umich.edu/~sole/usas

If you want to get the latest information as it becomes available ask to be added to our infolist by emailing augustcollective_la@disinfo.net.

MRR: Raw Power has been together since 1983. Has it been a solid band all this time, or have you ever called it quits in the past?

Mauro: Since we started the band never broke up, but we've had periods where we weren't recording anything, and of course this led people to think that we had broken up.

MRR: The only original members now are you and your brother Giuseppe. What is the reason for the many line-up changes?

Mauro: The line up changes have been the main reason for long period of non recording for the band. There are different reasons for the line up change, but probably the main ones are that first of all, after a while you get fed up with people whether they are friends or not. You get fed up with them at some point, and of course people change, while you are young you think that you all want the same things. As the years go bye you start not agreeing on things anymore, you want to change styles, and this is something that my brother and I never wanted. All we have always wanted was to play and have fun and this is exactly what we are still doing.

MRR: Have you remained friends with the former members?

Mauro: Yes, we are still friend with almost all the former members, of course we don't see each other much as we don't live close to each other, which again has always been a problem with the band having members coming from different parts of the country.

MRR: How have things changed in your eyes with hardcore music and the people that listen to it?

Mauro: Well up to a couple of years ago my answer would have been that hardcore is music for posers made by posers, now I think things have changed. Of course there are still bands out there that do this kind of music just to make a lot of money and that probably have never heard of hardcore until a few years ago. On the other hand, there are lots of really good bands around that just play because they like it, and the same goes for the people that listen to it. There are people really into the whole scene and people that only listen to bands that sell millions of records, but I still prefer that they listen to these bands rather then disco or pop music.

R A W

This is an interview with lead vocalist and founding member Mauro Codeluppi. Look for Raw Power on their west coast tour in August. They will also have a new album out on Hello Records in July 2000 Interview by Tony Patino.

MRR: Were there any bands that inspired you to want to play hardcore music?

Mauro: Lots, some of them just to say a few are Angry Samoans, Adolescents, Circle Jerks, DOA, Germs, Black Flag, Dead Kennedy's, Dead Boys, CH3, 7Seconds, Minor Threat, Suicidal Tendencies etc.

MRR: Are there any bands playing now that respect or admire?

Mauro: Well I respect any old band that is still around and people from older bands that have new projects, as long as they still do the same stuff that they used to. New bands, I hear a lot of them and I like many of them but as for their names I'm afraid I just can't remember them.

MRR: Raw Power has been on several independent record labels over the years. What is the reason for that?

Mauro: Mainly money, I think. Labels need to make money and therefore they need bands that sell. Unfortunately, we have always been a band that live has a good following but then this doesn't seem to help the sale of the records. Of course sometimes you have offers from other labels and you decide that maybe this is better then the old one that promised a lot and did very little so in the end you end up changing labels.

MRR: What can you say to the people who think the band went "metal" on some of the records you made in the late '80s?

Mauro: What can I say? Well, maybe metalish. We did have more metal influenced riffs, but that was only due to the fact that during that period some members of the band were into that kind of music. We thought that all together the result was acceptable, so we did it. I know some people said that we'd gone metal but that wasn't our intention, we only did at the time what we could do with the band we had.

MRR: How is Raw Power's music different now than it was in the beginning?

Mauro: Well, when you start something you have never done before you are more motivated, you are more rough, more inexperienced, more enthusiastic. Most important though, you are younger so as you go on and you carry on doing the same things I think that there must be times when you get "different". Then you get it back again, then maybe lose it again later on. I think it's normal that you can't keep on doing exactly the same thing forever! For instance our last record "Reptile House" was a lot like the first records we did and the new one coming out "Trust Me" is going to follow that line. This is because lately we've had a very good line up, we get along fine and like working together and we all like the same old stuff.

MRR: Who writes most of the song lyrics and what inspires them?

Mauro: I write all the lyrics, I won't sing anything that I don't write (unless of course they are covers). I get inspiration from all sort of things, normally I just look around me and I find things to write about, then of course there are things that either happen to me or people I know. I read books and sometimes I want to make a song out of it (Mine to Kill, avenging angel).

P O W E R

a couple of years ago my answer would have been that hardcore is music for posers made by poser

MRR: Aside from the new record you have coming out, are you doing any new compilations, videos, or anything of that nature?

Mauro: Not that I know of, but for instance a few weeks ago we heard that we were on yet another compilation of hard core /punk/Oi bands but of course nobody bothered asking us, as usual! We did a song for the Circle Jerks tribute record that is coming out soon.

MRR: The impact of punk and hardcore in the '90s has been huge. A lot of bands have been labeled as "sellouts" for signing to major record labels. Bands like Rancid, Green Day, Henry Rollins, and even the Circle Jerks have felt the scrutiny of this. What do you have to say about that?

Mauro: Yes it is true the bands you mention have maybe "sold out" but I don't think I can neither judge them nor blame them, they probably had their reason to do it. I think that if you have been working hard for years and years shoving shit, and then suddenly you get a break and a chance of making a good living out of what you like doing best you have to take it as a reward and take a chance. If it happened to us at this point of our lives we'd give it a shot as well.

MRR: Raw Power has been labeled as a political hardcore band by some. How do you feel about that and what do you think about politics today?

Mauro: I hate politicians, what they do and what they represent! As for us being political, never, we never were and never will be.

MRR: Lots of people in the United States seem to have lost faith in the Presidency. Has the Bill Clinton scandal turned many heads in your country?

Mauro: With all the hundreds of changes that we have in our country in one year, things like the one that happened to Bill Clinton only makes you smile. At least he's had the courage of admitting and apologizing to the Americans for what he did.

some people said that we'd gone metal but that wasn't our intention

MRR: Is there any Raw Power web sites on the Internet?

Mauro: Yes we have our web site at www.geocities.com/SunsetStrip/Alley/6165 and another one at www.angelfire.com/punk/rawpower .

MRR: Raw Power has been coming over to the U.S. more often lately. Are there any incidents or shows that you'd like to touch on?

Mauro: One that unfortunately I remember very well is something that happened to me last year in Indianapolis. I was for two days in the hospital and had to have a small operation as well and apart from the fact that it was all very painful and that we lost 3 shows I had to pay $3000 as well! Shows, well I can't really tell you if there is one that I remember more then another, shows are all nice. There are a few bad ones, but you try to forget them. We keep on coming back to the US, now more then ever because we love it! We love the people and I think that people generally like us. They have always been kind to us since the first time we came, so we just want to make every show nice and special. If one day we'll decide that it isn't fun anymore or that things have changed, that will be the day when you'll get rid of us.

MRR: How does it feel when you're so far from your home country and people are reacting in a positive way to your music?

Mauro: It has always been like this and I really hope it doesn't change. Here in Italy we have a following but is nothing compared to what we have abroad and in the US. It has been like this since the start and is just wonderful.

MRR: There are so many bands out there touring the U.S. and Europe these days. Many, many more than there were in the '80s. Have you seen any negative or positive changes because of that?

Mauro: One positive thing is that it only goes to show that this music is fun to play, therefore more and more people want to do it. On the other hand having too many bands touring means that most of the bands (especially small ones) get very small turn outs.

MRR: What are the crowds like at a Raw Power show in the U.S. and in Europe these days?

Mauro: In the last couple of years people in the US are more fun to play for. They really get into it! They jump, shout, dance, they really make you play better and better just to see them happy. Some places in Europe are like that, but not everywhere. Italy surprisingly enough has been like the US (for us anyway) in the last 12 months.

MRR: You sing in English on your recordings. Do you sing in your native language when you play in Europe?

Mauro: Never! I couldn't. I write in English and sing in English. Of course with my bad accent nobody understands anyway but I do try!

MRR: Some of the members of Raw Power, including yourself, have businesses and families now. How does that make it different for you when it's time to pack up and leave for a tour?

Mauro: It makes it more difficult because now you have more responsibilities. Of course it is sad leaving your kids for a long time, but on the other hand when the time comes to leave you just can't wait. For us touring is our holidays, although it is very hard driving most days 8 to 10 or even more hours, sleeping very little, moving all time, but we love it!

MRR: After this many years of putting out records and touring as a band, how has it changed you as a person?

Mauro: I don't think so much, as I said before I'm a bit older, that is all. I should be more mature as well but if I choose to keep on doing this thing again and again I think that after all I'm still as young and happy going as before.

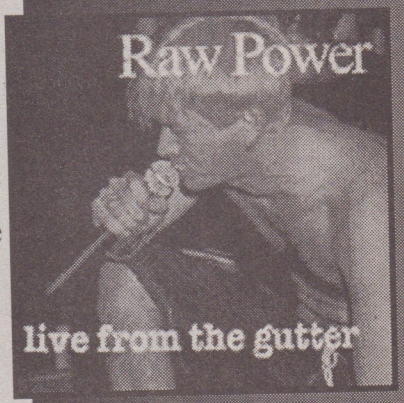
MRR: Any final words?

Mauro: Come and see us on our coming tour, we'll be playing some of the new stuff together with lots of the old ones. We just want to see lots of people coming and enjoy themselves and least but not last buy our new record on Hello Records. See you soon.

AUGUST 2000 Tour Dates-

all dates are with Tongue from Los Angeles:

8/3 Los Angeles, CA @ Mr. T's Bowl
8/4 Los Angeles, CA @ The Lab
8/5 Tucson, AZ @ Scrappy's (all ages)
8/5 Tucson, AZ @ The Double Zero
8/6 El Paso, TX tba
8/7 San Antonio, TX tba
8/8 Austin, TX @ Room 710
8/9 Houston, TX tba
8/10 Dallas, TX @ Tree's
8/11 St. Louis, MO @ The Creepy Crawl
8/12 Des Moines, IA @ Hairy Mary's
8/13 Kansas City, MO @ The El Torreon Ballroom
8/14 Denver, CO @ The Bluebird Theatre
8/15 Salt Lake City, UT @ Kilby's Court
8/16 Incline Village, NV @Pata Place
8/17 Sacramento, CA @ The Press Club
8/18 Berkeley, CA @ Gilman Street
8/19 San Francisco, CA @ The El Rio



PEKINSKA PATKA

by Predrag Delibasich
predrag@opera.iinet.net.au

"This band is called Pekinska Patka. Mare, Bale, Cila and Conta are fighting for Yugoslavian new waaaaaaaave!!!!!"

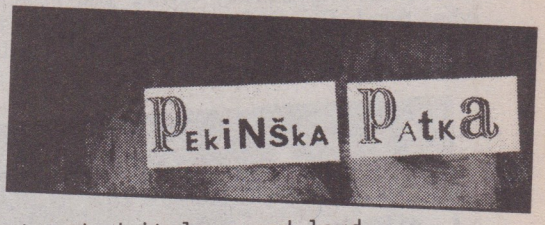
The global interest in Yugoslavian punk (and music in general) has been growing rapidly in the last few years. The inclusion of "Bela Sljiva", a b-side of the first Pekinska Patka(Peking Duck) 7", on "Back to Front Vol.6" LP seemed like an one-off 'incident', but it was followed by more bootlegs of Yugo punk tracks, giving the opportunity to punksters world-wide to hear some lesser-known gems.

So far, most of the punk connoisseurs have agreed that Pekinska Patka was the best Yugo punk combo and I certainly won't argue that.

The original line-up consisted of guys who played hard-rock covers in the mid-70s. The future singer and bandleader Conta got infected with punk virus after his visit to London in 1977 and decided that his band should switch to playing punk stuff. It wasn't hard to convince the rest of the group and they started rehearsing and playing live straight away.

Being into punk music and culture was hard enough for people in Western countries(I'm not talking about exploitation of it in England and, later, in the U.S.), let alone in a country such as Yugoslavia. The bands faced censorship by communist government bodies, and also from record labels' moguls who wanted everything to sound nice and neat in order to sell. On the top of that, they had to fight the mediocrity. Playing a show in some small country town could've resulted in band members running for their lives from angry mob. At one such show in small town near Novi Sad (where Pekinska Patka is from) a funny incident took place: Conta and co. have all put some make-up before the gig. That, along with band's repertoire and stage behaviour resulted in lack of any response from the audience but silence. Near the end of the show Conta took off his necktie and threw it in the crowd, who reacted by dispersing in a couple of meters radius from the tie, looking at it as it was infected with some sort of disease.

Despite all the obstacles in the way of Yugoslavian punk bands at the time, they managed to reach to the crowd and record labels realised there must be some money in it after all.



That's how Pekinska Patka scored a deal with Jugoton(at the time one of the two biggest labels in Yugoslavia) and released their first single in 1979. "Biti ruzan, pametan i mlad" b/w "Bela sljiva" is probably the best Yugo punk 7" and it gained Pekinska Patka some radio airplay and, much more important, it secured them a recording of debut album.

Plitka Poezija ("Shallow Poetry") was recorded during the long illness of President Tito. Jugoton bosses(and in those days many top positions in record labels were given to the ones loyal to CP) decided to put release of *Plitka Poezija* on hold. Fortunately, Tito died in May 1980. And soon after Pekinska Patka's debut was released.

It had 16 punk anthems; 16 short, sharp and straight to the point gems. Unlike most of Yugo punk bands from the same period, Pekinska Patka didn't sing about politics and communism. Most of their songs dealt with sex(or rather lack of it) and being a punk(and marginalised because of it). That's why they never became pets of music writers. Even worse, that's why some other punk bands labeled Pekinska Patka as a 'parody of punk'!?!?!?

However, *Plitka Poezija* sold some 17 thousand copies on vinyl(it was, mysteriously, never released on cassette), but back then it was considered as 'poor sales' by record labels.

Soon after the release of their first album the band went in the studio to record a couple of songs for their third single (second one being "Bolje da nosim kratku kosu" b/w "Ori, ori" - both songs taken off *Plitka Poezija* LP), this time with new guitarist(Bale) and bass player(Mare). The a-side was a cover of "Bila je tako lijepa"-originally recorded by very popular Yugoslavian 60s crooner Dragan Stojnic (his version is actually a cover of French chanson "Elle etait si jolie"). Pekinska Patka's version was controversial, to say the least. Many radio stations couldn't swallow the piss-take of such a popular song-I remember listening to this show where people will go live to air with their request of contemporary pop-hits. This girl rang and requested "Bila je tako lijepa" by Pekinska Patka. The announcer was very annoyed and tried to convince her politely to choose some other song, but she persisted and he finally gave in, but not before he badmouthed it long and loud.

Conta himself once stated that this single is Pekinska Patka's best studio effort (and it was recorded on cheap 4-tracker), or the one he was most satisfied with. No wonder--"Bila je tako lijepa" is very fast (especially for 1980 Punk standards) and the band sounds tighter than ever.

In early 1981. Pekinska Patka was back in studio recording their second and final album *Strah od monotonije* (Fear of Monotony), undeservingly regarded by many as their downfall. Short punk songs that we loved and knew were replaced by longer, darker, Goth-influenced tracks. This time Conta, Bale and crew decided to make 'serious' album.

The lyrics were still about being an outsider, with Conta's reflections on alienation, apathy and lack of personal freedom. Although it wasn't the same band anymore, it is unfair to say this album is any worse than the first one.

This time reviews were mainly alright, but the crowd didn't dig it as very much. The band didn't care that the audience reacts better to the older material at their gigs. As Conta once said: "It took Clash two albums to get from *Clash* to *Sandinista*. We've done it too son with our second album". The album was released on vinyl and cassette, but it only sold some

11 thousand copies.

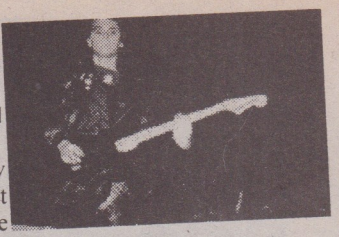
Not long after, Conta went to do his duty in the national service and the rest of the band couldn't wait for him for 12 months, so they called it a day.

As many other bands, Pekinska Patka as well didn't get the recognition they deserve – both in Yugoslavia and abroad. Sure, the language barrier is too big to ignore, but the main problem lays in unavailability of Pekinska Patka records. The original Jugoton pressings were of such a poor quality that it's impossible to find copies in excellent condition. However, for all the people that would like to explore Pekinska Patka phenomenon I strongly suggest to start with a recent bootleg *Plitka Poezija* LP release, which comes with whole first LP, first and third single and three songs off their second album.

Conta lives in Toronto with his wife and kid, Bale is in New York City still making music, while the rest of the band (I suppose) is living the hell in Serbia and suffering NATO's brutal aggression.

DISCOGRAPHY:

- "Biti ruzan, pametan i mlad" b/w "Bela sljiva" 7" ('79. Jugoton)
- *Plitka Poezija* LP ('80. Jugoton)
- "Bolje da nosim kratku kosu" b/w "Ori, ori" 7" ('80, Jugoton)
- "Bila je tako lijepa" b/w "Buba-rumba" 7" ('80, Jugoton)
- *Strah od monotonije* LP (81, Jugoton)



Zoran Bulatovic – Bale joined Pekinska Patka right after they released "Plitka Poezija"LP and he recorded a 7" and an album with them. This interview was conducted via e-mail.

Have you played in any bands prior to Pekinska Patka and were they your first punk band?

I started playing guitar at the age of 12, and at 13 I was already in a band called "Hush". That was in 1976-7 and punk hadn't reached Yugoslavia yet. I think since I started playing with the bands that early gave me a great deal of experience on stage and in the studio (my first recording sessions were at the age of 14) and that made me totally ready for Pekinska Patka - which was my first "big time professional band".

I believe "Bila je Tako Lijepa" 7" release was set up by your record company as a bridge between the two albums. What do you remember from recording this single and did it have any success ?

I don't know anything about the reasons for putting that single out 'cause that was not my job in the band, dealing with the record company. It was my first record and, naturally, I was very excited. It was recorded on 4 tracks (just like Sgt. Pepper, ha, ha). Drums + bass on 2 tracks, guitar on 1track and lead and backing vocals on 1 track. You can hear that there's no rhythm guitar when there's a guitar solo. I wanted to overdub that solo because I wanted different sound from the rhythm guitar, so we needed to cut out the rhythm track while there was a solo. And there's one more thing that is really funny. On the B side of the record there is that ska song which has a part in the middle where Conta is not singing, but saying "This band is called Pekinska Patka..." On that same track with the lead vocal and back vocals somebody played shakes throughout the whole song. A couple of days after the recording and just before the mixing, Conta decided to change something in that part so we needed to record him again.. But the trouble was that in the meantime somebody took the shakes from the studio and, in the absence of them, the newly recorded part was too obvious and ugly. We had to figure out something 'cause we had to mix down the song. So the only solution was to try to simulate the shakes somehow while Conta was doing the new take, and that's what we did. Mare (bass player) and me (on the second microphone) were doing "chooke-chooke, chooke-chooke," throughout that part and it ended up very good and no one ever discovered the "swindle". Of course, we always laughed remembering that situation. The song was pretty successful and I remember reading somewhere that Dragan Stojnic, the singer who was the first to sing that song in YU (early 60s), barely survived after hearing our version. For us that meant success.

Soon after you recorded and released controversial second album *Strah od monotonije* - was the change in sound deliberate? Was it easy to record such an album?

Of course that was easy, because we all loved our new material and we were so proud of the changes we had made. That was a different time and we all listened to Joy Division, Siouxie, the Stranglers and all that new wave shit was so good and inspiring. I am still proud of that record. Of course, the audience expected something else (or rather "the same" as the first album), and we were totally aware that *Strah od monotonije* was going to be a big change, but fuck it , that's what we wanted.

What were the producers/engineers/studios like at the time? Was there any censorship in terms of sound and lyrics?

All that was done in private studios, so there was no talk of censoring the sound or the lyrics, since people were paid there to get the job done, and censorship could take place only later on in "Jugoton", but as far as I can remember, there were no problems. Maybe there were, but Conta is the best person to talk to about that, since he was the one who contacted Jugoton and took care of the business aspect of the band. There was more than a fair share of censorship on the other side, radio, TV, concerts being banned, etc. The recording of "Strah od monotonije" was something totally different. We took everything much more seriously. The producer was Sloba Konjovic and we worked on the "entire" 8 tracks.

Have you played many shows after releasing "Strah od monotonije"LP and what was the audience's reaction to your new stuff?

As far as I can remember, we played a couple of big shows. One of those was the gig in Zagreb in front of 18,000 people, where we played both the new and the old material. And, as we had expected, the audience reacted better to the old stuff. The new material was too new for people to get used to and that space was far too big for the songs that needed a more intimate atmosphere and ambiance. I remember that even the "Gang of Four", who played in that same place around that time, somehow got "lost". That music was meant to be presented in a different, more personal way , not in the fucking sports arena.

Do you think that Pekinska Patka was misunderstood at the time by the public and music journalists?

Well, when "Strah od monotonije" was recorded I was barely seventeen. Naturally I enjoyed all the publicity that Pekinska Patka had. I was proud of myself and I didn't give a fuck about people's opinions. Whoever said something bad about us, I considered them to be stupid . Sometimes that made me mad, but it did not happen that often, 'cause I was doing my best and that was honest and that's what's important.

What brought the band to an early end and what happened to the rest of the members?

Conta received "the ugliest of all the letters" (a draft notice) and he had to go for a year. That's it. Mare (bass) started his own band, Cila (drums) started practicing some new age rituals, and I formed "Luna", the band which meant even more to me than Pekinska Patka did.

THE UNSEEN

MRR: Boston seems to have a huge scene these days with only a hand full of bands and no venues. What happened to places like the Rat and the Middle East?
Mark: Well, the scene is huge in Boston. It's starting to get a little smaller but it's still great. The Rat was sold for over a million dollars. The owner was just tired of doing the club thing. He had been doing it for 26 years. It hurt to see the Rat go. It was where all of the bands played in Boston, both local and international. I booked the Discocks and Tom and Boot Boys there a few years back.
MRR: Do you think the scene will maintain without bands having any place to play?
Mark: It has hurt our scene because we have to play different places all of the time and kids sometimes can't find the shows. I think that it's kind of good in a way because it seems that the real punks are sticking it out and the posers are giving up and going away.
MRR: Who are some of your favorite local bands?
Mark: There are a few great bands in Boston. A Global Threat is awesome. I was in the band but I left a few months ago to spend more time on the Unseen. Also Toxic Narcotic, The Statistics, Cops and Robbers, and A Poor Excuse. All of those bands are our friends, we support each other any way we can.
MRR: You've been around for a few years now, when did the band start? Have there been any line-up changes?
Mark: The band started in 1994 with me on drums, Tripp on guitar, Scott on bass and our first singer who was kicked out after six months and replaced with Paul. The four of us have been together for almost 6 years. Paul left the band for personal reasons for about six months, then came back. While

Paul was out, our friend Chainsaw joined but then left shortly after Paul rejoined.

MRR: What inspired you to start the band and what are some of your main musical influences?

Mark: We started the band for something to do. Our influences differ a lot from member to member. Some influences are Conflict, the Exploited, the Misfits, Samhain, Black Flag, the Clash, the Last Resort and the Business to name a few. There are so many different bands that have influenced us, but we try not to limit ourselves to any one style of music. I think it shows in our music, we have three different people who sing and write in the band.

MRR: What are your main lyrical influences? Have they changed over the years?

Mark: My lyrical influences have always been personal issues or stuff that pisses me off. Paul used to write more political stuff like "What Are We Waiting For" and "Goodbye America," but we are trying to get away from that stuff now. How many times can we sing about the police or fighting the system? We haven't sold out or changed much we are just a little older now.

MRR: You have several releases out now on several different labels. Which are your favorite releases and which labels did you enjoy working with most?

Mark: We worked with VML Records first and they screwed us. We did a compilation track for Step One Records in England and that went well. We did a track on a GMM comp and that seems to be ok. A-F Records (Anti-Flag's label) did a repressing of our first album that was originally released on VML and then did our second album. They have been great to us. We are looking into a few new labels now like Punk Core We haven't done anything with them yet but Dave is starting to help us out a lot with promotion. We are going to record a new seven-song CD-EP for Punk Core soon. Probably when we return home from Japan.

MRR: What were some of the most memorable shows/moments during your tour of the USA with the Casualties and Violent Society last summer?

Mark: That tour was the best tour that we've ever had. There were so many good times, but the best show was probably at the Whiskey A-Go-Go or the Showcase Theatre, both in California. Other highlights were New York and Boston. Another fun time was when we stayed this guy's house and his parents came home and found twenty punks sleeping all over their house. They flipped out and called the cops. That kid probably got his ass kicked by his old man.

MRR: Do you have plans to tour the USA again in 2000?

Mark: Yes but we're not sure when. We want to go back to the West Coast and we'd like to go to Europe this year. We're heading off to play Japan in July! We're all really excited about it. now.

We've heard that it's a great country to tour and they have a really great scene there. We know Nori from Tom and Boot Boys, we booked an American tour for them and the Discocks a few years back.

MRR: Who booked the Japanese tour and where will you be playing?

Mark: Nori from Tom and Boot Boys booked the tour. I'm not sure where we're playing yet. We haven't gotten all of the dates yet. I know we'll be playing Tokyo and Sapporo so far.

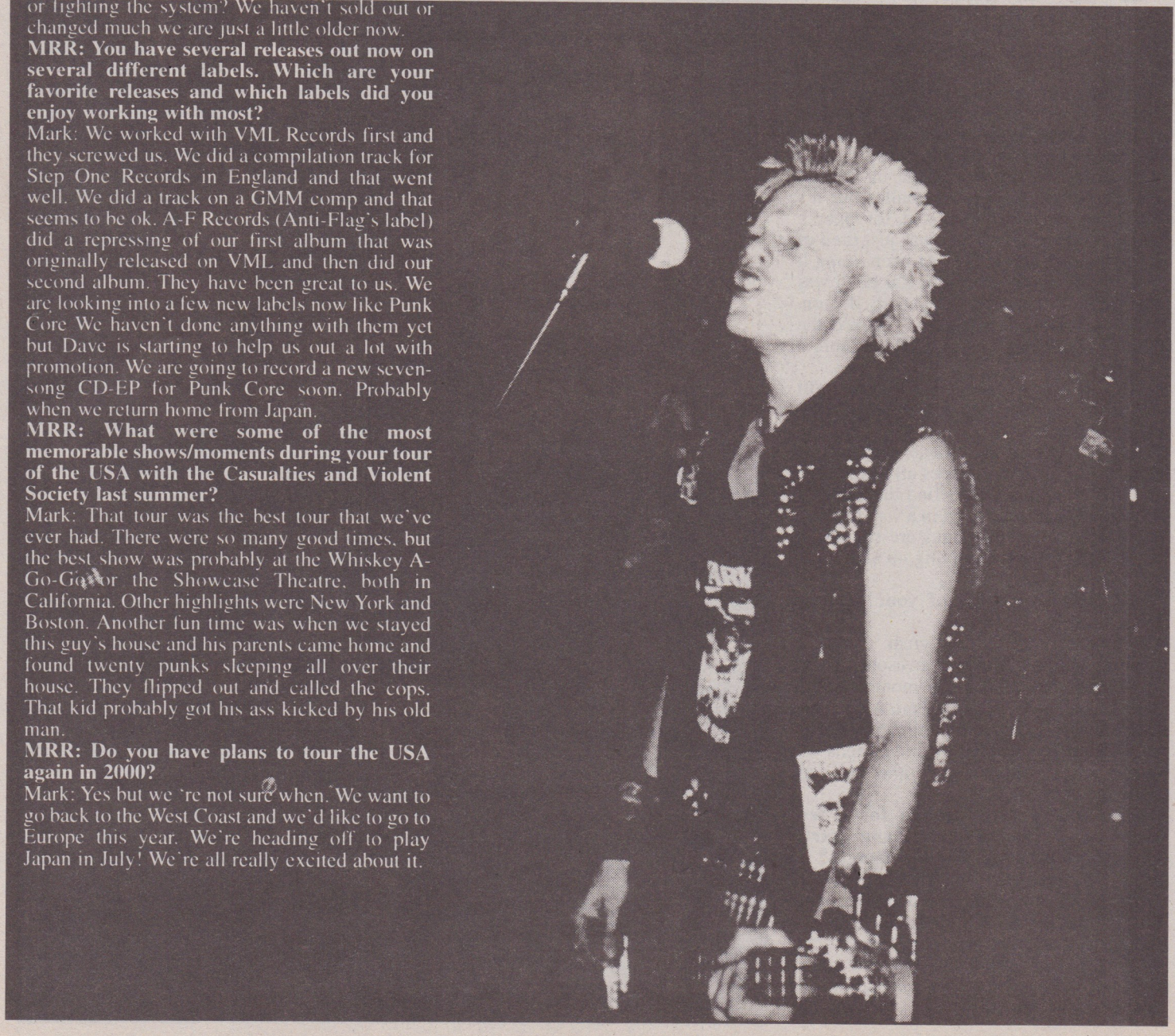
MRR: After the Casualties, you're probably the most popular American pogo punk band in Japan. How have you managed to develop such a large following even though you haven't had much promotion or distribution in Japan?

Mark: We did a split 7" with Tom and Boot Boys on their Pogo '77 label, so that helped to get us a lot of exposure there. A lot of Japanese kids came over to the USA for the Discocks and Tom and Boot Boys tour a few years back. They liked us a lot and helped spread the word about us when they got back to Japan.

MRR: Any last thoughts?

Mark: Thanks to everyone who has supported us over the years, all of the American, European, Japanese punx and skins and everyone else! Come see us in Japan, Write to us at this address:

The Unseen
270 Central Street
Hingham, MA 02043, USA.



Interview by: Patrick Buritt

dementia thirteen

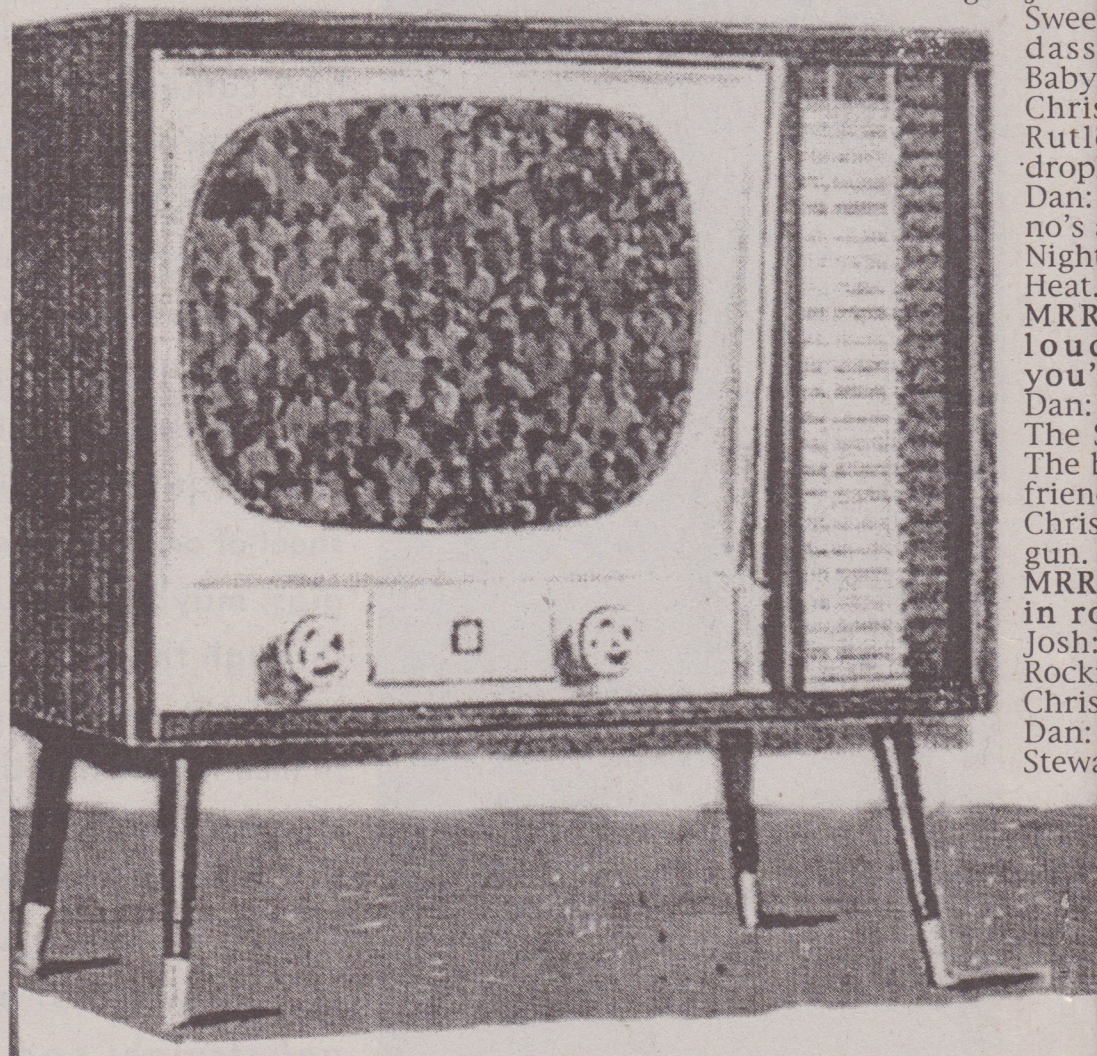
Things were getting too hot around these parts. I got the call at 4 in the morning, Dirty Dan was in trouble. I woke up my roommate Josh Styles. He knew the shit had come down to the wire. I didn't overhear their conversation but I knew the outcome. By 8 o'clock the next morning we were meeting up with the lieutenant, Chris at the airport. His vintage 60's flight bag overflowing with junk and his hair a mess. The sweat was dripping onto Dan's black leather jacket. I didn't know if it was the sheet of acid he just swallowed or the customs pigs, maybe both. Josh confidently lead us through the gates. All eyes were on us. Maybe it was our outfits or maybe they knew in their hearts that they were witnessing one of the greatest rock and roll bands ever. All was good, in an hour our plane was on it's way to Morocco. After the in-flight showing of halloween III and a few drinks, Dan got straight and it was then I knew these unsung heroes of rock and roll needed to be heard.

So these are their words.

This is their noise.

They are Dementia Thirteen.

MRR: What's the wildest night you've had as a band?
Dan: On tour we went through Yellowstone and got stuck in a blizzard.
Josh: Yeah, it was summer so we only had t-shirts on.
MRR: What was the best night on tour?
Josh: Long Beach was the most interesting.
Chris: They still circle pit on the West Coast.
Dan: Long Beach was great.
MRR: Do you think people plan how they will dance before they go to shows?
Josh: Definitely.
Chris: People plan how they dress, how they dance, who they are going to be.
Josh: We want no connection with that shit, just go out and have a good time.
Dan: We want no connection with anything.
MRR: Do you feel you're part of the NY scene?
All: Definitely not.
MRR: What if the "in" scene was suddenly down with you guys?
Josh: That would be fine by us but the thing is that with scenes all the bands usually sound the same. We think that band's with similar ideas don't have to stick to such a strict blueprint.
Chris: It wouldn't be fun to play a show with bands that sound just like us.
Dan: We don't really sound like a lot of other band's because we combine so many different elements of rock n roll.
MRR: When you started what bands or sounds did you try to emulate?
Josh: We've been together about three and a half years. We have been through three drummers and two guitarists. When we started it was a lot different.
Dan: When I joined it was a lot more straight forward punk, but it still had a garage sound.
Josh: We weren't really productive until Dan joined. That's when we started playing and writing a lot more.
Chris: Before that we were just fooling around really. I think we realized that we weren't going to get serious with the people we were playing with.
MRR: How would you describe your sound?
Chris: Frustrated rock n roll.
MRR: When do you think punk started?
Josh: I don't think there is a fixed point.
Chris: It's an attitude.
Dan: Rock n roll is punk.
MRR: What would you hope your music would make someone feel?
Dan: Hopefully it would make someone break down in their head the stereotypes about punk music, or just music period.
Josh: About how music should be about raw emotions and feelings



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Josh: About how music should be about raw emotions and feelings not how you look or are marketed.

MRR:What non musical influence do you have?

Josh: Chris is a farmer.
Chris: I'm definitely influenced by organic farming, but I'm not sure how much that rubs off on the band.
All: Ha, Ha, Ha

MRR: What are your favorite movies?

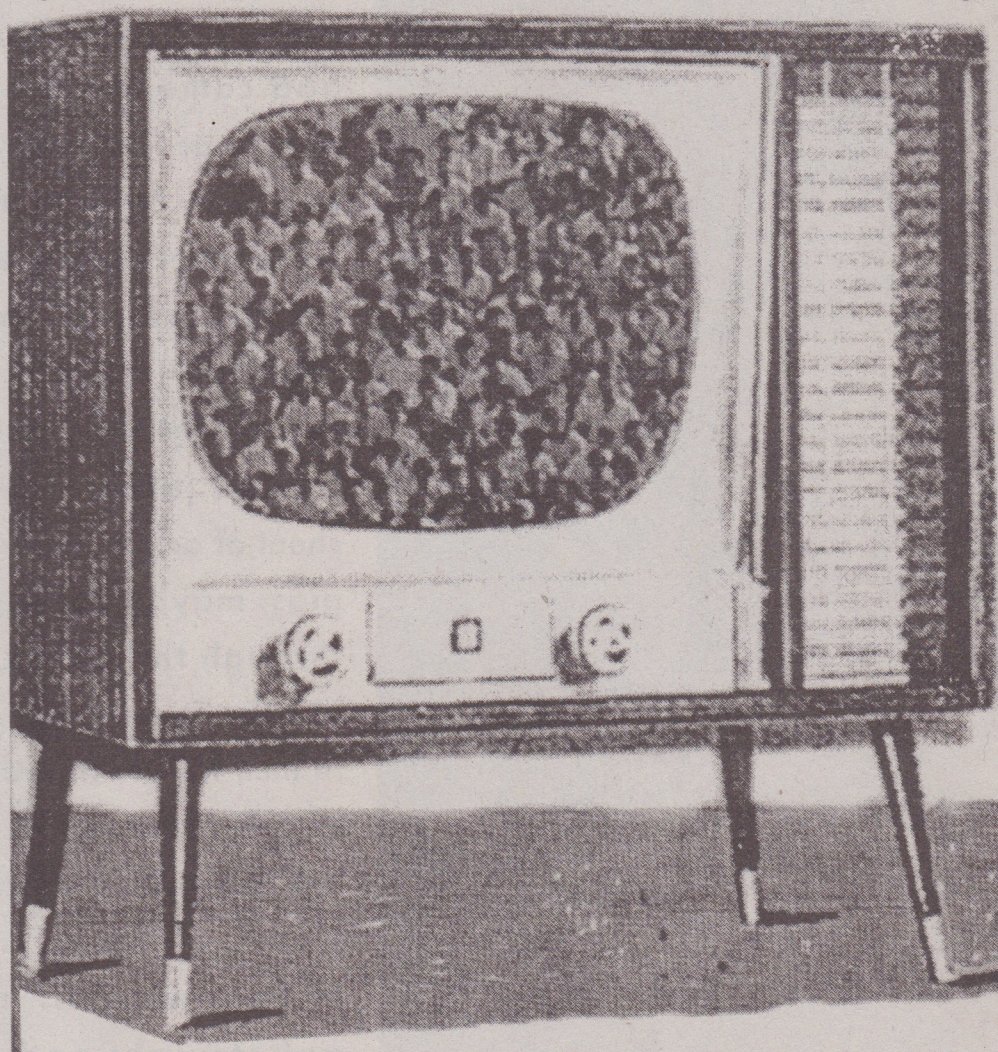
Dan: Texas Chainsaw Massacre, Kiss Meets the Phantom of the Park and Evil Dead.
Josh: O Lucky Man, Sweet Sweetback's Badasss Song, Spider Baby.
Chris: Blow-Up, The Rutles and Quadrophenia.
Dan: My favorite porno's are Taboo, Ladies Night and Hippies in Heat.

MRR: What's the loudest sound you've ever heard?

Dan: Kiss on the Hot In The Shade tour. Josh: The bomb me and my friend Jason built.
Chris: My uncles shotgun.

MRR: Coolest name in rock n roll?

Josh: Noddy Holder, Rockin Robin Roberts.
Chris: The Ox.
Dan: Rod "the mod" Stewart.



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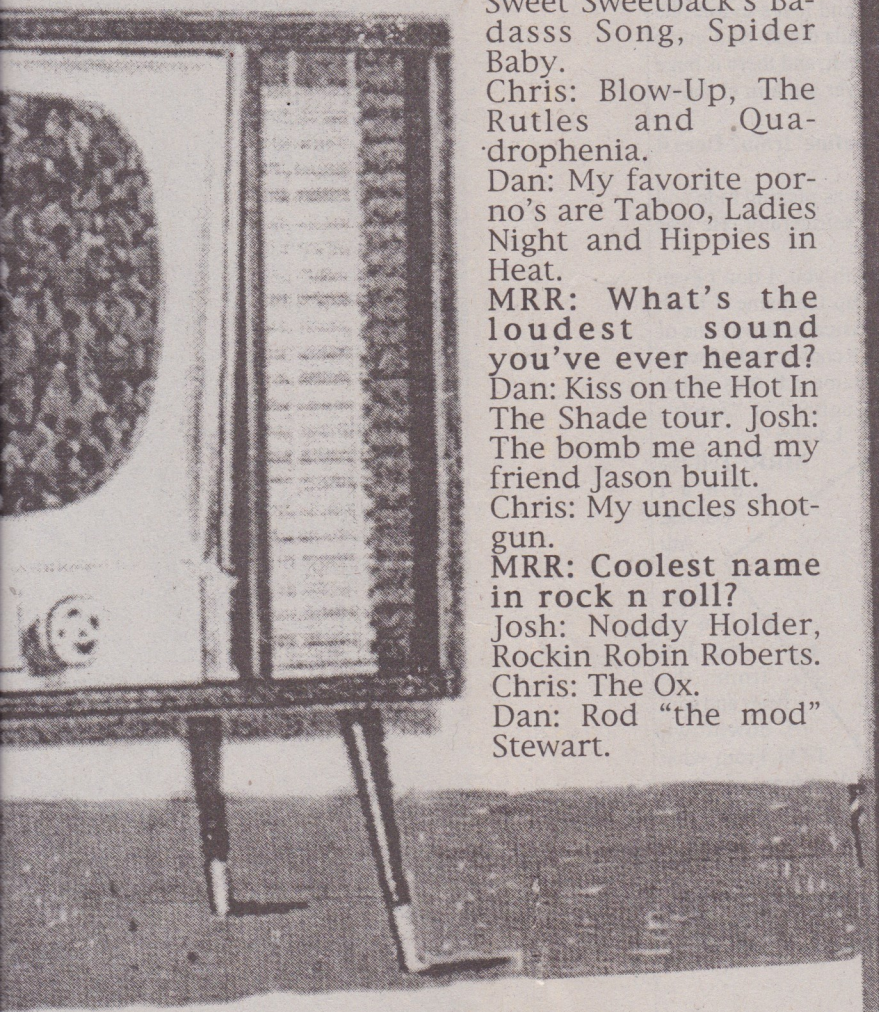

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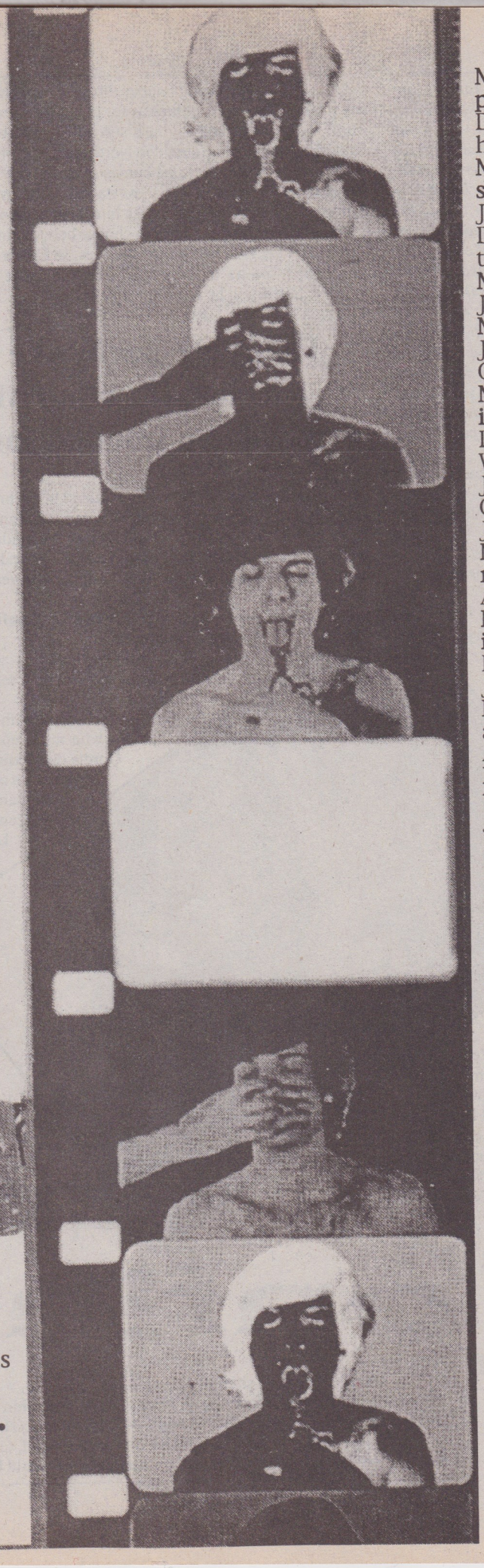

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MRR: What happens to homeless people when they die?

Dan: They get reincarnated as skinheads.

MRR: Why does acid kill rock stars?

Josh: It doesn't.

Dan: It makes them our spiritual fathers like Sky Saxon.

MRR: Was Serge sexy?

Josh: Serge Gainsbourg?

MRR: Yeah.

Josh: Of course.

Chris: Hell yeah.

MRR: Who is the nastiest guitarist, dead or alive?

Dan: Link Wray, Ace Frehley, Ron Wood.

Josh: Eddie Phillips.

Chris: Definitely Eddie Phillips.

Josh: Marc Bolan.

MRR: What's more important, rhythm or melody?

All: Rhythm.

MRR: What do you think of buying CD's off the T.V.?

Dan: CD's are a waste of time.

Josh: Support vinyl.

MRR: Have you ever slept with anyone famous?

All: No.

MRR: What do you think of retarded punk bands?

Josh: As in mongoloid? I've never heard of one.

Dan: Anything but Christian punk.

MRR: What do you do outside the band?

Chris: I'm an organic farmer, I collect records, and I'm interested in the Spanish Civil War.

Dan: I work construction, collect records and ride my three wheeler.

Josh: I collect records, do graphic design, work at Norton Records and D.J. at Shout! in NYC.

MRR: Plans for the future?

Josh: Play more shows, put out more records.

Chris: Play around the country, go to europe.

MRR: Any final comments?

Josh: We have a new 7" coming out on Smilin' Bob records in chicago and we are

putting out a comp 7" with us, the Panic Buttons, The Hecklers and Bob City.

For more info. contact: ZODIAC RECORDS #88 Cooledge Dr, Brewster, NY 10509

Confine

It was a few years ago, when I was doing a radio show at York University, that Sparkie came into the studio one night. I was stoked because I would rarely get phone calls, let alone visitors, and a visitor that knew anything about hardcore was extra special. After that night, without fail, Sparkie and his friend Matias would show up every Tuesday and hang out. We learned a lot about each other's scenes. In the summer of that school year, Sparkie's band came up and performed live on the radio show. The song "Beginning of the End" stayed with me. They come from Oakville, a safe suburban place on the outskirts of Toronto, where a lot of kids find out about punk rock and drop out once they have grown out of it. That's not to say that the 'ville is full of posers, because there are some real committed folks, but more often than not, stories from Oakville revolve around who has dropped out. CONFINE are lifers. They have two CD releases out and are working on new material. They play catchy sXe that gets into the mosh while refraining from the metal. They are generally good kids with a bent towards having fun. Their shows are always nuts. Fun shows are hard to come by in a scene—like Toronto's—that's full of skeptics. Interview by Stephen Perry.

MRR: Who is in the band and what instruments do you play?

Sparkie: Andy is the Latvian drumming sensation, Mike is the pretty-boy bass player, Neil is the Native guitarist, Gordie is the dirty guitarist and I'm Sparkie—I have the conch.

MRR: How did you all meet? How did the band form?

Andy: I was actually introduced to the band through various people and I was the last to join, in the summer of '98.

Neil: About three and a half years ago, there were these two little kids who went to shows and didn't really know anyone—Me and Mike. There was this other group of kids, who were like the cool guys of the scene. One of them happened to be Gordie Ball. He was playing with a band called ENTER THE DRAGON. They had a sad ending, leaving Gordie Ball without a band. He was left grabbing the mic during different bands' sets and asking for people who knew how to play "open E". He then decided to tackle Mike and force him to sing in a band with him. Mike had a different idea in mind. Me and Mike had been best friends since like grade one, and I had been playing guitar for a long time. Mike started playing bass in grade 7. So, naturally, Mike wanted to play bass in a band and surely enough, he said "my friend Neil plays guitar," so I met Gordie and thought he was a total asshole. But then I began to like him. Our first practice consisted of Gordie, Mike, and me in Mike's basement. We wrote our first song. For a long time, we didn't have a singer or a drummer. We found Darryl after three months of searching. He was this metal kid that Gordie knew for the longest time. After trying one singer, we could see that he wasn't really into it. Then we found Spark (not really, he was in ENTER THE DRAGON before). From then on the band was me, Mike, Gordie, Spark and Darryl. After about two years of not practicing, playing shows, or writing songs, CONFINE fell into a slump. This is the time when Darryl decided to travel to Montreal to pursue his education. Once again, we had no drummer. We soon started practicing again with this really nervous kid who didn't really like us. This kid that we knew introduced us, but he started to get into it and so did we. This is the CONFINE that you see today; except minus Gordie 'cause he just quit.

MRR: Why is Gordie leaving the band?

Sparkie: Gordie's a weird kid. He came to us at the end of January telling us he isn't coming on tour this summer. This will sound weird but it's true: Gordie is notorious for climbing trees; you name it, he'll climb it. Anyway, one day he's surfing the web or whatever, and he finds that there's some circuit in North America for tree climbing, with prize money and shit. So he comes over one day all crying and shit (this happens a lot, he's always "wawawa I broke my shoe lace, wawawa I dropped my hot dog") so we ask him what's wrong. He says he's at a point in his life where he has to choose between his two loves, music and trees. I knew of his passion for trees, so I knew it would be time to part ways. So as of March 5, 2000, Gordie Ball, founder of XCONFINEX will be leaving the band.

They play catchy sXe that gets into the mosh while refraining from the metal.

Neil: Gordie got a new job which wouldn't allow him to tour this summer. So, since we are a band that wants to tour and loves to tour, he kinda quit/got kicked out, but voluntarily. It's kinda dumb. So I guess we're gonna be looking for a new guitarist. Oh yeah, and there is huge beef between us and Gordie. That's why you never see him at shows anymore.

MRR: Where did you get the name 'Confine' from? Does it have any significance?

Sparkie: When Neil was five he was playing hide and seek in a dump and hid in a refrigerator. He was "confined."

Neil: To be honest with you, I don't even know who made up the name. I think Gordie did. Basically, it was one of those pick a cool-sounding word type names. It was either "Confine" or "Jacob's Ladder."

MRR: Tell me about Oakville.

Andy: I couldn't tell you. I'm from the heart and soul of downtown T.O.! From what I understand, it's a bland white picket-fenced suburban shithole.

Sparkie: Ahhh, Oakville. A great place to raise kids. Oakville is probably the picture perfect example of what suburbia should be. It's safe, clean, full of rich people. If Oakville was bombed, Canada's economy would be in ruins, but I'm sure many people would be very happy.

Neil: Oakville is kinda boring and it is like 95% white. But other than that, it's a really good place to raise kids. There's not a lot of trouble, and kids are normally OK. Except for those white "thugs." They make up 55% of the population. Just a bunch of degenerates thinking they're tough and ghetto when their biggest problem is deciding which car to drive. It's kinda sad if you think about it. Living hard is cool. Whatever. It makes no sense. Oakville is a town that is rich as fuck, but Mike and I live in the normal middle class areas. Gordie and Spark live in the rich ass areas, but they have normal-sized houses. It's just that the land is worth so much because it's "old" Oakville. Some of the houses here are disgustingly huge. It makes me sick. Overall though, Oakville is a good place to live and I'm happy that my parents decided to move here and raise our family.

MRR: Tell me about some of the bands from there.

Sparkie: Hmmm, I know there were some notable punk bands from Oakville in the '80s, but I was just a puppy and knew nothing of punk music. As far as I know, the first hardcore band from Oakville was SUN STILL BURNS. That was in 1992-94. After that, there wasn't much going on until 1996-ish. That's when ENTER THE DRAGON formed and destroyed all. In the last few years, the big bands from the 'ville are SPREAD THE DISEASE, MAHARAJ, and shit. It's hard to say from 'Oakville' because really the 'scene' is Oakville, T.O., Mississauga, Brampton, Burlington, Hamilton...well, pretty much all areas north and west of Toronto. If you see it as that then you have CHOKEHOLD, GRADE, NEW DAY RISING, LEFT FOR DEAD, and dozens of other bands that are pretty big. I just don't want to name them all. .

Neil: There aren't really any bands from Oakville anymore. I think MAHARAHJ is on a break or something, and SPREAD THE DISEASE broke up. There was this wicked band called SUN STILL BURNS. Oh and there is a wicked ass band called JERK CIRCUS. They're total pop punk and they are amazing. Really talented. They get mega props from me. Email me if you want some of their stuff. That's about it really. Oh, and there's a brand new band called the PETTIT PROJECT. Our boy Shawn plays drums. I haven't really heard much, but the play a sort of WEEZER-ish type pop-punk sound. Hella good.

MRR: Tell me about the places to play in Oakville.

Sparkie: Well, there used to be shows right downtown at the Masonic Temple, but not anymore. The main place is the YMCA. They've been super awesome to everyone over the years, and pretty much never complained about any of the shit that typical HC/punk kids do to ruin venues. But like I said before, there are tons of shows around here outside of Oakville—in fact shows are rarely in Oakville anymore. The only people who usually do them out there are Hoibak and Neil's brother James, who've actually done an awesome job of putting on really good shows. I'd say most shows are in Toronto now. Mike Haliechuk does a lot of shows and they're usually at the JCC or Who's Emma. And Ewan has done an incredible job of bringing tons of bigger bands that probably would have ended up skipping over Toronto. He usually has hook-ups at clubs like Cathedral/Reverb, Horseshoe Tavern, and some other places. So as a whole 'scene', and I didn't even touch on a bunch of other areas, there's no shortages of places to play.

Neil: Also, the Oakville Arena is pretty cool.

MRR: What's it like being a band from Oakville?

Andy: To tell you the truth, I'm embarassed to be mentioned in the same sentence as Oakville (yeech!).

Sparkie: To be honest I don't really think about it in the sense in which I think you're asking. We don't go around being all, "Yeah! Confine! Oakville!" because there really isn't much of a scene there anymore, or anything to 'represent'. I mean, sure there are shows and a few bands from there, but for a couple years it was Oakville, Mississauga and Burlington that were the main source of kids and bands in Southern Ontario, but that's pretty much all gone now. It seems as though everyone's "grown up", or just doesn't have the time for it anymore. I think we just think of it as a place where we're all from, nothing much more.

Neil: It's alright. Like anywhere else. Except for some reason we get a lot of heat because we're from a rich town. That is fucking bullshit. Everyone in our band is hard-working, and pays their own way. Everyone has a job. I've paid for every piece of equipment that I use. And then these "hardass" thugs from the "inner city" try to tell me that Mommy and Daddy bought my equipment. That's bullshit. I paid for it all and I always let other people use it. People just have to open their eyes and realize that not everyone from the suburbs relies on their parents. I mean sure, my parents are amazingly supportive, and they help me out sometimes, but they know what hard work is, which is why they want me to pay for my own stuff. So fuck everyone who thinks we're a free-loading suburb band because we've probably worked just as hard as any band out there, if not harder.

"For some reason we get a lot of heat because we're from a rich town."

MRR: Do you consider yourself an Oakville band or a Toronto band?

Andy: Toronto 100%! If we considered ourselves to be an Oakville band, we'd be like the FINGER 11 (RAINBOW BUTT MONKEYS) or another one of those white-boy loser bands.

Sparkie: Hmmm, I moved to Toronto and Andy's from T.O. too, but originally the whole band was from Oakville, so I pretty much consider us to be from Oakville.

Neil: Both. The scene in this area used to be mainly in the suburbs, but then that completely died down. Then it started to get bigger in the city (Toronto) and more kids started going to shows out there. So basically we are both a Toronto and an Oakville band. And to anyone who tries to tell us that we're not 416 and just 905, fuck them. There is a sort big deal about the 416 - 905 thing (416 is Toronto, 905 is Oakville). If you ask me, area codes are bullshit.

MRR: Do you have any extra-curricular punk activities (zines, websites, etc)?

Sparkie: Well, as of late me and Neil have been doing free workshops on skanking and the art of the floppy hawk. We both feel as though the floppy hawk (a mohawk that doesn't quite stand up like it should) doesn't get enough recognition within corporate America. This is why we hold our seminars out front of places such as the Toronto Stock Exchange building and the Q-West Building at 168 Simcoe Street.

Also, Gordie does a page that has to do with fecal sex. The address is www.pooponmydink.com. Free advertising is great. That's about it.

MRR: Does Neil's brother do the Southern Ontario hardcore website?

Sparkie: Yeah, last May, James put on a fest in Oakville to raise some money to pay for www.sohc.org—a site dedicated to Southern O Hardcore. It has all band listings, venues, upcoming shows, pretty much everything that's going on here. So anyone from around here support it by checking it out because it's there for you, and anyone that wants to know what punk/hardcore stuff is going on around here should also take a look.

MRR: Can you tell me about the site? How long has it been going for? What's on the site? What is the URL?

Neil: I think he is combining alliances with ontariomusic.com and they're gonna make huge things in the future like an online store for Southern Ontario bands. It'll just make things easier for bands like us that aren't made from connections. Check out his stuff at sohc.org or www.not-applicable.com (that's his own web page)

MRR: Sparkie, are you doing a zine on a regular basis? What was the zine that you were going to use the GRADE interview in?

Sparkie: Nooo, maybe one day I'll put one together again, but for now I'm too tied up between school, work, and the band. It was a lot more work than I had anticipated, and I felt my slacker attitude was letting down my partner XRob FocusX, so we kinda both reached the conclusion this wasn't going to happen right now. Yeah, I was going to use that GRADE interview for *xFocusx* but I think you'll agree a certain band member made it lean a little towards the lame side. I actually did another interview with them which was even worse, but that was my fault because all I did was ask nerdy questions about SUN STILL BURNS and INCISION. Damn, now that you've got me thinking about it, I want to do it again. One day.

MRR: What's the fixation with "Stone Cold Steve Austin?"

Andy: Wrestling is lame.

Sparkie: Well, not many people know this, but Stone Cold began his career waging war on the high seas. He was a pirate in the Caribbean. He attained a large cult following and began doing on shore self-help seminars. The success he gained eventually caught the eye of WWF frontman Vince McMahon. Stone Cold actually started out his early wrestling days as "Stone Cold Steve the Pirate", eventually changing his name to the more popular "Stone Cold Steve Austin". As to why he is so popular, I think that it is because in many ways the life of a pirate is very attractive to the average 18 year old sexually confused male.

MRR: What do you sing about?

Sparkie: Hmmm, well, when I started out, I told myself I wasn't going to be one of those people who just writes songs about a whole bunch of shit they don't know anything about. Basically what I'm saying is, I'd rather write all my songs about personal things and be 100% honest about it and with myself than to write political songs because that's what's 'cool' and it be 100% bullshit. Initially the songs were pretty personal, and dealt with things that had gone on in my life. But then I didn't get dumped for two years, so I had to find something new to write about. We don't consider ourselves a political band, but I do have strong viewpoints on a lot of issues. I just have a problem with the whole political thing in hardcore and how people think if you don't stand up there with a fucking ten minute speech on the revolution then you have nothing to say. Tons of bands have been able to get a message across without talking down to people—just take Chokehold and Seven Years War, for instance. I think I've made about three whole 'political' (if you'd even call it that) speeches the whole time I've been in this band. I know I'll talk about things that I feel must be addressed when the time comes, but I feel like the people who listen to us don't feel like being told how to live their lives and have some agenda fed down their throats. I think looking into lyrics and discussing them with people or me is more effective than having someone dictate their views. I never think my lyrics come across as well as I'd like them to. I've tried to deal with issues like globalization, gaia, and fundamentalism; just things that I've found some sort of personal relation to. But I try to keep a balance between real issues and personal issues because I think it makes the band a little more real if people know we're human and not just these political robots spewing out the latest verses from some book we just read.

MRR: What are some of the titles to your songs?

Sparkie: If you look at the titles, you could probably map out what I was just saying above. Our first songs were: "Search," "14th Day," "Sever," "Mend"— real emo shit. On our last CD: "Misguided," "The Disease," "In the name of..."

MRR: What is your favorite song from a lyrical standpoint and why?

" *I knew* of his passion for trees, so I *knew it* would be time to part ways."

Sparkie: Probably "Death's Head Revisited." It was put on our split with AVARICE two years ago. I had been thinking about the term 'Never Again', something the Western world seems to hold in the highest regard. But then you look at the list of genocides since 1945, and see that we have never acted out against this action which we supposedly condemn. I was looking most recently at Rwanda and basically how the United Nations knew full well of the situation going on there; they were warned and aware of the potential for an extremely volatile situation, and made no precautions. When it was happening they simply acted as though it wasn't as bad as it was being made out to be, until it was too late, and up to a million were dead and millions more displaced. One of the points of the song is about the major flaw of people in power who claim to be against this action, that they think suffering is measured in numbers. Pretty much the gist of what I'm trying to get across is also, especially in the Western world, that unless your country is of political significance to or against mine, I don't give a fuck what goes on within your borders and I am not going to waste my resources on your lives.

MRR: Describe your sound for the uninitiated. (How do you describe yourselves to someone who has never heard you before?)

Neil: Well, this is definitely the hardest question. I think we take the best of like '92-'94 hardcore and mix it with some of the hard influences of today. We play more upbeat hardcore like it was with bands like OUTSPOKEN, and also hard grooving styles like EARTH CRISIS, and then there is moshy type stuff. We're kind of moving away from the open chug and writing mosh riffs that aren't chugs. Personally, I'm beginning to find chug mosh-hardcore repetitive. That doesn't mean that I still don't love bands like HATEBREED. We're into structure. We like songs to have conti-

nuity. I hope that can help pinpoint our sound.

MRR: What bands do you listen to?

Sparkie: I like a lot of heavy stuff—lately I've been listening to IN FLAMES and old EC. My favorite bands are probably most of the New Age bands from '94 like UNBROKEN, OUTSPOKEN, MEAN SEASON, all that schizo. But I also have a sensitive side. Gordie got me into RADIOHEAD a bit, and more mainstream stuff. I've also been listening to is 91.1 FM, some nerdy jazz station for the stuffy types.

Neil: I listen to so much stuff. From GREAT BIG SEA to FARSIDE. It's not any one style of music that I listen to. I listen to music that has talent. I have always been big into music. I started playing classical guitar when I was eight and I play a lot of instruments on the side. It's kind of hereditary. My mom has been playing piano and singing all of her life. My brother has recently got me listening to the CORRS. Anyways, I'm sure people want to know what hardcore I listen to. Two bands that I can think of that have been in my CD player for a long time are HATEBREED and EARTH CRISIS. Regardless of what anyone says, HATEBREED have talent. Everyone knows that style of music can be easily repetitive, which is why I give HATEBREED such respect. They are able to put together amazing songs with structure and make hard riffs without sounding repetitive. I'm sure to anyone who listens to DILLINGER ESCAPE PLAN or something like that, they'll sound repetitive. But then again, who wants to listen to a bunch of riffs? I mean don't get me wrong. DILLINGER is amazing; they are incredible musicians. But structure does lack in their music. All I'm saying is that kids don't open their ears enough when they listen to music. EARTH CRISIS on the other hand, they are probably one of the best bands ever. They play amazing hard music and it's never repetitive and it has the best structures. They have been writing music for like ten years now, and I'm still listening to each record like it's new. They have to be one of the most innovative bands in hardcore. And fuck anyone who says they aren't hardcore. And screw anyone who says that their new stuff is bad because he sings or "raps." If anything, I applaud him for doing that. It takes guts. And plus, they have been doing this for so long. They need to try new stuff to keep kids interested. Basically EARTH CRISIS are incredible musicians and the fact that they're still vegan straight edge puts them over the top.

MRR: Who was the best southern Ontario HC band ever?

Neil: I'd probably have to say CHOKEHOLD, even though I was only around for their demise; you can see how much they did for the scene. Plus, they wrote hard music with a good message. They've always been one of my favorite bands.

MRR: How did the split release with AVARICE come about?

Sparkie: Well, we had been around for just over a year and it was about time that we put out something other than a demo. We were friends with John and Simon from AVARICE and they were telling us how their drummer Brendan and his friend Paul were starting a distro/label called Redstar Records. AVARICE had only been around for a few months then, so they really hadn't broken into the scene yet. We'd been around for over a year and had a little bit of notoriety around here, so really it felt like we were helping each other out. Brendan came to us asking if we wanted to do a split CD. We didn't have any interest from any labels or anything, and it was time we record something, so it really worked out perfect. Unfortunately, AVARICE didn't last after the summer of '98, the summer we put out the split. Despite that Brendan and Paul did an awesome job of getting that CD out, and I really feel that if we hadn't done that split we definitely wouldn't be where we are today, so we owe those guys a lot and they deserve good things.

MRR: How did the *Beginning of the End* CD with onedaysaviour (ODS) come about? How did they come to put out your CD?

Neil: I had known Chris from ODS for a while and he knew about my band; he had just never heard us. I think that he finally got his hand on a split and just e-mailed me and asked if we wanted to do something on his new label. We were stoked about it.

MRR: Do you have any recording plans in the works? What are they and with who?

Neil: Yep. We were originally going to do a split CD with a hard ass band from Montreal called A DEATH FOR EVERY SIN, but the sketchy bastards flaked out on us. I think we're just gonna do a five-song CD or something on ODS. We're hooking up with our boy Freddy Betschen in Buffalo in April hoping to produce the best five tracks we've ever written.

"So fuck everyone who *thinks we're* a free-loading suburb band *because* we've probably worked just as *hard* as any band out there, if *not harder.*"

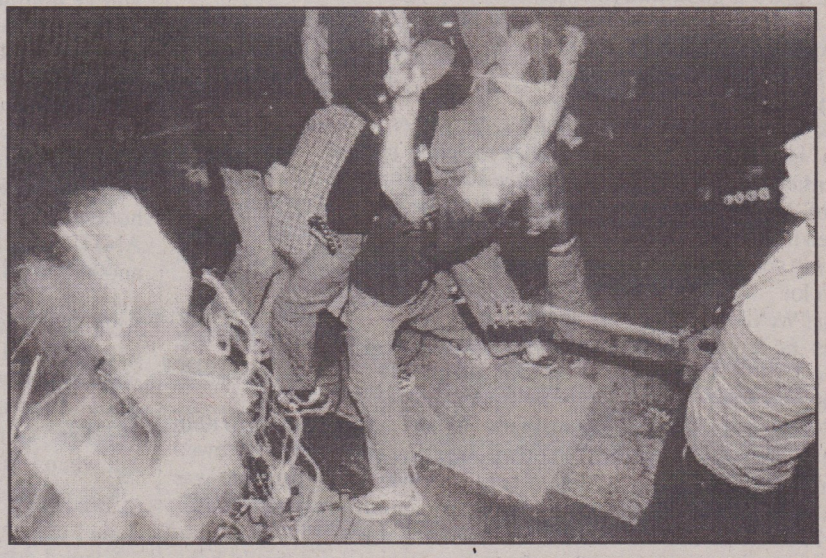
MRR: What are the band's plans?

Sparkie: Right now we're writing new songs for an EP that will hopefully come out early summer. Then we're going to try and tour the East Coast for a couple of weeks in July. Oh yeah, and we need a straight edge guitartist. So we're looking for that too.

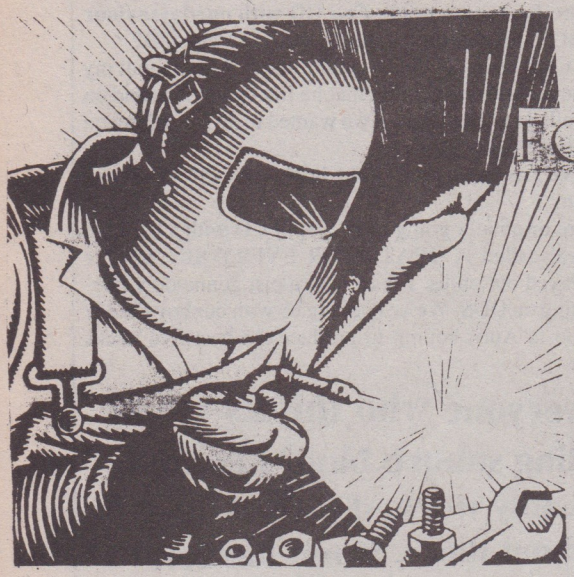
MRR: How can people get in touch with you?

Neil: Other than Sparkie's address mentioned, there's tons of ways to get in touch with us. We're doing a huge update soon on our web page at www.ondaysavior.com/xconfinex. You can get in touch with me personally at xtoughasnailsx@mailcity.com if you have any responses to what I said, or just to say what's up.

Confine



HUDSON FALCONS



WORK FOR A LIVING

INTERVIEW BY:
MIKE WINTERS

MRR:Let's begin by having the band introduce themselves and tell us which instrument they play.
Mark: I play guitar and I sing
Chris: I play guitar and do some backup vocals
Sorenson: I play bass.
Dave: I'm the fill-in drummer.

I understand that your drummer Allison quit the band shortly before the tour. Was it difficult finding a person to learn the songs in the brief amount of time before you hit the road?
Chris: You have no fucking idea.
Mark: We're real lucky as far as having a choice of people. The first two guys on the list that we called were Dave from the GC 5 and Mark from from DC and they were both able to do at least part of the tour with us. It was still tough as far as rehearsing with them for those two weeks and then flying them in and out and busses and renting cars and stuff like that. We were supportive of Allison's decision to leave, she's a good kid. She has certain things that she wants to do with her life which we're 100% supportive of, but it was the timing that could have been a lot better.
Chris: She had real bad timing.

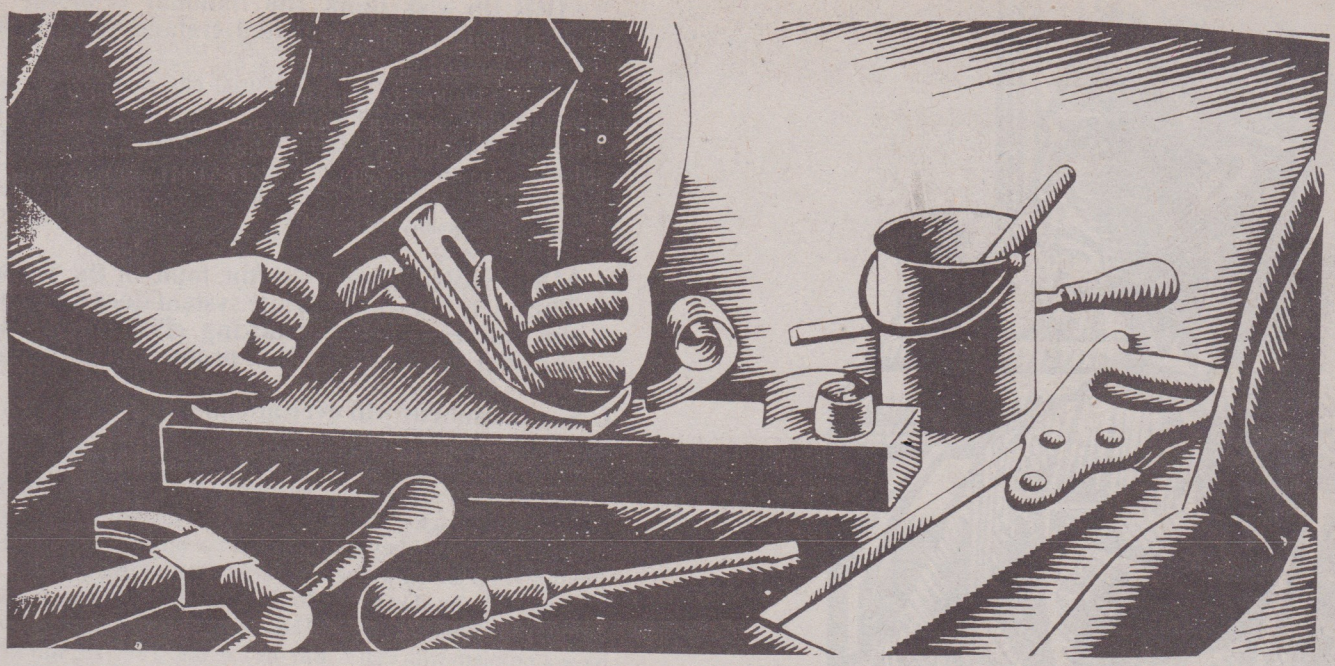
Can we get a brief history of the HUDSON FALCONS?
Mark: I've been trying to put the band together for a while and- I've been lucky having some buddies helping me out, doing some recordings with us, and putting some stuff on some comps that came out of the Northeast. Our first real legitimate bass player, Jim Myer, joined in May 97, Chris joined in November of 97 and then we started playing out when Allison came into the band in May of 98. We played out a lot.
Chris: We like to play. We've had lots of shows.

This is a pretty impressive tour. You guys are hitting over thirty states in about two months. How's the tour going so far?
Chris: We had a lot of problems in the beginning with the van. Within the first four days it had broken down three times and had to be towed three times. $500 later we found out that it was a $10 part that was fucked up that I was able to fix myself. We got off to a rough start.
Mark: Some of the shows were real solid and it has really started to pick up in the last couple of weeks. A lot of people said they'd hook up shows for us and then those fell through. We've been finding out about a lot of that stuff at the last minute. A lot of the young kids out there don't seem to understand where we are coming from. That's fine- we understand- we're a bunch of old men.
Chris: It seems that out west things are a lot more centered on image than we expected it to be. We're a very basic band.
Dave: It's not as bad out west as it is in Cleveland.
Chris: We've still met amazing people. And that's the one thing we've been lucky with all the way through. We've been able to meet handfuls of people in the scene (and people in bands) everywhere we go that make it good.

MRR: So, its been worth your while so far?
Chris: Definitely. This is what we want to do. We'll go out to meet other people and play for people who haven't heard us. We try to make the best of it.
Mark: The idea is trying to win over a different audience every night, and that's challenging. For a lot bands that's the thing they hate about going on the road. They'd rather just play their home town and play in front of 200 people who know them. If they go out on the road and play for 10 kids they say "Hey, we are (whatever) band" -Fuck that! It's about playing for the kids and about winning them over. Doing your craft and writing good songs and being intense and not being full of shit.
Chris: And being willing to play in someone's garage or basement or tool shed or living room.

You're planning on playing the Midwest Oi! fest in Kansas City this month- how did that opportunity come up?
Mark: Every time we go through Kansas City we hook up with the MAIN STREET SAINTS, and they treat us like gold out there. They are good people. Tim also has this zine American Upstart that is one of the best, if not the best zine around. Next to MRR! Does that sound good? (laughter) They did the Oi! fest last year, and they invited us for this year when we were out there this past January. We are very honored to be a part of it, there are a lot of good bands doing it. The ANTI-HEROS are headlining one night, FORCED REALITY another night. The BRASS KNUCKLE BOYS from Indiana are playing. The AUTHORITY, the OI-STERS, and the STAGGERS from Dallas will be there.. A shit- load of good bands are coming

MRR: The HUDSON FALCONS are known to their fans as a working class punk band. What does everyone do for a living?
Mark: I work as a union organizer at the American Federation of Teachers. I am on the road a lot so I'm not doing too much right now, but when I'm home it's what I do.
Chris: I don't know how working class this is but I'm a photographer, and I bust my ass. (laughter)
Adam: I don't have a job right now because I'm on tour. But when I am back home I work my ass off. Dead-end jobs pretty much, I'm actually looking forward to going back to school.
What do you do, Dave?
Dave: I did temp work until I hit the road.
Chris: I will say that when I get home I'm going to try to start my own escort service (laughter) How fuckin' punk is that, fucker? (laughter)
MRR:That's as working class as it gets.



MRR: Mark, what has your first hand involvement with the union taught you about organizing workers and motivating them to pursue the advancement of workers rights?

Mark: That's a good question. As an organizer I always come in at a confrontational part. The boss doesn't want us there, the public school doesn't want us there. You can see how they'll do anything in their power to see that the union doesn't come in. The one thing we always hear is " I'm afraid to talk to the union people. " Well, that's why you need a union, you shouldn't be afraid to talk to anyone. If you are being treated so well that you don't need a union, which is maybe one half of one percent of the workers in this country, (if that much), then you're not going to want the union in there. The management is not going to have to use dirty tricks to prevent us from coming in. That's what makes it interesting, and when you point that out to the workers, they definitely understand. I've been really lucky in organization campaigns that I've done. We're 100% successful with the ones I've worked on. It's a question of right and wrong. You have to go by the whole ideal of workers being people who don't control other people's labor power. They are under management control, so they're workers. A lot of teachers think "Oh, we're too professional to have a union." But, they're workers. There is another organization that calls itself a union when it suits them (NEA). If we're trying to get the same workers, they'll say, " don't go with the AFT, you'll be associated with the Teamsters"! A lot of teachers will back off because of that. In the Northeast there are a lot of places that are very anti-union in the media and among the people. If they see that we can come in and get them better money, better benefits, and the most important thing, more respect, then opinions change. When push comes to shove, most workers want more respect and everything else is secondary. You don't talk down to your workers, you don;t treat them like crap. You treat them like humans and treat them like you'd want to be treated.

MRR: In today's "Street Punk" scene the I.R.A.'s struggle and Ireland in general seem to get romanticized in band's lyrics and artwork. It seems to be very fashionable to be Irish these days. Though your band addresses several political causes on the new album one could argue that the Troubles in Ireland seem to get top billing. Why is this? Do you see any reason to champion the I.R.A's cause over the many other groups fighting against oppression around the globe? How would you respond to accusations that the HUDSON FALCONS are merely jumping on the I.R.A. bandwagon?

Mark: The term I.R.A. " bandwagon " is ridiculous, To be an Irish Republican, and to believe in a united Ireland does not imply you support the I.R.A. John Hume, who won the Nobel Peace Prize in 1998...is from the S.D.L.P which is the biggest vote getter for Irish Republicans in the northern six counties. He believes in a united Ireland, but doesn't go about it in the same way as Sinn Fein and the I.R..A. does. If you listen to our songs, there is no place where we say you should go bomb a building to champion the cause of freedom. The way John Hume does it, you go through political means. You can achieve freedom the way that Jesus, Martin Luther King, or Gandhi would . After 300 years of oppression by a foreign government, freedom for the northern six counties is a very important thing. England doesn't want it to be known world-wide as a war, but it is. There is a nation of people who want to be free. If there are political moves that are made to further that, or war-like moves, I understand that. I do not support a lot of things that happen, but I understand their frustration. Even twenty years ago there were signs that said "No Catholics need apply for job", and the unemployment rate in some Catholic towns is 90 and 95 percent. That's ridiculous. In the North, there's a Protestant majority. The population is 45% Protestant and 39% Catholic. You'd figure the police force would be proportionate to that, but it is not. It's pretty much 95% Protestant to 5% Catholic. The police force is biased, they're all from protestant and loyalist communities. That is why there's a problem.

To move on to another part of your question- Why Ireland and not other things? There are a lot of worthwhile causes out there. There are a lot of liberals who will jump on any cause when it comes around and they don't know their ass from their elbow about any of them. I've been a student of Irish culture for quite some time. I wrote the song "Brendan Murphy"in 1991. I've always been into Irish music and Irish politics. I'm an Irish Catholic, half Irish and half Italian. In the same vein we have a song called "Basque In The Moonlight". The song is about the Basque national struggle in Spain and France. No one gives us crap about that because no one knows anything about it. Human rights are always paramount for us. The two things I concentrate are: First, Labor- that's what I do and I'm going to do it for the rest of my life. Second Ireland. Right now things are in a tumultuous state. As far as the whole peace process in Ireland is concerned, I am 100% for it. When I heard that the I.R.A. was going to give up their weapons I was thrilled. I am wondering what the Loyalists are going to do to undermine that. The Loyalist paramilitary groups, if they give up their weapons, they still have the government on their side. If the I.R.A. gives up their weapons they have nothing on their side. If people want to make this a religious war, that's fine, but it's not about that. It's about a nation of people that want to be free.

and not be under the rule of a foreign government. With the power sharing government the loyalists are in control. I don't have a problem with that, there are more of them, nearly 6% more- they should be in control. But it's critical that people are treated fairly. When people aren't treated fairly, well, you can only get kicked so many times before you are going to fight back.

It's the same issue with Labor. Labor can just sit around and take whatever the bosses give them. "Oh thank you master." Fuck that, we've got to take more control of our lives. It's a question of right and wrong. If you do not believe in freedom and sovereignty for a group of people, you are an idiot. If you don't like the way the I.R.A. specifically goes about things, that makes perfect sense. You don't necessarily have to be an I.R.A. supporter to champion freedom and sovereignty for a nation. I'm going to get my PhD. in Labor and I'm going to have a minor concentration in Irish politics. I can sit and talk about the Gregory Clause in 1848 during the potato famine where the government had plenty of food but wanted to get the land from the Irish people. They said, "Give us your land and we'll give you food." People don't hear about that because everything has gone through the British media. For years, the New York Times, the number one paper in this country, did not have a correspondent in the northern six counties of Ireland. They went by what the London Times said. They forced people off of their land. You don't hear about that, or the Flags and Emblems Act in the northern six counties in the'50s - if you had the Irish tri-colors in what is considered Northern Ireland, you could be arrested. If you are suspected, not charged, but suspected of a terrorist activity, through the Prevention of Terrorism Act you could be detained for two weeks without any charges brought against you. During that time you would routinely be tortured, subjected to sleep deprivation, starvation and dehydration. Does any one hear about that? No, of course not. That's why it's an important issue. That's why I am supportive of a united Ireland and getting the British out. There is always someone who is breaking my balls, "You believe in terrorism". Fuck that! I believe in freedom. I'm proud to be an American. The Bill of Rights is one of the greatest things ever written. Of the ten rights listed in the Bill of Rights, the British have violated seven. But does the U.S. give a shit? No. They don't give a fuck. No one in this country gives a fuck because they don't hear about it. I think if people heard about it and saw what the hell was going on in Ireland something might change. Until then, if someone has a problem with me supporting a united Ireland, they can go fuck themselves.

Dave: There's your answer.(laughter)

MRR:Do you think the national economy is strong enough to sustain a united Ireland should the British leave?

Mark: Belfast is a more industrial city than Dublin is. The Irish Republic does fine, It can get through. Tourism in the Republic of Ireland is one of the biggest money-making industries in the country and that's with a freakin' war going on over the border. Is it going to be as prosperous as with the imperialist British government working it over? Probably not, but what would you rather have? I'd rather have freedom.

MRR:Switching gears to the topic of the working class. The current U.S. economic system does not have in mind the interests of the working class. What would you consider a solution to this problem and do you feel the U.S. government will ever adequately meet the worker's needs?

Mark: Big business is intertwined with government, and the interests of big business are not the interests of workers. I think that most moderates will agree with that. If a company will ship jobs overseas or down to Mexico they shouldn't get tax breaks. NAFTA, the GATT and the WTO are all trying to take jobs out of this country. If a lot of jobs were going down to Mexico and the Mexican workers were making the same wages as U.S. union workers were, I wouldn't have a problem with that. But they're not. They are still making shit wages. There is this product being made that used to be made for $20 an hour in the US and now it's going down to Mexico and they're paying the workers $2 an hour. So they're saving $18 an hour on this product. Has the price of the product to the consumer been lowered? No, it hasn't happened. Where is this money going that they're saving on labor? In the boss' fucking pocket This is a bunch of crap. Keep jobs in America, or be fair and straight and ensure better working conditions overseas, and in Central America and Mexico. Take Disney, who owns half the media in the country. They have child labor in Haiti. Child labor is one of these things...you can disagree with a lot of my ramblings, but if someone thinks that it is ok for a ten year old to make a quarter an hour doing work, they should be taken out and shot. If you believe in child labor, you are not human, you're just a piece of shit. If it was widely known how much Disney exploits children, there would be an outcry about it, but since they own the media, you are not going to see it on ABC. That's just one example and I could give you a thousand.

MRR:That leads into my next question. I recently saw Kathie Lee Gifford on television defending herself against the accusations of her clothing line being made in sweatshops. Do you think that it takes a celebrity like Kathie Lee being associated with this issue to bring it to national attention ?

Mark: She says everything is fine and she didn't know about it. She knew enough to take the money that her company was making. She should be held responsible. The ultra-right-wingers, constantly complain about blacks on welfare saying " they should be responsible for what they do". Well, business leaders should be responsible for what they do. If a white guy in Appalachia, or a black man in Oakland or a Latino in San Francisco is cheating on welfare- let's say they are screwing the government out of $10,000. Kathie Lee Gifford is making millions off of kids working. Kids who should be in school but these countries can't have them in school, and these kids have to work and make their quarter an hour. That's thousands of childrens lives and it is her responsibility to know that is going on. What has Nike been doing since all of this information about child labor has been coming out? A lot of these companies don't do shit, they don't care because they are making their money. There will be people who will carry signs, but when they actually have to not buy their Nike sneakers they say "Well, I'll just buy them this time." Fuck you, that's a bunch of bullshit! That's the problem with a lot of the left in this country. They hold up their banners, they parade around with slogans, but when it's any inconvenience to them, they are going to bail. And

that's a bunch of crap. If you're going to talk the talk, you have to walk the walk.

When you guys aren't at work and not playing in the band, what do you all do for fun?

Sorenson: I read true crime books

Dave: I like to watch TV.

Mark: I'm a huge sports fan.

Chris: I don't know what I do for fun. It seems like I work and play in the band.

Mark: You need a hobby.

Chris: The band was the hobby, now my job has become the second thing and the band is the main thing.

Dave: He reads about Larry Flynt.

Chris: Yeah, I'm reading the autobiography of Larry Flynt, a very avid first amendment rights advocate.

Dave: A damn fine publisher too.

MRR: A lot of great bands have come out of New Jersey, like the WRETCHED ONES, the BRISTLES, THOSE UNKNOWN and NIBLICK HENBANE. Is there much kinship and camaraderie amongst the New Jersey punk bands?

Mark: There are certain bands that we get along real well with, and there are other bands that there seems to be a lot of politics between us and them. THOSE UNKNOWN, BRISTLES, and NIBLICK HENBANE all have played with us a couple of times. The WRETCHED ONES have helped us out tremendously. Headache Records is a very good label- they've been great with us.

Chris: The WRETCHED ONES are one of my favorite bands.

Mark: They're a great band, solid guys, they'd probably be pissed with us for drinking Budweiser instead of Schaeffer.

Chris: Or Pabst

Mark: They are a a working class rock and roll band, just the way it should be.The way they've described it to me is that the band is like their bowling night. "We go out, we have a show, we get drunk." That's great, I can't compliment that enough. There are also a lot of good bands playing in Jersey these days- like the JACKS. They have a 7" out on Haunted Town and a split CD with us on Squigtone Some of the other good bands on Squigtone, which is one of the really great labels in this country, are: SQUIGGY, Oi! SCOUTS, OUTSIDERS BLIND SOCIETY and THREE AGAINST ONE. Most of the time all the Jersey bands help each other out.

MRR: Have any other bars or clubs come around yet to replace the loss of the Pipeline in Newark?

Chris: Nothing.

Mark: No,

Mark: The bars in Clifton treats us great.

Chris: The Loop Lounge is a good bar. There are a couple of good bars within two blocks of each other.

MRR: What would you consider some of the differences between East Coast punk bands and West Coast punk bands? Mark: It really depends on the band.

There are bands on the East Coast that are full of shit and bands that are legitimate. And on the West Coast we've seen the same thing. We've played with some real good bands down south. We love the AUTHORITY. They're real genuine guys. There's no bullshit about them at all, and they get in a lot of trouble for that. And we appreciate that. DISCONTENT is another good band. The GENERATORS played a good set. I don't remember the name of the band that went on at the Showcase in Corona before us. Hey, Chris, what was the name of the band from Oakland that we dug?

Chris: Intrepid AAF!

Mark: They were cool, they were good guys..

MRR:I understand that some of you are big BRUCE SPRINGSTEEN fans.

Mark: That's me.

MRR:What was it about SPRINGSTEEN that drew you in?

Mark: I started listening to him when I was 14 or 15 and I heard the anger that I felt as far as being a working- class kid in Jersey. I like the genuineness and the passion. I've seen him live and the passion that he exudes is what it's about. He's singing for people like us. The way he goes about doing it, a lot of people in the punk scene can't identify with it. But if they gave it a chnce they would, because the essence is exactly the same. That's what we're trying to sing about too but we come across in a little different way.

MRR:You guys have a lot of releases from several different record labels, such as GMM, Final Vinyl, Wicksworld, Headache, Flat, Cyclone and Squigtone. Are you looking for a home at any one label or are you enjoying playing the field?

Chris: I wouldn't say that we are looking for a new home right now, but it is nice to not be monogamous and play the field, so to speak.

Mark: We're a GMM band right now. They did our full length and they help us out when we go on the road, that kind of stuff. Every other label has been great with us. We want stuff out and want to meet people and go play to different audiences and have a good time.

MRR: Besides this current tour that you're on right now what can we look forward to from the HUDSON FALCONS this year?

Sorenson: We've been trying to set up a tour for mid-July to the end of August.

Mark: We don't know what form it's going to take. I know that we're doing three or four of those weeks with the GC 5 from Cleveland. We've also got a split seven inch coming out on Cyclone in July with them. Then we take a month and a half off.

Chris: To work.

Mark: Then we release a split seven inch on Squigtone with the BRASS KNUCKLE BOYS. Then we're going to be on the road from the middle of October to the middle of December.

Chris: We'll be busy.

GRAPHICS:
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ALLERGIC TO WHORES

"Any kind, all types. Not just women,big business whores, suits... Just the definition of a whore in any type of form."

MRR: Why don't you tell me a little bit about how Allergic to Whores first started?
Ray: It was about a year ago, and I was in another band at the time. We had just gotten off of tour for two weeks. I was done with that whole thing and I was looking to start something new. I asked Mike to start playing drums. After about the first practice he was dead set on doing it for good, so we worked on it for about a month. That's when the first tape, *Don't Mess With Texas*, came out, which was pretty much like a demo, because it's not really what we sound like. Mark (bass) wasn't even in the band when that came about.
MRR: You recorded that yourself, right?
Ray: With a four-track. It was released on RubberBand Records. Two weeks afterward, Mark joined the band and we've just been going at it ever since. Once Mark joined the band, we gelled a little a better and got more of the sound of what we are, which is like what came out of the 7".

MRR: We'll cut to the chase: the name. How did that name come about?
Ray: That name came from me, just what it says, Allergic to Whores. Any kind, all types. Not just women, big business whores, suits... Just the definition of a whore in any type of form. I kind of had a daydream of being actually allergic to it, and breaking out in a rash. That's when the whole gas mask logo came into play, 'cause if we're allergic to it, we're gonna have to wear gas masks and stuff. We just kind of came up with this ridiculous idea of all these suits running around and having to wear gas masks.
MRR: It would be the only way to survive on Madison Avenue, then?
Ray: Exactly.
MRR: I understand that Mike does all the artwork.
Ray: Yeah, he does all the inside artwork, all the covers, and stuff like that. Yeah, he's pretty kick-ass with the art.
MRR: I heard some talk that you were going to start incorporating the artwork as an ongoing graphic novel that goes along with the music.
Ray: Well that's what I was explaining, with the suits, like it would take forever to go into the actual story, but I do the writing for it. That's when all of the suits come into play, and the guy (he doesn't actually have a name yet), the gas mask figure, which is on the 7" cover, he's the hero that battles the whores of the world. We're just gonna do a comic book for it.
MRR: So let's get back to the danger. Your name has gotten you into some trouble with some people.
Ray: Yeah, Indiana. I was booking the tour and I gave these guys a call, you know. I said we were looking to play a show in Lafayette, Indiana. I actually forget the guy's name, not that he matters much anyway. He gave me a call back and told me that he took complete offense to the name and to "have fun getting a show in Lafayette." No one in Lafayette would give us a show because he's pretty much the only guy that does shows, I guess. And there's a couple other incidences where a lot of these PC clubs down south that we were trying to get shows at said, "yeah we like the music a lot, but the name is offensive, it's not PC." For whatever reason, they find it offensive. But if you really look at the name, I don't see how you could take offense to it. It's not degrading to women, if that's what they're thinking. If you're a whore, I guess you'd take offense to it. Other than that, I don't see why you would. Do you take offense to it?
MRR Um, well...
Ray: We won't touch that subject. (laughs)
MRR: Only when I'm wearing my short shirt and my nut-hugger short pants. (tee-hee) If you were called Allergic to Rough Trade, then I'd be worried. So when did you first start liking underground rock?
Ray: Uh, I was probably in sixth grade, I'd say, and a bunch of the older kids that were into skating and that type of thing got me into all the punk stuff, of course like the Dead Kennedys and that type of thing. I stayed into it for a long time then I got really turned off when it got to be more of a mainstream type thing. I'm not even going to comment on any bands or that sort of thing, the whole purpose behind it sort of faded away. Pick a punk band, like Bad Brains, who are punk, but then you have MxPx and Blink 182 and they're considered punk. Now it's like such a wide variety of different bands that I think it's lost what it truly meant back when it first started. I always think it's been the good kick-ass punk bands and rock bands and that sort of thing, underground rock. But those big record labels got their paws on it and brought it up, and now everybody sees it and everybody thinks they can call themselves that. I've always liked the rock, some hardcore and noise, but I never liked all of the politics that go along with their scenes.
MRR: So what's the craziest ATW show so far?
Ray: I wouldn't say necessarily anything off- the-wall crazy, 'cause I've seen some crazy bands that have done some crazy shit. But I'd say the last show at the Mantis. We weren't even scheduled to play. The band Full Time was playing and using one of our amps. They got done and asked us to go up and play a few songs. We did, just kind of a big ball of energy let loose onto the crowd, and it was pretty cool.
MRR: Did you get a good reaction?

A couple of years ago, me and my best friend P.P. Envy were spending yet another beer-soaked evening at the Mantis Gallery, right in the heart of historic Kent, Ohio. The last band that played was called CounterClockweyes. They played some rockin' punk tunes but came across as being arrogantly misogynistic to an annoying (and boring) degree. There were some rude words exchanged and that was that. Not quite. I kept running into the bass player (a chronically drunk greaser kid named Ray) everywhere I went. It ended up that Ray wasn't such a bad egg after all. Hell, I would've been inclined to share a bill with CounterClockweyes if they hadn't broken up. Since then, Ray (who hasn't drank in a year, but doesn't mind if you do) has assembled a fine company of musicians who call themselves Allergic to Whores. Along with the band, Ray now runs a recording studio and a label called RubberBand Records. Allergic to Whores' third release, "Simple Minds are Easy to Assemble," should be out by the time this goes to print. You can check out more shit by logging onto http//www.angelfire.com /punk/ allergic.

Ray: Well, I mean regardless of the reaction, for us it was probably the peak, that show, energy-wise, it was just having a good fucking time.
MRR: When I listen to your band I think of older bands like Negative Approach, and especially when Mike sings, I think about Rudimentary Peni. How would you describe ATW?
Ray: That's a good question. I've heard the Negative Approach thing a lot. Uh, I guess you could say like an old school/new school hardcore sound...
Tic Toc Tyler: Say it like a food recipe, that always sounds clever. "Add a dash of..."
All: Ha, ha, ha.
MRR: Give me the recipe for ATW.
Ray: You take a dash of old school, with the new speed of the new school, and you put it together and that's ATW. Actually, that probably is a good description. It's the anger, energy, and values of old school with the total speed of the new school.
MRR: I've noticed that Mike's drumming style reflects that of a lot of the faster pop- punk bands, but it's translated into three chord craziness.

Ray: It's funny you say that, because, with all that pop-punk... Take MxPx, for instance. They've got all that speed on the drums and everything. A lot of younger bands coming up think that speed is everything. A lot of times they go so fast that they lose all of their energy. You can play the drums as fast as you want, but if you don't have the energy behind everything else, it's weak, it's nothing.

MRR: That's the thing I've liked about you guys since I've seen you, you're changing notes in speed with the music. It's not fast like grind-core or anything. But the thing that always kills me on a lot of bands is when the chord changes are slower than the beat. It's in tempo, but it lags.

Ray: It seems to me that they want nice, easy strumming so they can sing real nice and everything. But then they want to be real cool or rough with high-speed drumming. What I mean is, how can you be going so fast on drums and be that pretty with the guitar? That's why I think a lot of energy, or whatever you want to consider it, is lost in a lot of those types of bands.

MRR: ATW didn't play with Fear, but your old band CounterClockweyes did, or at least they were supposed to. I think it's a pretty funny story. Let's hear it!

Ray: We were on tour and we were on our way back through Cleveland, and we had a show with Fear. We were bored, nothing to do, so we were messing around one of the malls, being dickheads. We went into one of those video game exchanges and they had a life size Mario (about as tall as I am) and I was dancing around with it, being a jackass. I went outside with it and I noticed that nobody saw me do it. I figured it would be a pretty good prank to put it around the side on the corner. We left and came back, and realized it was still there. Nobody had noticed it was gone. So we're like, "oh man, that would look really good in the practice space!" So I went and got the van and those guys took it and put it in a shopping cart and wheeled it around. I thought they left it there for me, but they had seen a cop and took off. So I just put it in the van. Next thing I know, there were flashers behind me. Oddly enough, one of the cops thought it was somewhat funny. The rest were just like, "you guys are just a bunch of punks." So then I came to find out that it was worth six hundred dollars, so it was a federal theft. I ended up going to jail, but they gave me a signature bond, and it all worked out in the end. We had plenty of time to play [the Fear show] but the dudes from Fear wanted to be on by 10:30, so we got booted off of the show.

MRR: Your last release and your latest are on Firebrand Records. How's that treating you?

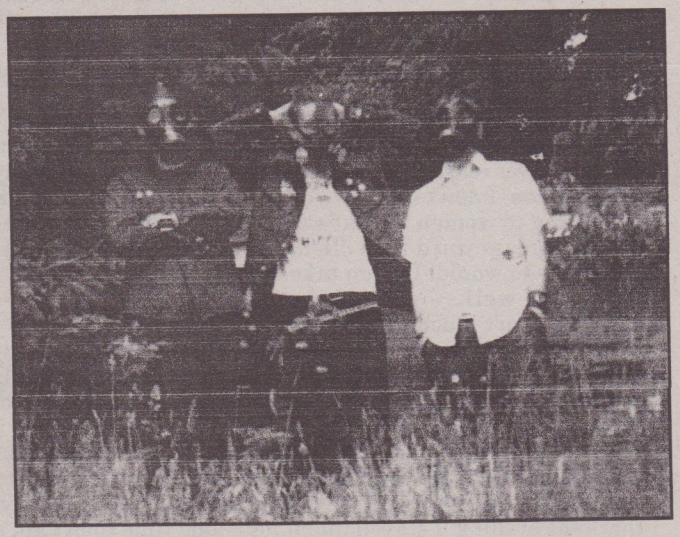
Ray: He's doing fine with us, and we still have a lot of control over where it goes and what happens with it. We just kinda distro it through RubberBand Records so we still have our hands right on it, so it's not like anyone's doing things we don't know about. It's a good label and he's done us right so far.

MRR: What kind of direction are you taking with the new release?

Ray: Well, when we initially wrote the songs, I really felt like there was no new direction at all. It was kind of along the lines of the 7", just kind of picking up where we left off. But I was listening to the last release about the same time we got the master back for the new release, and there was a pretty big difference, I guess. To get to the point, I think the new LP is a lot more in-your-face, a lot more driving than the 7". Not that the 7" wasn't, I just think that things are getting a lot tighter and more aggressive.

MRR: You also run a studio. How has your involvement with the production end of things evolved over the years?

Ray: It went from four-track (the *Don't Mess With Texas* cassette and the CounterClockweyes EP), and in the meantime I saved up working jobs and doing sound jobs and got better equipment. When it comes to recording I like experimenting, different mics on different things. The last thing we just did, we went back to an eight-track. I didn't like staying in a certain groove of recording a certain way. If you're asking about how things have evolved, as far as producing and doing engineer work, it's just a matter of never standing still. I mean if Kill the Hippies comes in, Full Time, or the Atomix, that's three completely different bands with three completely different sounds, so I can't see how you can record them the exact same way. You have to experiment a little to pull out the certain vocal style of this or that guy. Some bands want that polished-up sound, some bands want a live, real raw sound. A lot of the studios I've dealt with around here, not all of them, but most, they just have any old band come in and they record them the same way every time. I don't feel that they capture that band's sound. Especially some of the younger punk bands, the studios don't even listen to them. The band pays $400 or more for something they never wanted. With me, you work on it until you get what you want.



MRR: Price can be a big factor as well. As the money runs out on some projects, I've noticed that the pressure to wrap things up causes a lack of quality in some recordings.

Ray: That's what I'm saying. I mean, I'll have fun recording my band or my friends' bands just for the pleasure of it. That's what I'm still doing, but sometimes it can be a little tougher working with others. I charge as little as possible, which is ten bucks an hour. Bands can come in and they won't feel pressure. What they would've had in one hour they can have in three hours with me. A lot of times when it comes down to mixing, a band will run out of money and I'll just say screw it. Let's just get it done and whatever you have, you have. So, instead of some band going into a $30/hr studio with $200 and only being able to bang out two songs, they can take their time and get it right and have fun. That's what it's all about.

MRR: So you work on the "fun ethic."

Ray: Yes. Fun-rock.

MRR: You also run RubberBand Records. What kind of ethics do you place on yourself in relation to your label?

Ray: The one thing I pride myself on is my work ethic. I guess the angle I would take is working hard and not resorting to mainstream ways to get the promotion across. Keeping with college radio and still getting stuff out to the crate distros. You know, getting it out to those kids who just have a box and take it to shows. If it feels right and goes along with what I believe, then that's the way I go about doing it. We just try to make sure we do things ourselves at every level and use the larger distributors as well as the smaller ones.

MRR: What types of bands does your label focus on?

Ray: The things we look for are bands that aren't rock stars and don't expect that kind of treatment, bands that already have a strong work ethic so we don't have to guide them by the hand through everything. We try to get things done when we say they're going to be done, but sometimes that gets out of your hands. Sometimes the release date is dictated by the speed of the pressing plant. Even if we had money to throw around, we still wouldn't pick up any old band from anywhere. Obviously, we have to like a band before they get on the label. We want to have full focus on those bands and help them to get up to the next step.

MRR: Any tours in the works for Allergic to Whores?

Ray We're going up the East Coast, the Midwest and the South. We'll be going June, July, and half of August. Maybe later in August we'll try to get out to California or Portland.

MRR: Anything you want to end on?

Ray Yeah, shameless plugs! RubberBand Records has a new full length with Kill the Hippies coming up, called *Spasms in the New Age* which will probably be out in mid-July. Other than that, Full Time will have a tape or CD out by the end of August. Just look for us and Kill the Hippies on tour this summer.

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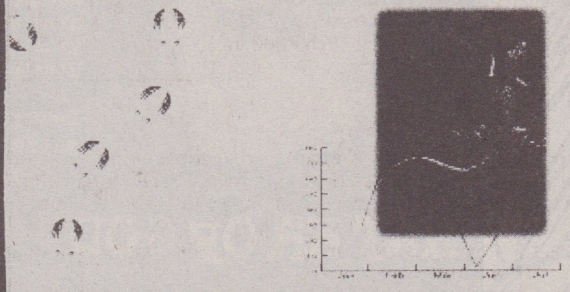

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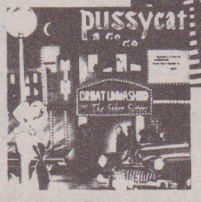

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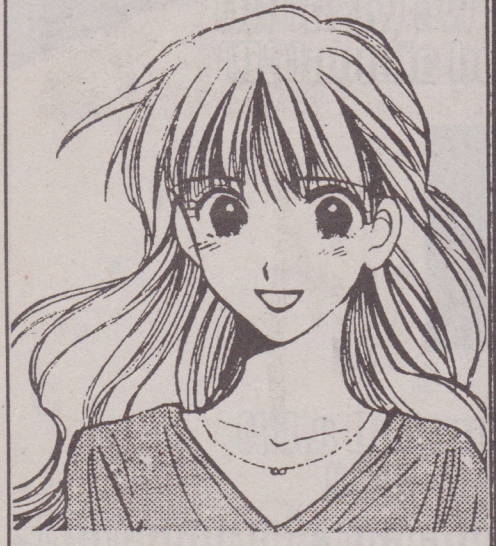

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HARUM SCARUM

Here in Portland, a town known for its bar shows and a slew of bands who think it's hip to be "un-PC," Harum Scarum have made a name for themselves based not only on their music and live show, but also their values, politics, and refusal to play 21+ shows. They've put so much into the punk scene in Portland as individuals and a band in these past two and a half years that at times this interview starts to sound like a scene report—as they discuss projects and bands they've been part of. Harum Scarum is headed up by Shari on drums, Dyanne on bass, Erin singing, and Toni on guitar, and all of the members have participated in a variety of former projects. Toni played with Rachel and Radio pre-Need in the CB Barns Band and is currently also with the Riffs. Shari was in Bay Area bands Cypher In The Snow and Mercurochrome, and Dyanne was in Portland's Whatserface. If you haven't caught them yet, don't despair. They are planning another US tour in 2001. Interview by Jacqueline from questions by Neil and Sarah. Photos by Karoline Collins.

MRR: How did you come together?

Toni: We were friends for a while before we started playing music.

Shari: Me and Toni have been friends...

Toni: And I've known Erin for four or five years.

Erin: We moved to Portland around the same time.

Shari: Me and Erin had a club together on Alberta Street called the Maul for about six months; then it died. That's where I met Dyanne, actually.

You stick your hand down your ass and smear it all over Dyanne's face, that's why they're horrified.

with her, and we asked her to play music with us.

MRR: Who did the Maul?

Shari: Me and Erin. Toni helped out as well.

MRR: What was it all about?

Erin: There were not very many places to play in Portland and that frustrated us. Bands didn't have places to play that weren't bars. We don't play bars—we'll never play a bar. A lot of bands feel that way, so we wanted to provide a space that was central to where a lot of people live and open it up to whoever wanted to play.

MRR: So what happened?

Shari: It only lasted six months, and that was partially because of our landlord and partially because of the city. Our landlord ended up being a complete prick.

MRR: Part of the gentrification process?

Shari: Yeah. He ended up selling it and the building is totally on the up swing now. It's being remodeled, so Discouraged Records has to move out of there.

MRR: That whole neighborhood is going that direction, isn't it? Isn't that what's sort of happening in northeast Portland? We punks always get blamed for it. The punks move in and the rest of the white folks move in.

Shari: The Maul got a lot of shit for that, actually.

MRR: Why, because it was in a predominately African American community?

Shari: We got a lot of shit from the punk community. Well, mostly from the Power House, and particularly one person from the Power House who went around the country when he was on tour and badmouthed the Maul and told people to boycott it because it was helping to gentrify Portland. It came back to us through all these different people. I called him up and talked to him about it, because I wanted to know what his stance was.

MRR: Because he'd never actually come to you.

Shari: No, he'd never come to me, and he'd never come to the Maul. He didn't really have very good answers as far as I'm concerned. I can understand his point in a way. It is partially true that when punks move into a neighborhood, all the white people follow, because white people will be more comfortable when there's other white people, even if they are punks. At the same time, a lot of punks that I know—and I can't say all of them—but a lot of punks I know are poor.

MRR: And where else are they going to live?

Shari: Yeah, where else are they going to live? I think it's more of a class issue than a race issue. So, I don't think it was fair to categorize us as people on the frontier of gentrification, because we weren't. We got pushed out like everyone else did.

MRR: And I think that gentrification is more of a conscious effort. When land developers and real estate investors buy up cheap land and intend to sell it for much more, that's business speculation.

Dyanne: Yeah, the Maul wasn't a big fancy rock club. It was a space where funny looking punk kids were hanging out. It didn't do much for upscaling the neighborhood.

MRR: Do you feel that music and politics mix?

Shari: With us they do, but for some people...

Dyanne: I think that's one of the most important things for me—what we're doing, I can put my politics into it. We're a band of four women playing punk music which there isn't much of in the United States or anywhere. It's really important that we tour around and actually say something.

MRR: It reminds me of the other day when I was flipping through *Maximum*. This woman wrote this great letter about this guy that does a video distro with some of the worst titles that are racist and sexist, and her letter was really consciousness raising. As I continue flipping through and looking at the ads, I start thinking about the portrayal of women and how it still fucking sucks. After all this time and after so many women complaining about it, it's still "T&A, ha, ha, ha."

Erin: Women are still completely oppressed, and just because there are women in punk doesn't mean that they're not going to be oppressed. Going on tour you meet all these women that are still scared to say anything, because of macho punk guys. Not all punks give a shit.

MRR: When I was reading her letter, I couldn't help but think that there are going to be so many people reading this letter, mostly guys, thinking that she's taking that stuff too seriously. Like you said, just because someone is a punk, doesn't mean that they are automatically enlightened about these issues.

Dyanne: On the last tour we went on, the Primate Freedom tour, we ran into a lot of people who felt they were trying to say something nice to us, like...

Erin: Like, "You're pretty good for women" or "I've never seen a chick band before."

Dyanne: These people felt like this was a compliment. Some people still just aren't getting it. They don't deal with their own sexism. People at one show were throwing rocks at the woman who was speaking.

Shari: Toni was just telling us the other day that at the same show, which was the Barn Fest, when we got on stage somebody screamed out, "Oh, I thought y'all looked pretty good when you were off stage, but now that you're on stage you look pretty fuckable."

Erin: If I would have heard that...

Toni: I tried to find who said it, and I couldn't. There was a sea of people and with the sunshine out, I couldn't see shit.

MRR: It's such a fucking lack of respect.

Erin: Then, right after that, this woman Sarah O'Donnell, who does political spoken word and stuff, was on stage. She was just going off, and this guy said (drunkenly), "I'm going to fucking shut her up" and he had this huge rock in his hand and he was going toward her! I stepped in front of him and said, "No, drop that fucking shit," and he says, "I want her to shut up," and I said, "You need to fucking leave." He was wasted, but that's still no excuse. I think that punk is totally dominated by white boys.

Shari: Still.

Erin: Still. There have been women in punk, there are women in punk, but it's very threatening. Not for all the boys, but for a lot of them.

MRR: What are some of the problems you've faced being an all-woman punk band playing all-girl shows?

Erin: Because we are an all-girl band, we get put on these shows with other all-girl pop bands that are singing about love...

Shari: Flowers...

(More snide comments from Dyanne and Toni)

Shari: And it doesn't matter how hard we try, it still happens. It should be obvious to people at this point. We've played this one venue about seven times. We got put on the bill with a band that we have nothing in common

with except that we all have vaginas—therefore we must have something in common. It's fucked. Playing with stupid boy bands that have stupid people that come to their shows is way more challenging to me than playing at a really nice, happy all girl show. I don't see the point in it. We play music for a reason, not just because the sound of it, but also to get a point across. I don't feel like I'm doing shit playing at a nice happy, flowery show, just because we're all women.

MRR: But maybe you are. If the other bands are attracting some middle of the road, ridin' on the fence types, maybe you are setting a good example.

Dyanne: I can see how it's important for others to see girls playing political music that's saying something, but mainly what we're trying to do by being women who are playing music is to show women can play music and be part of the punk scene. It ends up creating something different than what happened with the girl scene and the queer scene. They say there's a queer punk scene, but the punk scene and the queer scene are very different. The same with the girl scene and the punk scene. Instead of having all-girl shows all the time, where we're playing only to girls, it's important to play to guys who wouldn't normally watch a girl band. They are forced to because they're at a punk show.

Erin: It's okay sometimes. I like playing girl shows sometimes. We went on a tour where we played a lot of girl shows, and we scared the shit out of the pop girls. I think it's good. People had fun, but not every time. Just like I think it's equally important to play with fucked-up boy bands that don't respect women—and they see us play, and we scare the shit out of them. It's important to mix stuff up and to expose people to what they don't normally see every day, and for us to be exposed to what we're not used to. And having fun has a lot to do with it. We're a band that has some good things to say and we say them, but I have a lot of fun when we play. If people are standing there horrified by us, not dancing or anything, it doesn't make me feel very motivated to dance and have a good time.

Shari: You stick your hand down your ass and smear it all over Dyanne's face, that's why they're horrified.

Dyanne: That's my favorite part. Puke in my hair...

Erin: That has nothing to do with girl shows (retreats for a cup of water).

MRR: Your new album is called *Mental Health*, and it criticizes the psychiatric industry, particularly in the song "Same Story." What's the history behind this song?

Shari: I think that we all wrote parts of this song at different times. It's too bad Erin's not here, because she's crazy.

MRR: I'm leaving that in!

Toni: Good!

Shari: Well, I've had to deal with that institution secondhand. My mother was diagnosed schizophrenic, manic depressive, when I was about five, and she has gone through two rounds of electroshock therapy treatments about ten years apart.

MRR: I didn't even know they still did that.

Shari: Yeah, in Oklahoma.

Toni: It's a different thing over there.

Shari: It's a different country. So, I dealt with this secondhand and had some really bad experiences with it. I remember going when she went to get shock treatments, and the doctor sitting me down and trying to explain to me what the shock treatments were. The thing I remember the most was him saying, "Well, basically what it does is it scrambles up your mother's brain, and we hope that it all lands in the right place." That's what he said to me.

MRR: How old were you?!

Shari: I was five or six.

MRR: C'mon!

Shari: Yeah. And since then, she's been on countless pharmaceutical drugs. With the pharmaceutical industry, when it comes to mental drugs or psych wards and hospitals, I've seen all of those.

MRR: Well, obviously, you're calling them industries, so you have a sense that what's behind them is more about money.

Shari: Yeah, it is. It's fucked what people have to go through because of problems that they have in their lives. I know that my mother had problems. I'm not convinced that they were mental problems—she was just diagnosed as manic depressive, schizophrenic. I think she was depressed, but I don't think...

MRR: That it was all on her?

Shari: Yeah, I think it happened a lot that women had, for instance, really bad PMS, and we're automatically called crazy, because...

Toni: Hormones. For me, too, I was in the fourth grade when my dad went into an institution. They tried to say he was schizophrenic and had him on drugs that made him a vegetable. I went to visit him, and he didn't even recognize me. My mom had to fight and find other doctors that would take the time to see what was really wrong with him. It ended up that he has manic depression really bad. The drugs for the manic depression, in a way, have helped him. It helped me to live with him for the rest of the time that I had to. Before the drugs he was way more crazy, but now he's starting to have a lot of neurological problems. Those drugs have really messed his brain up, maybe more than they did good, I don't know.

Erin: Have you talked about herbal remedies?

Toni: No.

Erin: I think there are some herbs for mental troubles that, obviously, the pharmaceutical industry doesn't want anyone to know about because they make a ton of money off their pills. It seems like if your dad was on herbal remedies for manic depression, maybe he wouldn't have the problems he has now.

Toni: Exactly, but the thing with the pill companies...

Erin: Well, they're making billions.

Toni: They're making billions, but for so long they didn't want you to know, there was herbal alternatives. Now that people are aware of herbal alternatives, they're starting to own the herbal industry.

Dyanne: Like GNC and Natures.

Toni: Yeah, it's scary.

Dyanne: My mom's been on pills for years for depression. Now, they just want to keep giving her more and more pills trying to cure her depression, instead of having her talk to someone. Basically, she's depressed because she hates her life, and it's not more than that.

MRR: She's not learning how to manage, she's just getting medicated.

Dyanne: She's getting tons of drugs. She's depressed and freaks out all the time. She looked into herbal pills, and her regular doctor drilled her and told her that herbal remedies were totally wrong and bad and would make her sick; that it would make her worse. They keep telling her that she has a disease, so now she says she can't use herbal pills, because it will make her worse. They have totally convinced her. They lied to her, blatantly.

MRR: Well, they lied to her when they didn't warn her about the side effects of the drugs they were giving her, and when they didn't tell her that those drugs might lose their effectiveness over time.

Erin: "These drugs are going to rot your brain and give you cancer." A lot of health care providers don't have natural medicine physicians that you can go to.

Toni: They're all hooked up with the pharmaceutical industry, that's why.

MRR: All sorts of drug companies are advertising on television now claiming "we have a drug for this and we have a drug for this" and they list all of these side effects.

Toni: Oh, yeah!

MRR: Have you seen them?

Toni: I saw one while I was at work that freaked me out the other night.

MRR: Loose bowel movements...

Toni: Yeah! They're like, "You won't be able to control your bowel movements." That was for that weight loss one.

MRR: Yeah.

Erin: Every prescription comes with diapers.

Shari: All that fat will come right out your ass.

MRR: Yeah, it's fucked up. Well, obviously you haven't bought into it and are trying to get the word out to other folks. But it's hard. People like Dyanne's mom look into alternatives, but they are told by the "authorities" that it will make them worse.

Erin: Well, it's all social control. If they sedate everyone enough, then no one will care, no one will have any moods or emotions or anything.

MRR: You have a number of songs concerning environmental issues and a short sample of Judi Bari. What has been your experiences of feminism within the environmental movement?

Shari: I was really active in the environmental movement about ten years ago. I did a lot of stuff with Earth First. When I first started getting involved, I knew a lot of people who were associated with the redneck sector of Earth First that had a lot to do with Edward Abbey and Dave Foreman and it was kind of redneck, machismo environmentalism. Then I met Judi Bari. I got to know her a little bit. She was incredible. She gave me a completely different perspective on Earth First. She was actually one of the first people that brought in feminist ideas, even though she might not have thought that she was bringing in feminist ideas into Earth First. She was one of the first people that brought a strong women's

perspective into Earth First, and she was bad ass. She brought a lot of new things into Earth First, like worker's rights, which nobody in Earth First had ever even considered, it was all about defending the Earth.

MRR: And those ideas aren't completely separate.

Shari: Yeah, she did a lot toward bringing feminism into the radical environmental movement. Since then, I think there's been a lot more women involved with it, and I think a lot of it has to do with her and people that she hung out with and people that she worked with, because she didn't let any shit get past her.

MRR: What you're saying makes a lot of sense to me, because I read the *Monkey Wrench Gang*. I was so disappointed, because the only woman in the book is a sex object. Fuck that. So, what you seem to be saying is that the environmental movement, which started before I was paying attention, was a different scene than what I've been exposed to, which is post-people like her influenced. I can't imagine it any other way. It wouldn't make sense to me if it wasn't feminist, because I can't imagine how it would make sense and work if it were hierarchical.

Shari: I think it's the same with any movement. I don't even see how there are different political movements.

MRR: That somebody could say, "I care about the environment, but I don't care about racism or sexism."

Shari: Or that "I am an anarchist and I eat meat."

MRR: I agree, and I think that we're part of a generation that has had the benefit of thinkers who have understood the parallels between the exploitation of the earth and the exploitation of people. Although there are many so-called environmental organizations who have a bad name, where you can see that it would easy to be a member of say, the Sierra Club, and still not give a fuck about anything else.

Shari: Yeah, there's totally a corporatist environmental movement that's just out to make money off of the "green consumer." I think it's important to be a conscious consumer, but that doesn't do a hell of a lot if that's all you do is consume.

MRR: Some of you have worked in the sex industry. What are your feelings on porn and sexuality? Do you see it as exploitative? Should prostitution be made legal?

Erin: I think that a sex worker, just like any other person that's working, is selling their time. Lawyers sell their time, doctors sell their time, prostitutes sell their time. I would say most of the time women are choosing to be in porn movies, and it's their choice to do it basically. Sometimes there are different factors that keep them in the industry if they might not want to be there, whatever those reasons might be, but initially, they choose to do it. Porn is a direct product of a really repressed sexual society; sex is so hush-hush. That's basically what it comes from. People have to go outside their normal situations to have sex. And yeah, the porn industry is a huge industry, people are making billions off of it. I think it's kind of sad—most of the people consuming porn are male, and it's sad that they can't go to their wives and talk about what they want, so they'll go to a peep show and talk about what they want. So, I think it's a direct product of repressed sexuality.

Shari: I don't think it's necessarily exploitative. I think that a lot of it is stupid. I think mainstream porn in particular is really silly. The way that women are portrayed in a lot of mainstream porn is stupid. It puts women in particular positions most of the time, very traditional positions. But there's also alternative porn. I don't think that porn can be talked about as a whole. There is alternative porn that is really different, but there is some old porn, one film in particular, where women were completely abused in the making of it.

MRR: *Deep Throat*?

Shari: Yeah, and there are films in which women are abused when the film was made. I'm not sure that happens as much as it did, but I don't think there's anything wrong with porn being made as long as nobody is being hurt during the making of it. That's not to say anything about the issues that are dealt with in each particular film. A lot of times it is a reflection on how fucked up and sexist this society is. You have to look at each film in particular and decide if it's stupid, silly, sexist or fucked up.

Erin: A lot of it is just pure physical satisfaction. There's no brain involved. It's like "Oh, another cum shot, oh, another cum shot, oh, another cum shot."

Shari: I don't think it's any worse than any other film industry. There are a lot of mainstream films that aren't pornography that are really fucked up.

MRR: Which reminds me of a feminist definition of pornography that I subscribe to that makes a distinction between pornography and the sexually explicit, saying that porno's intention is to objectify women, which dehumanizes a woman. A lot of the alternative porn, like you were talking about, is sexually explicit without dehumanizing anyone.

Shari: A lot of porn does objectify women, that's the point of it. It is mostly consumed by males and that's what some men are looking for, to satisfy that urge of objectification. Another thing that happens in the porn industry that really bothers me is the competition of big breasts that has translated into fake breasts. There's women who have the most nasty looking, enormous tits, huge balloons, because to stay in the sex industry, they have to have huge tits to make it. Especially with live shows, if you don't get your tits enlarged, you can't make any money, and I think that is lame.

MRR: Okay, the second part of that question was, should prostitution be legal?

All: Yes.

Erin: Yes, because right now prostitutes have absolutely no rights, so if they're getting fucked with, and they kill a john in self-defense, they get put on death row. Because first off, "she shouldn't be doing that to begin with," they say, and they can't even see the whole self-defense side, because it's not a legal act. I think the whole anti-prostitution thing falls under Christianity. It's not in Christian/Catholic morals to, you know...

MRR: Have sex for reasons other than procreation.

Erin: Yeah, and prostitution has been going on forever. Prostitutes used to be seen as these divine women, like healers almost. Now people just see prostitution as violence against women. I see it basically as like anyone selling their time for money. Doctors, lawyers, whatever.

Toni: In the case of lawyers, it's legal to defend fucking killers and shit.

Erin: But it's illegal for a woman to try to make a living to feed her kids through prostitution, because it's not up to social or moral code. Prostitution is going to happen, and by making it illegal, it just makes it harder on the women who are doing it. They get fucked with by cops, they get fucked with by the system, they can be fucked with by the johns. And the fucking johns, they just go! They put all the blame on the prostitutes, and the johns have no responsibility.

MRR: It makes you wonder if in places like Amsterdam, where it's legal, if prostitutes are treated differently.

Toni: I don't know how it is for women, but I watched an independently made documentary on male prostitutes from the Czech Republic. There was one kid that was German that was in the Czech Republic at the time they were making this documentary. He said that he went to Amsterdam and he would never go back there again. He said he got locked up and forced to do things for his pimp that he didn't want to. That was this one kid's experience.

MRR: The legality question doesn't really speak to these other problems with prostitution.

Erin: Even if it does become legal here, they're still going to create probably outrageous fines on women's part to the point where they wouldn't be able to afford the health care that they're looking for because they've gotta pay the state money to do what they do.

MRR: Erin, are you the one the question is referring to regarding band members that have worked in the sex industry?

Erin: They (Shari and Toni) were both clerks at a porn shop.

Shari: I did a little bit of sex work when I lived in San Francisco. I have a little bit of first-hand experience with it.

MRR: For some of the women I've talked to who worked in that industry, to some degree it turned them off of sex.

Toni: Desensitizing.

MRR: Yeah. Working at an adult book store made me leery of some folks, and exposed me to some creepiness, and that was at a Good Vibes type of store.

Erin: Sometimes you have to separate the sex aspect of it from your everyday life or what you believe in. Just like people who consume porn separate their pleasure from their mind. I've done it. Having sex with someone; they're paying me, it's work, and I can separate the sex part from my mind.

Shari: I think that's a really difficult thing to do.

Erin: Oh, it is.

Shari: And the fact that you can do it is really good, because I had a really hard time doing that, and I know tons of other people that have had a really hard time separating it. I think that it really can fuck with you. Not to say that people shouldn't do it. It's just that there is no support for the things you might need to deal with if you're involved with sex work. If it were legal, there might be more support.

Erin: There are some good things happening, like dancers organizing, some prostitutes trying to organize, starting unions, zines like *Danzine*

that's totally made for and about women and men in the sex industry. So there are some outlets, but they're not totally known about yet, so that they're accessible to everyone. The whole thing with porn mags, people keeping porn mags in secret places, and you open it up and it's women's bodies. Every woman's got a body, you know, what's so fucking secretive about that, you know? It turns into like this secret thing that, if you're a woman and you have your shirt off in a public place, you get arrested. It creates things like that—if you have your shirt off then you're subjecting yourself to whatever anyone wants to poke at you because this is this private thing that's in the porn mags. There's many aspects.

MRR: That's what's so cool about some of the dyke videos out of San Francisco. There's so many different women in them, it's reality. There's big women and small women, and when people talk about sexually explicit material that is empowering, I think of that. Most pornography I find totally oppressive.

Toni: Mainstream pornography.

MRR: Yeah, it's this weird pressure saying, "You've got to look like this."

Erin: The thing is that a lot of the women in the sex industry are varied. So, like the videos and the mags can portray things in one way, but then the actual women that are doing stuff, they're obviously real, and they're not in a video, airbrushed. A lot of underground mags, and fetish mags are $40 a pop, so a lot of people will buy the *Playboy*.

Toni: The stores we worked at didn't even carry *Playboy*.

MRR: Why bother? It's lame, no imagination!

Shari: I just read it for the articles. (laughter)

MRR: Is there a strong women's punk scene in Portland?

Dyanne: That's an interesting question.

Erin: There are some strong women in the punk scene in our area.

Shari: I think that the Curse is a strong woman punk band. The Northwest is interesting, because there are a lot of girl bands who would probably consider themselves punk. Not to say that I am the punk police and can say who is or is not, but a lot of times girls who play music consider themselves punk just because they play music, and because it's a relatively new thing that women are playing music. When the riot grrl thing started, and when the girl music thing started, it was, to them, punk—because it was doing something they weren't supposed to do. So there are a lot of women playing music that would consider themselves punk, but it tricky, because punk is more than doing something that you're not supposed to be doing. It's a sound and it's a politic as well. A lot of girl bands that come from the Northwest don't really say a whole lot, except that they're women, and sometimes they say they're queer. Their politics are really limited to being women or being queer. We have been striving to push people to expand their politics to be more encompassing than that. We don't want to be a band with limited politics, and we want other women playing music to expand their politics to be more than it has been for the last ten years in the riot grrl scene. The riot grrl scene did a lot of good things, it just needs to expand itself now. Same with the punk scene. It needs to expand.

MRR: I see Shari's point. They might be queer and feminist, but they're still into shopping or something. You can be a feminist and be a queer rights advocate, but you still might not be a punk. The punk ethics come in when you have a different way of doing things.

Toni: People that are queer or feminist all have different lifestyles.

Dyanne: A lot of people that are involved with those communities are really mainstream people.

Toni: They shop at Urban Outfitters.

MRR: To buy their bright yellow or orange Ché Guevera t-shirts.

Dyanne: At some girl shows that we played, the people who came were nature feminists or uptighty gays or lesbians. Everyone isn't necessarily grouped into the same category. People expect all queers to have something in common and to work together, but it doesn't always work that way. There's lot of different issues around the term "queer" or the term "feminist."

Erin: "Hey, you're queer? Let's go out and get a hamburger!" (Groans of disapproval)

Toni: This girl I worked with at Fantasy Land really, really wanted to see Harum Scarum. Everyone told her that she would love us. So one day I come to work, and the janitor, who is a punk, tells me that he got in an argument with her. She got mad at him because he talked about wanting to burn one of the porns that had a flag on the cover. The woman went off about how the flag represents us and saying all these right-wing things. She was trying to buddy-buddy with me, because we're both queer, and it made me think. Why do you necessarily have a connection with someone, because you were born that way or it's just natural to you? But when you're a punk, you make a conscious effort to be a punk. That girl freaked me out.

MRR: Too many of those in the punk scene, but anyway...

Shari: There's lots of flag wavers in the queer community as well.

Erin: Have you ever seen the rainbow flag that blends in with the American flag? There's these Visa cards or something that has a rainbow flag on it and it's on the lawn of the White House with that monument.

Dyanne: The Washington Monument.

Shari: Also, Toni brought up that we played at this queer center in Minneapolis once, and when you go into the bathroom, there's a big poster in the bathroom that's framed that's a rainbow flag turning into an American flag.

Dyanne: It was a queer punk center. It was geared toward queer bands and not really toward the punk community at all, but that's what it was supposed to be. There was a lot of talk about queer punk, but that poster isn't punk at all. The attitude is, "We're queer and we want to be accepted as American like everyone else. And to be accepted means we want the right to get married, buy cars, have titles and get whatever else we want together."

Erin: Part of it is like, okay, you're queer, and that's fine, and you can get your acceptance through Visa Gold! If you got the money then you're accepted.

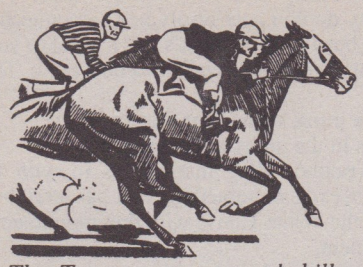
Dyanne: You may be queer, but at least you made it.

MRR: Where do you see your music and ideas taking you?

Erin: I want to play more benefit shows and have more diverse shows like punk bands and hip hop bands playing together. I'd like to see more diversity at shows.

Discography
self-titled 7" on Live Transmission (Toni's label and recording studio)
Demo tape with 14 songs
***Mental Health* LP/CD on Tribal War**
In the works...
split with Polish punks Stupor on Malarie Records
Possible upcoming split with Resistance
And tracks on various comps
Also, the whole band agreed that they would love to do a split with the band Ruins from Florida. Apparently they are some of the nicest, most fun, best people with good politics around.

Harum Scarum



THE TANTRUMS

The Tantrums are a rockabilly pop punk band...or pop punk rockabilly band (depending on your spin on things). They hail from Alameda California and are comprised of ex-members of Crimpshrine, Tilt, and Ding Dang. Rather than do the ordinary 'round table discussion' interview, they figured we might as well make use of the time and do the interview at their home away from home: Golden Gate Fields Race Track. Between bets on the ponies, here is what I managed to get out of them. Interview by Bobby Manic. Photos by Mark Hanses, Bobby Manic, Pete Rypins, Andres Sandoval.

MRR: Why don't we start off with names and instruments, and maybe a brief bio of the band?

Pete: Hi, I'm Pete, I play guitar and sing background vocals.

Andy: I'm Andy. I smoke, play bass and jump around sometimes.

Devil Doll: I'm Devil Doll, the chick lead singer.

Bucket: ...I play drums.

Pete: Yeah, that's Bucket, he plays drums...brief history, huh?...

Devil Doll: We've been playing out for about five years and we've gone through a lot of drummers.

Everyone: *laughter!*

Devil Doll: We have one 7" out on Zafio Records, and a six song 10" and CD coming out out soon (ed: out now on Cheetah's Records).

MRR: You guys don't seem to play that much anymore. What's been keeping you at home?

Pete: That was because we didn't have a steady drummer, but now that we do, we'll start playing out again. We had a bunch of temporaries, so we could only play upon their availability, but now we can book shows any time.

Devil Doll: Yeah, the people we had filling in were: Gary from the Hi-Fives, Joey from Creeps on Candy and Vince from Tilt, so we really had to work around their schedules as well, because they were all in bands that play a lot, so it sorta slowed us down a bit. Plus, we were auditioning countless...idiots...

Everyone: *laugh!*

Devil Doll: ...that wanted to be drummers.

MRR: I've noticed that you guys don't seem to come across as rich, dress-up rockabilly assholes, unlike most rockabilly people I've encountered, and I mean that as a compliment.

Andy: It's cuz we're from the East Bay!

Everyone: *laughter*

Devil Doll: No, no, it's because we're not straight up traditional rockabilly, and we're not obsessed with living in an era that none of us were born in. I mean, I'm really into old things, but I'm not living in that era. (voice on PA: The horses are approaching...)

Devil Doll: I'm not trying to fool myself that I am, either...

Andy: I think a lot of those people seem to be pretentious too, like you were saying.

Devil Doll: There are a lot of snotty rockabilly people, but there are also a lot of cool ones too. But we're not totally rockabilly. We're not even punk rock...we're a lot of things.

MRR: I'm sorry, do you guys even mind being called rockabilly? You've got a really punk rock attitude and no stand up bass, I'm sure * *********** and other bands who take themselves way too seriously wouldn't want you to be classified with them.**

Everyone: *laughter*

Devil Doll: Well, we're somewhat rockabilly...somewhat punk rock, somewhat blues, we're "somewhat" a lot of different things. We all like a lot of different kinds of music so we draw on a lot of influences. It's hard to categorize us into one specific genre of music. There's a lot of good bands that play a specific type of music and there's a lot of nice people that play a specific type of music, but who wants trapped into doing just one thing?

Andy: Also, I think that's why we're booked with so many different types of bands. Sometimes it can work to our advantage, other times...

Pete: ...it doesn't.

Everyone: *laughter*

Andy: We've played with some pretty hardcore bands and I have never in any way considered us "hardcore" at all.

Everyone: *laughter*

MRR: What did you guys think of the whole "Swing" thing not too long ago?

Devil Doll: Most of the new "swing" isn't even swing at all! It's poorly done jump blues.

Pete: Exactly.

Devil Doll: I'm into a lot of music from the '30s, '40s and '50s, and I know what real swing is and what real jump blues is and this new stuff isn't really... what it claims to be. One of my big problems with contemporary rockabilly and so-called "swing" bands it that the singer can't sing. They're really bad and that's why most of the stuff I listen to is older. There are some good bands, but for the most part a lot of them are latching onto a fad and they'll move on... eventually.

(PA Voice: "Ready for the...")

Devil Doll: Oh, stop!

Pete: The race is on!

Andy: I still say 4-5 and 11...

-no one wins-

Devil Doll: What also annoys me about the "swing" thing is people are running around saying "I listen to the Cherry Poppin' Daddies and Big Bad Voodoo Daddy" and they don't dig any deeper, they just accept what's given to them. I was talking to some people and I said, "Well, what about the black artists from the '30s and '40s" and they said "huh!?! Black people did swing!?!"

Everyone: *laughter*

Devil Doll: All they knew was what was given to them. Some of the best music is old, obscure stuff that wasn't popular even back then, or wasn't Top 40 or whatever.

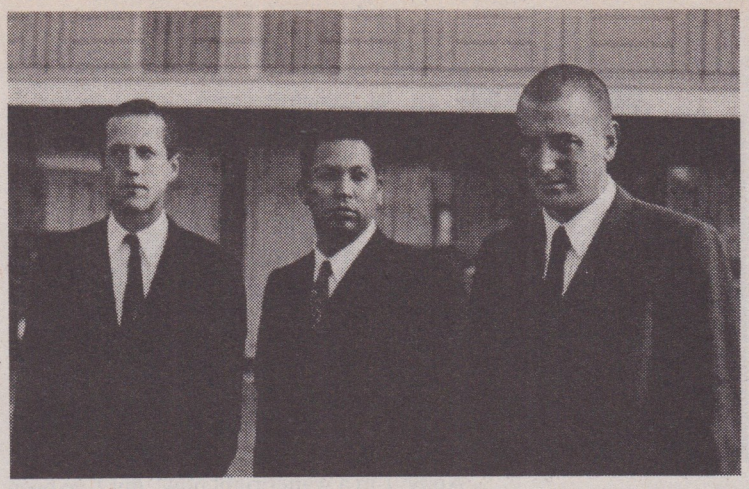
Bucket: It was the punk rock of swing.

Everyone: *laughter*

Devil Doll: Yeah! The punk rock of swing; smaller, black bands. In my opinion from that era the best bands were black because they could really swing and didn't have to be so conservative as the white bands.

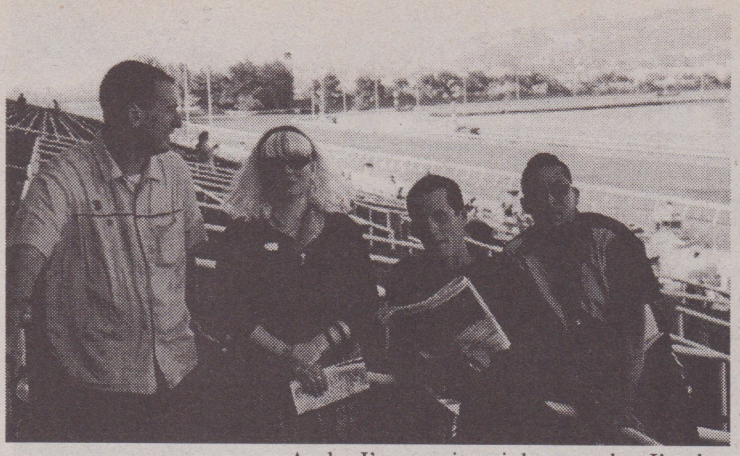
MRR: You guys just finished recording the 10", *Motels*, not too long ago for Cheetah's Records, right?

Devil Doll & Pete: Yes.



MRR: What was the recording process like?
Devil Doll: I cought a cold!!
Andy: It was very hot in Pittsburg!
Devil Doll: It was fun, we had a good time and my dog came... and she ate a lot of Bucket's lunch.
Everyone except Bucket: *laughter*
Devil Doll: It was fun. Willy the engineer was really nice to us; he's really cool. It was hard work, but it was a pleasant experience and we're happy with the outcome.
MRR: Who produced you guys?
Everyone: *laughter*
Devil Doll: We did.
MRR: Ah...I see. Did Jimi seek you guys out, or did you send him something? How did that come together?
Pete: He went up to Andy and told him that he'd be interested in doing a record with us. So I called him up and asked him if he wanted to hear a tape of us. He came over to our house and heard it and liked it. It was really simple. He said "Yeah, I wanna do a record with you."
Andy: I think originally he just wanted us for a comp, but after he heard our stuff he decided to do the record instead.
Devil Doll: He'd seen us a few times so he also liked us live.
MRR: Actually. I just realized Jimi's got some pretty big shoes to fill in Tilt (note: this interview took place before Jimi's departure from the band and Pete's temporary return).
Andy: Yeah, actually I think you're right, Pete's feet are bigger than Jimi's.
Devil Doll: Pete's got big shoes that smell bad.
Pete: Jimi's a totally solid citizen so I'm always supportive of what Tilt does. I'm still a Tilt fan. I'm happy for them and for him.
MRR: Personally, I can't get into them. Lookout... I don't get them... they release solid records by good bands and if it wasn't for Pete's earlier work in Tilt and Crimpshrine, I don't think they'd have made it this long—and I'm not just saying that to suck your dick either.
Pete: Go ahead.
Everyone: *laughter*
Pete: I'm really available!
Devil Doll: I think Lookout got started by Crimpshrine and Op Ivy.
Pete: Yeah...
Devil Doll: It's too bad they didn't sign us. Cathy was really behind us. Cathy is a wonderful person and she rallied for us but...I guess she got outvoted. Oh well—Jimi's got us! Jimi's really cool and lets us do whatever we want as far as...everything! The artwork, especially and any suggestions he took time and listened to.
Bucket: He's easygoing.
MRR: Yay for Jimmy! Do you guys see yourselves with Cheetah's for a while?
Devil Doll: Everything's going great so far but we don't know what's in the future so...well just have to wait and see.
MRR: A friend's band was supposed to release with them so I wanted to hear it from you.
Devil Doll: He's easy to work with and very into the bands. He doesn't sign bands he doesn't like. It means as much to him as it does to us because it's music he likes and wants it to sound as good as possible.
MRR: Plans for a tour?
Devil Doll: Sure! If we can afford it.
Pete: Yeah, if we win today.
MRR: Have you guys toured before?
Pete: Not together, no.
Devil Doll: We've gone on trips through California and Nevada but...
Pete: We're gonna!
Devil Doll: We're gonna! Bucket's gonna win a bunch of money here at the track to make it possible.
Bucket: Oh yeah.
MRR: You've been awful quiet, Bucket...
Bucket: I've only been in the band a few months.
Devil Doll: He's the new guy.
Pete: You should've seen the hazing we put him through.
Andy: Ask him why we call him "Bucket."
MRR: Why does they call you "Bucket?"
Bucket: Because I have a tattoo of a bucket on my arm.
MRR: Why?
Andy: That was the only tattoo he came with...
Devil Doll: He came, he auditioned, he had the tattoo. It was a bucket. It was an easy nickname.
MRR: Why the Bucket?
Bucket: I liked it. I draw...
Andy: I've done some murals on the sides of a couple of buildings but...hey!!
Pete: See, the thing with nicknames is that they have to be given to you. You can't decide your own nickname. I tried hard to get myself a nickname but everyone thought it was stupid.
MRR: What was your nickname, Pete?
Pete: I wanted to be "Speck." No one would call me that!!
Devil Doll: Too dorky!
Andy: Andy is my nickname for Andrew so...
Bucket: "Speck" was short for "respect," like, "You'd better gimme respect" or like the dog on *Pee Wee Herman's Big Adventure*.
MRR: Both you, the band, and me, the reviewer, hail from ass-nowhere Alameda. What do you think of the punk scene, or lack thereof?
Pete: There are punks in Alameda?
Devil Doll: We have Axis Records & Comics where we played on my birthday. We know there are a few punks in Alameda...either that or I keep seeing you walking around.
MRR: Not me. Only time you see me is at Longs Drugs behind the counter wearing a green smock.
Devil Doll: "Robert, oh Robert! Clean up on aisle four!"
Andy: When I was younger I worked at Wendy's and my friends always wanted to wear my work-shirt. Meanwhile I couldn't wait to get the hell out of it.
Devil Doll: Pete has a Doggie Diner uniform shirt so you can pretend he works there!
Pete: Previously owned by Chris Isaac
Everyone: Really?
Pete: Yep.
Devil Doll: Pete just name-dropped.
Everyone: Oooh!
Bucket: Chris Isaac used to mow the lawn in this shirt!
Andy; Chris Isaac used to work at the Doggie Diner?
Pete: No!
Pete: I did meet Tu-Pac at Pic-N-Pac near Gilman.
Andy: And I saw Ice Cube in Oakland...
Pete: No, seriously! I met Tu-Pac when I was going to a show at Gilman. He was in there and he had a white Lincoln Towncar parked outside and I wasn't sure if it was him so I lifted up his shirt and saw his thug life tattoo and said "What's up, Tu-Pac!"
MRR: You can't spell "Alameda"

without "lame."
Pete & Devil Doll: Hey!
Devil Doll: You're just too young to appreciate it! I love Alameda.
MRR: You guys played with John Doe, right?
Devil Doll: Yeah! He was really nice. It was in Bakersfield. The only bad thing was people kept coming up to me and asking me if I was Exene!! Which is stupid!!
MRR: You look nothing like her!
Devil Doll: I know! I don't look like her, I don't sound like her, I'm not trying to be like her. It was really annoying, but we get compared to "X" a lot and I don't think we have a whole hell of a lot in common.
Pete: John Doe even said we don't sound like them!
Devil Doll: Yeah, Pete mentioned that everyone said we sound like X and he said "Don't worry about it, because when we started out everyone said we sounded like Jefferson Airplane. Don't worry about them."
Pete: He came up to us and said, "You played a really good set," which was nice.
Bucket: He was very down to earth, he hung out after the show and signed records and stuff...talked and hung out with us for a long time.
Devil Doll: He loaded his own equipment and drove his own van.
MRR: All at the same time...while on stage!
Everyone: *Laughter*
Devil Doll: Yeah! That was fun.
MRR: Any other fun bands?
Devil Doll: The Hi-Fives shows are always fun. There's a lot of energy. The Mutilators are one of our favorite local bands. They're great. I love them. The Hi-Fives are fun...Morays, Venus Bleeding and Limp.
- pause -
MRR: Devil Doll just won!
Devil Doll: I just won a trifecta!! and it was Ditka, Mr. Tony K and Archer City Slew. Let's see how much I won.
MRR: They're going on tour!
Devil Doll: Yeah!
Everyone: *Laughter*
Everyone: $226.15!!!
Devil Doll: Off a $6 bet!
MRR: We know Pete's been around (and he has the rash to prove it) but any of you guys been in other bands?
Andy: Yeah...but they sucked and I won't name names. I did learn a lot though.
MRR: Bucket?
Bucket: Yeah, a punk country band for a while...
Devil Doll: Then we stole him away!
Bucket: We had a record that came out on Aaron Probe's label.
MRR: What were you guys called?
Bucket: Ding Dang
MRR: Devil?
Devil Doll: No, my first...but we've had many different incarnations. It started as an all-girl band but none of the other girls were really that into it. When we first started we didn't have a bass player. But this has been my first and only band.
MRR: What do you think of Bulge Record's Tantrums!
Devil Doll: There's actually three Tantrums: Them, Dannielle Howle and her Tantrums and I think one from Chicago.
Pete: But we're the first and best.
MRR: Have you heard any of the other ones?
Andy: Yes...that's why we say we're the best.
Pete: We are the strongest, most musclebound Tantrums.
Andy: We throw the worst tantrums.
MRR: You're the only ones from CA, right?
Devil Doll: Yes.
MRR: What do you think of the "punk scene?"
Pete: It's too safe and acceptable. Not to glorify it, but when I was young I'd go to a show and on occasion get my ass beat. Now people get into it for a few years and go away because they don't pay any price.
Devil Doll: Punk rock used to be scary and unpretentious, now it's cute and cuddly. People used to get beat up, but the longer something is around the less it becomes taboo or scary.
Bucket: More emphasis on labels, less on music now...
Andy: It's also so much of a look and what to buy in stores. It's not about how to make yourself "look punk."
MRR: It's not!?!
Everyone: *Laughter*
MRR: Dammit! All of the money I've wasted at Hot Topic!
Devil Doll: Then I've been doing it wrong!
Andy: It should be deeper than that.
MRR: Do you guys still have jobs?
Devil Doll: Yes, I work at dog-training school. Pete is a warehouseman.
Bucket: Me too.



Andy: I'm a waiter right now...but I've been waiting for a while and it never happens.
Everyone: *Laughter*
MRR: Let's wrap this up.
Pete: I got one thing to say; My worst day at the races beats the best day in real life.
MRR: Good point. Up-coming plans? Tour? More Recording? Lounging? Solo projects?
Devil Doll: Yeah!
Andy: I wanna be like one of those guys at Pier 39 playing bass, drums, and keyboard at the same time...and singing...with a harmonica around my neck.
Devil Doll: Andy is going to be a one-man-band.
Andy: One-man-Mexican.
Devil Doll: We'll see how the record goes...maybe a tour but definitely shows.
Andy: And if you don't have a turntable, buy one!
MRR: Yeah!
Devil Doll: 10" vinyl and CD. Six songs.
Contact The Tantrums at:
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MRR BOOK REVIEWS

A Taste of Blood: The Films of Herschell Gordon Lewis • Christopher Wayne Curry
238 pages • $22.95
Creation Books • 83 Clerkenwell Road • London, England • EC1M 5RJ

"A Caress — An Embrace — Then Defilement and Death!" "The Depraved, The Demented, The Nameless, The Shameless —" "UNBELIEVABLE! The girls with MINI-SKIRTS and MINI MORALS!" "Riding Their Men as Viciously as They Ride Their Motorcycle!"

All this and more explored in *A Taste of Blood*, or at least plots and interesting facts about the exploitation king Herschell Gordon Lewis are abundantly reiterated. Revered as the Godfather of Gore, Lewis's filmography is as odd and diverse as his multiple career paths. The two things that are a constant in an H.G. Lewis film are its painfully low budget and a healthy dose of exploitation surround its marketing, posters boasting more blood, more sex or more of some other outrageous perversion than ever previously shown on film. In *A Taste of Blood*, Christopher Curry shares synopses of every known H.G. Lewis film from his 1960 "nudie cutie" *Prime Time* to his 1972 final bloodletting, *The Gore Gore Girls*. Interviews with Lewis, David Friedman, Bill Rogers, Mal Arnold, Dan Krogh and Hedda Lubin give multiple perspectives on the same film making excursions. Reviewing Lewis' entire body of work it is truly amazing the amount of subjects he was able to exploit: the nude female form, blood, drug addicts, motorcycle gangs, birth control pills, moonshine, the music industry (pop and country), magic, wife swapping and he even dabbles in black exploitation when hired to do so. A large spectrum of topics for an Ex-English teacher turned TV/commercial director whom later became a direct-marketing mentor with at least twelve books to his name on the subject.

Herschell Gordon Lewis' films are rarely referred to as art; therefore little deep analysis is needed. Though insightful conclusions of sociological reasons for gore's existence might be intriguing, you will not find them here. No longwinded dissertation of the causal relationship between teenage boys' "menstruation envy" and their budding interest in gore, but it's a funny concept anyway. The way Hollywood dictates what can be exploited is briefly discussed with Lewis moving from nudie films to gore as Hollywood began to loosen its dress code. But Curry is first and foremost a fan not a film theorist. His love of B-movies makes him quite knowledgeable about uncelebrated facts producing the perfect book for anyone already interest in the man or the genera. *A Taste of Blood* is a book written by a fan for fans ready to learn more about Lewis's more obscure and lost films. Actually Lewis lost all his films to a bank after he put them up for collateral in a deal gone bad. That a majority of these films have surfaced at all is very telling to the popularity of B-movies.

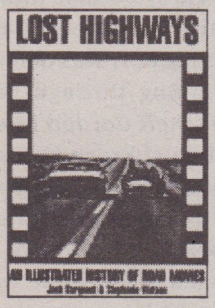
Curry admits his inspiration for writing *A Taste of Blood* was a limited edition book about H.G. Lewis that pre-dates his by about 15 years. When Curry became aware of this hard-to-find book, he begged the publishers to re-publish it as any avid fan would do. His request was denied and *A Taste of Blood* born. After flipping through this limited edition book, *The Amazing Herschell Gordon Lewis and His World of Exploitation Films* by Daniel Krogn, *A Taste of Blood* is very similar as to how the book covers Lewis's material, yet the tone differs greatly. The tone of the first work, written by Dan Krogn after working with Lewis, is one of a colleague whom is impressed with what was accomplished. *A Taste of Blood* does not portray the same realistic closeness. Both books archive Lewis' extravagant film posters and plenty of stunning stills from his films. In the center of *A Taste of Blood* there are several pages of stills in "ghastly" color. These photos demonstrate the intense physical reaction to the sight of blood in color. Lewis's keen exploitative senses knew this; hence all his gore films were shot exsulively in color to induce a more physical repulsion. Before *Blood Feast*, Lewis's first gore film, Herschell was watching a Hollywood *noir* film starting Edward G. Robinson. During the grand finale shoot out, Lewis watched the dying figure and he noticed the lack of blood. "There was more blood when I cut my finger," he remarked. That epiphany led him to pour on the gore and open up the door for the blood to flow into underground films then into Hollywood's slasher films.

Blood Feast shocked and amazed audiences, but more importantly to Lewis and the producers that funded sequential splatter films it made a hearty profit for amount invested. With exploitation films there are no grandiose visions that come before cost. There is a small budget and a scheme to turn a profit. This way of filmmaking is more pure than the Hollywood exploitation of big budgets, big stars, big paychecks and immense waste veiled behind a façade of
creativity.

Though they should be commended for their thriftiness, B-movies are plagued with having to use every shot no matter how bad or inconsequential. One wishes in many H. G. Lewis' movies there could have been just a bit more waste when writing dialogue, giving motivation and editing, but the shortcomings are not what one remembers. What resonates on the palate? The shocking scenes, the disemboweling, the decapitation—in other words, the good stuff, and *A Taste of Blood* just preps the appetite. —Tobia Jean

MRR BOOK REVIEWS

Lost Highways—An Illustrated History of Road Movies • Edited by Jack Sergeant and Stephanie Watson
288 pages • $19.95
Creation Books • 4th Floor, 72/80 Leather Lane • London, England • EC1N 7TR



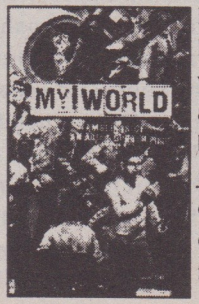
"Road Movie." Do you know what this deceptively simple phrase means? It evokes everything from *Faster Pussycat, Kill, Kill* to *Thelma and Louise* to *Easy Rider*. But do you know that it also includes such diverse films as *Wizard of Oz, You Only Live Once* (1937 noir), *From Dusk Til Dawn, Apocalypse Now, Wings of Desire, Death Race 2000*, and of course, *The Road Warrior*? This book, containing a far-ranging collection of essays from a host of writers, covers the road movie from start to finish, pun intended. The start of the road movie is, among other places, in the heart of one of my favorite genres, the western. The western contains many of the core characters and themes of almost every road movie: the anti-hero, the moral journey (often filled with twists and turns), the "search for a better tomorrow," and the epic physical journey(s). As co-editor Stephanie Watson puts it on page 28:

"The road movie may be the Western's son, but it is a wayward son, a prodigal son who contests his father's authority, and searching for a true parental hero finds either disillusionment or orphanage. The road movie is in many ways a reformulation of the Western, which by following its routes in search of promised gold finds only empty dreams."

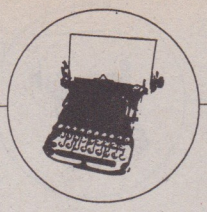
The anti-hero, or the good outlaw (think *The Outlaw Josey Wales* or *Thelma and Louise*), eventually develops into a non-conformist kicking against the oppressive authorities (*Death Race 2000, Smokey and the Bandit*). Many anti-heroes aren't "good heroes," although even creeps like the cruel biker boss Buddy in *Hell's Angels On Wheels* has a couple of likable aspects while he's busy humiliating a very young Jack Nicholson. Not every road movie contains anti-heroes, some contain positive protagonists, like the Bing Crosby/Bob Hope "Road To..." flicks or John Candy's wacky comedy *Planes Trains and Automobiles*. The moral journey in a road movie can be Bonnie and Clyde shooting their way across the country and into each other's hearts, or it can be Frankenstein's transformation from an establishment goon to a revolutionary one man army (*Death Race 2000*). The iconically American search for self, epitomized but by no means invented by Kerouac's *On the Road*, is the third major moral journey instantly recognizable in a road film — *My Own Private Idaho, Easy Rider, Thelma and Louise*, and on and on. The epic physical journey spans the globe: from the familiar vistas of the American West (and the high plains of Spain as seen in Sergio Leone's spaghetti westerns) to the post-apocalyptic wastelands of Australia (*The Road Warrior, Mad Max*), the majority of road movies travel across very large physical spaces - and all of the remainder definitely travel across very large interior/mental spaces (*Wings of Desire*). One aspect of the road movie that did not resonate in most Westerns is the road itself. According to *Lost Highways*, the upswing in the automobile (and later the motorcycle) firmly kept the pedal to the metal in soldering youth culture to the road movie: *Rebel Without a Cause, Faster, Pussycat! Kill! Kill!, She Devils on Wheels* etc. The adaptation of the road movie motif from Westerns and teensploitation to Sci-fi and fantasy expanded the notion of what and when qualifies as a road with such films as *Blue Velvet, The Road Warrior, From Dusk Til Dawn*, and *Death Race 2000*. The ultimate road movie, or, if you will, the end of the road (ouch!), according to Mikita Brottman and Christopher Sharrett's essay, is David Cronenberg's 1997 flick, *Crash*. They classify his grotesque, unique cinematic vision as "a hardcore, apocalyptic, endtime variant" on the standard road movie because of the brutal sensuality of his vision and the many distinct tangents that Cronenberg takes the standard road movie motifs of anti-hero, epic journeys, and moral quests. There is one glaring flaw that inhibits me from whole-heartedly recommending this collection, and that is the overwritten and sometimes grasping-at-straws nature of many of this book's essays. This review can probably be critiqued along the same lines, but, unlike the cover blurb, I'm not shilling this as "a clear and concise post-modern picture of the road movie." Frankly, any sentence that combines "post-modern" with "clear and concise" is a lie!

In addition to the obvious road movie subjects like Westerns, girl/guy team ups, biker flicks, '50s juvie hot-rod films, and sci-fi road films, *Lost Highways* explores lesbian/gay/ transgender road movies, New Zealander films, Jean-Luc Goddard's *Weekend*, British road movies, the river as road, and many more off-beat interpretations and expansions of what exactly a road movie is. This spastic elasticity of definition is what sinks the book's "clear and concise" tag line but what makes it useful to more than just the failed film students among us - one of your favorite movies is probably in here, and you might be surprised at which one it turns out to be! This is a really good bathroom book, and a great way to go into your local independent video store in search of some truly great, or at least truly weird, movies.-Jesse Luscious

My World: Ramblings of an Aging Gutter Punk
Jeff Ott
190 pages • $15.00
Sub City Records • P.O. Box 7495 • Van Nuys, CA 91409



I don't know this author, Jeff Ott. I have heard his name a couple times over the years, but I spend a lot of time out of town, and since everyone else seemed to know the back story, it never got explained to me. I just figure he is one of the East Bay characters that remain outside of my frame of reference. That said, this was the most frustrating book I have read in a long time. It will be a challenge to describe just what



is so irritating about it, because it is, on the one hand, a well-meaning collection of essays decrying incest, political exploitation, teen suicide, and rape; and whose sales benefit Positive Images, a Sonoma County support group for gay and questioning youth. I think it is fairly obvious that Ott's interest is to help people avoid making the mistakes he made, and, essentially, to save people's lives. So far so good, right?

On the other hand, it is the most egotistical, dogmatic, and patronizing set of essays I have ever read. The generalizations are unbearable, the thinly-veiled *mea culpas* are condescending and kind of sidestepping. Worst of all is the perspective of "the reformed" addressing his former peers.

The book's preface describes it as a compilation of issues of Ott's fanzine, *My World*, as well as newer stuff that would have been in a next issue. The chapters are essays on various broad topics ("Trash," "God," "Work," etc.); several pieces about the incident of Blythe ODing in the squat; many pages of needle/sex safety info; and two investigative-style articles. There are a couple of essays written by Cynthia Ott as well, which are an informative guide to how to help a friend deal with a rape experience, and then a weird diatribe against the evils of coffee(!). I have a lot of criticism of this book, but I'll start with what was the most bothersome thing to me: the self-righteous generalizations about punk rock.

The book begins with the history of punk rock according to Ott, which includes the fundamental building block that "by 1983, *Maximum RockN Roll* generally, and Tim Yohannon specifically had a ...stranglehold on what could and what could not be considered punk." Oh, THAT old story... That's the lamest thing I ever I ever heard. Ott seems to want to absolve himself of responsibility from page one. He should have subtitled his book, "How I Blame Punk Rock for All My Personal Shortcomings." Starting with someone who's dead and can't even rebut, Ott finds ways throughout this book to APPEAR to be taking responsibility for his debased behavior, while constantly blaming other people. Tim Yohannon, punk rock, his parents, pornography, "the establishment," "the rulers," teachers, and of course, "they."

It's a strange coincidence that Ott manages to blame punk rock for promoting drug addiction (which he suffers from), rape (which he says he is guilty of) and abandoning one's responsibilities to one's children (which he describes himself as having done). This tactic is especially hypocritical since the whole book has a heavy blanket of atonement about it, it is redolent with outreach-style information (that would be *much* more effective in other media besides a fifteen-dollar book, I'm sure he knows) and bears a certain resemblance to Steps 5, 8, and 9 out of a possible twelve. Nevermind that *his* experience of punk is not everyone's experiences of punk, certainly not *my* experiences. Why try to speak for me? I resent that. My experiences of punk rock are of solidarity, creativity, problem solving, resistance, loyalty, and friendship. It's not all "emulating jocks' behavior," and shooting up, and fucking girls while they are passed out. That was *your* scene, not mine. Speak for yourself.

During the course of the book, Ott admits to having raped at least two different women, yet these admissions sound like he's doing it just to prove his expertise on misogyny and on what everyone else is doing. He sounds almost proud — proud of having overcome it. This may just be lousy writing, and he probably really is sorry. But it doesn't sound that way, it sounds like his "street cred" qualifications for preaching. He decides it came from being abused as a child, and from pornography (and punk rock), and then just moves on in the book, creating a weird vacuum where more discussion is clearly needed.

The self-help lists, the accusatory tone, and the non-engaging writing keep it stuck on the level of the "therapeutic." Ott has put his energy into getting something off his chest, but not into what a reader is supposed to get out of this. That's where the egocentrism comes in, which prevents this book from being anything cathartic. Except possibly for Ott and, I suppose, people who know him. Also, Ott commits the technical foul of evoking the Nazi metaphor (a totally cheap shot, and definitely an overused method of demonizing the opposition), in this case about a store clerk who kicks him out for being barefooted.

The political articles, while unassailable in their fundamentals (attacking racism, corporate greed, pollution, police brutality) are dry, rehashed, and somewhat superficial. Ott suggests, for example, we should sew our own clothes as an alternative to the GAP. There is also a lament that one cannot "hunt" within city limits. Surely, there is some spectrum of possibility between overpriced corporate consumerism and a return to bare feet and sackcloth? I mean, what is he suggesting here? It's just not well thought-out. Plus, doesn't Ott know anything about the textile industry? Or do we pick the hemp and weave the stuff ourselves too? These are the kind of statements that would be much more palatable if Ott would just speak for himself, as in "I'm going to sew my own clothes" rather than "we should sew our own clothes." Why the need to dictate to other people?

The most powerful piece in the book was written by Elvijo Dougherty. Her description of Blythe (Lauren) ODing in the squat is well-written, sad, vulnerable, detailed. It makes an emotional connection where Ott's well-meaning hack-sociology fails. Elvijo is talking about individual people, about this guy with the three names, about her own fears, about the heaviness of a body she probably already knew was dead. It's not statistics and blame, it's the reality of her heart. Her account of a bunch of junkies, pathetically buzzing around trying to balance their fear of having a dead person in the house with their fear of calling authorities, reveals the essence of addicts way more than Ott's diatribes.

Some of Ott's essays are promising - the list of arrests ("Law"), for example, and even more so, the welcome ambivalence of his description of the beating of the rapist and the conflicting feelings he had about it ("Thoughts On

Rape and Our Community"). Where he can *show* something, rather than *preach* it, is where the book has potential to be strong. But this book's failures bring up a couple of ideas, often overlooked by punk rock writers. One is that what works in a fanzine won't necessarily work in a book. All of this stuff would be much less obnoxious in the more personal format. It's true, and you ignore the visual and cultural element of "the book" at your own peril. In this case, the impersonal printing, the fifteen-dollar price tag, all the inherent structure of a book, work to amplify the weak parts of Ott's writing - his bombast and self-righteousness - which seem even more heavy-handed in the book form.

The other is the idea of respecting your craft. Ott may not mean to come off as supercilious and pontificating, but that's what the book implies. He may write that this is "not intended to remove responsibility for my actions" of rape, for example, but that is what the book does, by virtue of how it is presented, its context, etc. As I said before, I don't know Jeff Ott from Adam, all I have is this book. If you are going to bother to write a book, then it pays to have control over what you write. It's not enough to be authentic and have good intentions; the writing has to effectively say what you mean. I think that next time, Ott should take more time and effort, and write a book that can stand on its own, independently of his fanzines. Otherwise, maybe he should stick to more productive in-person outreach, to change "his world". —Greta S.

Assuming the Position: A Memoir of Hustling • Rick Whitaker
179 pages • $18.00
Four Walls Eight Windows • 39 West 14th Street, Room 503 • New York, NY • 10011

It used to be that only presidents and poets wrote their memoirs, but now in the age of "everyone's life is a story to be told," memoirs are all the rage. Prerequisite details for any memoir include a troubled, dysfunctional childhood or at the very least, an uneasy relationship with parents; tragic event after tragic event; hitting rock bottom; epiphany; and finally, understanding and enlightenment that needs to be shared with the world. The last part is the kicker: without enlightenment, there's really no story. What would we have to gain from reading someone's life story if they themselves gained nothing from living it?

And that is my biggest complaint with *Assuming the Position*, Rick Whitaker's memoir of hustling. Written only one year after he turned his last trick, Whitaker still has no idea why he, a college-educated, one-time book-publishing and now classical-music insider, entered into prostitution or why he continued for so long. I read this book over and over again, thinking I must have glossed over some of the more important details. But even after several readings, I have to admit that I still don't know a thing about Rick Whitaker. Whitaker's writing style is very guarded; he says a lot but divulges nothing. He takes great care in choosing his words, presenting the reader with a vivid portrait of his life, providing explicit details and personal anecdotes but never revealing how he feels inside or what effect this lifestyle had on him emotionally, then and now. Instead he offers philosophical passages and quotes from Walt Whitman, Leonard Woolf, Nietzsche or Oscar Wilde, to name just a few, as explanations or justification for what he must have felt or should have felt.

"I have wondered if I was being immoral when I was hustling, but it never really felt like an authentic question. I was not hurting anyone apart from, perhaps, enabling some men to perpetuate an expensive bad habit."

Most unsettling is Whitaker's inability or refusal to admit feelings of guilt or shame about hustling, drugs, or his own feelings of insecurity. He would adamantly state that there is nothing debased or immoral about prostitution yet feel the need to defend his own participation in it. He would say he loved using drugs and likened their effects to that of meditation, then blame his drug use as a necessary part of hustling. The greatest contradictions came about when he would openly state that what he believes is moral and right for society is not necessarily what he believes to be moral and right for himself.

"The morality of these things - of the mendacity and the addictions - never bothered me, because I don't think of them as immoral in any public way. I would never condemn someone on the moral grounds for being an ingratiating prostitute or a drug addict - or a john desperately seeking intimacy. But privately, I was too proud to accept deceitfulness, addiction, and neurasthenia as the conditions of my life. I had real ambitions."

The author repeatedly expresses remorse for his past but doesn't seem to take any responsibility for his actions. Instead he blames everything on addictions, as if addiction was something done to us, and not by us. He hustled because he was addicted to sex, had unsafe sex because he was addicted to sex, was a hustler because he was addicted to sex with undesirable men, used drugs in order to hustle, but hustled to pay for his drug use. And finally, he had all of these addiction because he was addicted to escapism.

"That's what habits are for: to return a person to a familiar condition. I loved the fabulous variety of men I saw as an escort because I was addicted to men, just as I liked taking any drugs that came my way because I was addicted to drugs.

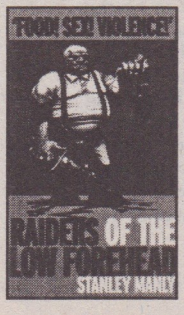
The condition with which I was familiar was not specific to a type of man or a certain drug: I was addicted to the experience of being taken away from myself."

Not to mention, being addicted to not being responsible for himself...

"I do not consider myself the least bit heroic or admirable for any of this, though I am proud of myself for having had the strength to go through it and survive it and finally to leave it - but I should never have done it, and I would think better of myself if I hadn't. Prostitution is inelegant, and I have always wanted to be an example of a certain kind of elegance - not the kind that involves money or clothes or society, but elegance resulting from the undistracted observation of own rigorous thinking."

I have no idea why Rick Whitaker is telling his story at all. Was he a writer for the same reason he gave for being a hustler: to get "paid for doing something I was somehow inclined to do anyway?" Did he write this book to prove to himself and especially, to others, that he could be a writer? Did he divulge the details of his sordid past in order to be seen as different, in order to not belong to that "class of people who get up for work in the morning, who live within the constraints of the law, who go to bed at night and have good or bad or indifferent sex on a regular, reasonable schedule?" Whitaker has a great eye for detail and he is at his best when he focuses his attention on others. His depictions of his clients and their many different quirks are wonderful. There is always a moment that he finds he is aroused by them and their world, no matter how smelly, no matter how kinky. In these moments, he shows himself not only to be a good hustler, but a fine writer as well. I'm sure with some more time, he'll see that the two are not necessarily incongruous. -Catherine Cook

Raiders of the Low Forehead • Stanly Manly
152 pages • £6.99
www.creationbooks.com



Well, fuck me. Grubby, warped, and mean-minded works of fiction (?) such as *Raiders of the Low Forehead* don't lend themselves to many five-dollar words or fussy critical analysis, so I'm not gonna attempt any. The cover blurb hits it about as close as possible, calling it "sicker than an outbreak of ebola in an orphanage, funnier than a napalm strike on the Comic Relief studios and puncuated by acts of such unspeakable ferocity that they'd have Hannibal Lecter coughing his guts up in disgust." All I know is that the middle-class grandmother seated next to me on the bus showed keen interest in all the lively language virtually leaping off the page: "shit", "fuck", and "bugger me backwards with a badger's bum brush." Add that to your daily lexicon — I dare you.

Running in cycles like an endless porn loop, the book is organized around the universal themes of "food!", "sex!", and "violence!", titling every third chapter. The Raiders of the Low Forehead themselves are three ham-handed British brutarians called (note the use of capital letters for emphasis, as they appear in the novel) STIG BIG, ELVIS TWAT and TYRONE HOODLUM. The three indulge in all manner of bad behavior, violence and general roguery as in chapter 9 (subtitled "violence!"): "ELVIS TWAT and STIG BIG kicked the comatose crowd into the cold crowd of coppers they'd callously clobbered the night before". Standing in their path is one VINCE (capitals again), "an Oxfam poster-child with worms...the world's least-likely sex god", and the book's ostensible hero, with a passion for egg and chips, meat pies and sausage that borders on the obsessive. None of these characters are carefully-drawn, realistic figures for the reader to identify deeply with, rather, they're more like hand-puppets exacting all manner of bodily vengeance upon each other. "Fists flew furiously in furious fistful fracas", as Manly describes one of the book's many punch-ups. "Fat fists put fat lips on fat faces." When in doubt, turn to alliteration, as my high-school English teacher once told me.

Being a clean-cut, latte-drinking, computer-typing septic-tankYank, much of Monsieur Manly's lively regional language is lost on my ears, though I do admire his way with words. It's not so much a "way" with them, more like a means of coercion that twists into all kinds of unnatural acts and postures. Check out the torment of an elderly matron pushed beyond the edge of her wits: "the pensioner on the floor realized that nothing in eighty-one years of life, forty-seven years of marriage and at least three desperate battles to fend off her late husband's insatiable interest in anal sex had prepared her for this moment in her life." I also admire the sense of the absurd that runs throughout, as when describing the interior of a prison hospital "In front of him on the slimy wooden benches were a knitting granny, two spiky-haired sickos with a glue habit, a vicar in Kickers, a sheep asleep and a bloke with a hard-on who worked in a garden. Hey, it takes all sorts." Tentacled aliens make a brief appearance during a "shag session and that" between VINCE (in capitals) and his "slag" SHARON GOER: "Nearby a UFO hovered over the docks and sent green-eyed squid messengers to ask earthlings where that Vera Lynn, sweetheart of the forces in World War II, lived. 'She's grown up with kids now', blurted a passing bloodhound telepathically. 'Don't you bastards understand anything about relativity?'"

Don't miss the author's biography inside the front cover: "Stanley Manly wrote this book." Fucking brilliant.
-Jeff A. Heermann

MAXIMUMROCKNROLL MOVIE REVIEWS

EVERYTHING YOU ALWAYS WANTED TO KNOW ABOUT SEX AND FILTH

Annabel Chong (aka Grace Kwek) is a tangle of paradoxes. Devoted to her Singaporean parents, she's staunchly American, but can't seem to shed her British accent. Despite her degree in cultural anthropology, she made her career in porn. Then there was *The World's Biggest Gang-Bang*, where Chong set out to set a record of three-hundred men in a single shooting day. She made it to 251, and the documentary *The Annabel Chong Story* sets out to figure out why. Well, first of all, she likes sex. A lot. After bedding many of the male undergrads at USC (go Trojans!), she decided that having sex on screen could be just as fun. After starring in morsels like *I Can't Believe I Did the Whole Team* and *Anal Queen*, she realized the only quick way to build her profile (and income) was to volunteer — no coercion needed here — for *Gang-Bang*... In close-ups, her enjoyment seems to go beyond that of an actress doing her job; here's a woman who's found her calling.

There's also personal politics involved. In America, she explains, men are permitted to show sexual desire, but despite a sexual revolution or two, many women are still reticent. Her argument sounds more like a rationalization, but it makes sense; America prizes itself on its political liberties, but its social liberties have always lagged behind. When Grace visits her parents in Singapore — where of course *all* nice girls are virgins, don't wear short skirts, and are Christian — they still don't know about her recent past. Not for long. Shortly after Kwek's arrival, her mother starts receiving anonymous messages from locals, and her daughter is harangued on the street. Grace has no choice but to admit everything.

For the most part, Kwek simply wants to *feel* in a culture that leaves her numb. In bad moments, she rolls a razor blade across her skin, drawing blood, reminding herself that she's alive. Is she sick? A victim of her own philosophy? Or is there something terribly normal and conscious about her way of living that puts a average person to shame? A survivor of drugs and hardcore sex, there's probably some truth in all three; but there's no argument that she's more interesting as a human being than as the holder of some dubious record.

Springtime is the time for love (or these days, porn documentaries), and another springtime release sets out to humanize a woman in a belittled industry. *The Girl Next Door*, directed by Christine Fugate, tells a story of ingratiating, southern-born Stacy Valentine (aka Stacy Baker), and it's a story so sweet you're willing to forgive her the occasional on-screen double-penetration.

Befitting a porn documentary, this was shot on video, and it hops, skips, and jumps over a period of several years to find something...hell, *anything* interesting about this woman. As the title implies, the handle they came up with was that Baker is an ordinary girl once the cameras are unplugged and her makeup is off. This shouldn't be a surprise to anyone, but her persona does contrast with that of your stereotypical porn actress. When a poolside set is overrun by hungry ants (a situation which would have caused your typical porn prima donna to stomp off), Stacy just shakes them off, lays down a new towel, and continues shooting. Another night, her crew is in 38 degree fog, but she overcomes waves of sickness to tackle some unusually uncomfortable scenes. We see her going through grisly cosmetic surgeries (liposuction, breast augmentation, lip injections); afterwards, she's bruised and groggy, but gets off a reflexive smile. "It's kind of weird to look into a mirror and see a stranger," she admits as she begins to articulate her public and a private self. Dividing her personality makes it easier for her to have paid sex with a wealthy fan after her 'Cannes Hot D'Or' Award. "We do need the money," she blurts out cheerlessly, fingering a pile of hundred dollar bills on her hotel bed. The "we" refers to her boyfriend, but her boyfriend will hit the road before long.

The Girl Next Door tries to be humanizing, but it seems everything Stacy Baker does turns her back into a sex-object movie icon. The heavy dose of Candye Cane-type girl-pop songs on the soundtrack reinforces the film's misty feminism — empowerment, triumphing over adversity, etc. But like Baker, the film comes off as a bit dull.

Not so with the only feature film drama of the bunch today. Blunt, frequently hilarious, and watchable to the extreme, *Lies* is a South Korean black comedy so controversial it got banned. Considering the intense subject matter of many Korean features, that's saying something, so the film is certain to be a cult item in its limited international release.

Sailor-suited high-schooler Woori (Jeon Hye-Jin) is aching to lose her virginity to the forty-ish sculptor she idolizes (J, played by Lee Sang-Hyun), but it's her best friend Yoon (Kim Tea-Yeon) who has the guts to follow up on it. Her two older sisters lost their virginity in rape, and Yoon wants to negotiate sex on her own terms. The sculptor, stubbly and a little sleazy-looking, meets Yoon (or Y, as the film calls her), and their relationship fires up quickly. A title card quips, "The First Hole." The metaphorical golf game that follows is more like a 18 holer, and quickly moves beyond straight sex.

At this point, most films would divert to dialog and subplots. Not *Lies*. For "The Second Hole", J drags along an buffed-aluminum suitcase, and it's piled with whips, strips, hoses, and straps. Y consents to being flogged with a metal switch ("I love being beaten," she cries), and it's followed by a particularly sweaty session of debauchery. Her pal Woori falls into the role of applying first-aid to her friend's ass in the girl's bathroom at school.

When Y and J meet again, she moves by degrees to beatings by broomstick handles, pipes, clubs, and nasty yarrow sticks that leave slivers and skinburns; whenever one of the sticks breaks, they have to start the count all over from scratch, so to speak. The shit-felching scene brings everything to a new peak (or low); Y exclaims, "Tasting shit makes my heart beat so fast!" Ironically, each time the couple causes each other pain, and have every reason to express their outrage, they ask each other whether they're still in love. Of course, they answer yes. It's like beating a confession out of an innocent man, after which he comes to believe in his guilt. One is left to wonder how much of a "typical" relationship is based on subtler forms of coercion.

Director Jang Sun-Woo (*The Road to the Racetrack, A Petal*, the awesome *Hwa om kyung*) based his adaptation on the Korean novel *'Tell Me a Lie'*, which won the distinction of landing its author in jail, with all 8500 copies of the book torched. (It probably hadn't crossed the censors' minds that banning and burning is about as obscene than any book or movie could ever be.) See the movie now, if you still can.

And while we're on the subject of mandatory viewing, I'd be very surprised if you haven't seen *The Filth and the Fury* yet, Julien Temple's documentary on the life and times of The Sex Pistols. Using old video clips (synched primarily to *'Never Mind the Bollocks'* tracks), and with excerpts including everything from TV reports to *The Great Rock'n'Roll Swindle*, this puts a familiar story in a social context of a depressed Britain filled with working class kids with no jobs and nothing to lose.

Graded and altered video gives something of the raw feeling of early punk. Choice nuggets include info on Johnny Rotten's early image (a mix-and-match of Richard III and eccentric British TV comics); the birth of the pogo (pre-Pistols Sid Vicious, their biggest fan, doing a proto-mosh); the SPOTS tour (in which the Pistols, banned from playing live, performed some of their best gigs under an assumed name); gritty footage of the band at 'The Wagon Wheel' in Texas under a hail of bottles and debris; and a culminating interview with John Lydon in which he weeps at the tragedy of his friend Sid's passing. In his interviews with band members, Temple always has their faces in silhouette: we can imagine them as they were twenty-three years ago, and still get a sense they might in a way be outlaws.

Unlikely to have much mainstream appeal, *The Filth and the Fury* is pitched primarily at punks (and punks at heart), and assumes you know the basics. Temple's own *Great Rock'n'Roll Swindle* is probably more entertaining, but *Filth* has more ambition, and easily could have incorporated more vintage media footage — always a highlight in this sort of thing. I suppose I was expecting more; but that doesn't mean I'm not grateful for what *The Filth and theFury* offers. –Steve Spinali

IF YOU LOOK LIKE AN ASSHOLE AND YOU TALK LIKE AN ASSHOLE, THEN YOU ARE AN ASSHOLE

Who do you think is the more popular Sex Pistol, Johnny Rotten or Sid Vicious? I can't seem to decide. Sid's "My Way" is the best selling Sex Pistols single, but Johnny Rotten seems to be the most outspoken and he's still alive. I saw *The Filth and the Fury* the other day and that was what I was thinking when I walked out. Who the hell cares?!? I guess there is still some competition going on.

Johnny Rotten starts out *The Filth and the Fury* by making a claim that all other band stories tell how great it is to be in a band, but for The Sex Pistols it was awful. I laughed out loud. I guess Johnny doesn't watch VH1, even though he had the short-lived "Rotten Television" on that station. Fortunately,v goes beyond the "Behind The Music" thing. *The Filth and the Fury* is a more serious update of *The Great Rock and Roll Swindle*.

The legacy of Sex Pistols seems a bit weird to me. I was never into them growing up. Sure, I own "Never Mind The Bollocks",

who doesn't? It wasn't a conscious thing, it just seemed that the Sex Pistols were mainstream. I would hear "Anarchy In The U.K." on commercial radio. The popular boys in junior high school knew of The Sex Pistols. My mom knew about Sid Vicious' o.d. I never got to see them live (well, not until 1996). They may have been great back in the heyday, but in 1980 they weren't even in the equation. Now looking back on the whole thing from an even farther vantage point, it's very fascinating. Being punk is so accepted these days, it's hard for those who weren't part of it to appreciate what it was like then, but don't expect this documentary to help.

The Great Rock and Roll Swindle made the Sex Pistols look like a joke. It's actually kind of boring. I can see why Johnny Rotten didn't want to have anything to do with it. I'm sure that was Malcolm McLaren's intent. He is fiercely competitive with Johnny Rotten over the whole thing. I always get a kick out of people trying to take credit for "creating" some type of movement. Malcolm McLaren says he invented punk, the Ramones will say they invented punk. Legs McNeil says he came up with the name punk. The list goes on. Of course, you can argue and argue, but nothing will ever be resolved so forget it.

The reason I enjoy watching this type of documentary is for the old footage. *The Filth and the Fury* has a lot of great stuff. Director Julien Temple also did *The Great Rock and Roll Swindle* so he has access to it and gets to use some stuff that wasn't in *Swindle* as well as some that was. The best scene is from a Christmas party the Sex Pistols threw for the children of striking miners. That's one I've never heard about. The band is serving cake to the kids, talking with them, laughing and having a great time. Then they play for kids and their parents. Everyone is enjoying themselves. One of the parents tells the kids to thank the Sex Pistols for this party and all the kids yell "Thank you". One of those rare times when you see Johnny Rotten smile. The other great scene is an interview with Sid Vicious. It's kind of creepy since you know he is a junkie and Malcolm McLaren and Nancy Spungen have been overfilling his head with praise. It is post US tour-band break up and he is talking about Johnny Rotten being jealous of him since he is becoming more popular in the band. People come to see him instead of Johnny. He seems very sincere, but he has the dazed look of a junkie. You know he doesn't know what he's saying. Elsewhere in the film it's made clear that Sid was a Sex Pistols fan before joining the band and idolized Johnny. He wasn't interested in playing the bass. He just wanted to be a punk. Johnny evens gets a bit teary eyed talking about Sid. He blames Malcolm for getting Sid back on drugs when the Sex Pistols were in San Francisco. Remember, Malcolm refers to Sid as the "Gimmick" in *The Great Rock and Roll Swindle*. It's Johnny's turn to point the finger, though he does express regret that he wasn't able to do anything to anything to save Sid's life.

The Filth and the Fury has the Sex Pistols story intermingled with what was going on in English society and entertainment at the time. You get to see the way the Sex Pistols were influenced and how the atmosphere had a lot to do with their popularity and notoriety. One television commentator discusses how the Sex Pistols were nonsense compared to great bands like the Rolling Stones. Of course, in the '60s the same guy was probably saying the same thing about the Rolling Stones in comparison to the Beatles. Steve Jones even claims that he stole a bunch of the Sex Pistols equipment from the Rolling Stones. The most annoying part of *The Filth and the Fury* is that the band interviews from the present are backlit so you can't see the face of the person being interviewed. This bugged me. My friends say that they don't want to distract you from the story by concentrating on how much older they look now. I know they are going to be older. When I saw the Clash documentary *Westway To The World* I think I concentrated on their look for about two minutes, but the shadow thing makes me wonder more what they are hiding behind there. It's not like they've been hiding out for 20 years and no one has seen them. They did a reunion tour in 1996 which was mysteriously absent from this too.

"What a bunch of pretentious crap" is the best line from *Time Code*. That just about sums up the self-referential, pseudo-ironical attitude of this film. The gimmick is a fascinating one. Four simultaneous, continuous shots played at once on a screen split four ways. The actors are given a guideline as to what to do, but have to improvise their parts. The characters from each shot meet up with each other. The shots cross and go off in other directions. It is impossible for me to concentrate on four separate actions at once so I become more aware of what I am concentrating on then what is going on in the story. *Time Code*'s story is not interesting. The center point is a film production company called Red Mullett (ha ha ha). At the start you have a woman in therapy in one screen. She ends up being the head of Red Mullett, Alex's wife. A woman letting the air out of an SUV's tires in another. A message therapist shows up at the production studio in the third. A studio meeting is taking place in the fourth. Then, of course, the cliches kick in. People are having affairs, getting divorced, doing coke, talking shop, auditioning for parts in a film, spying on each other.

The best part is when a young, hip filmmaker shows up for a meeting at the studio with her musician boyfriend. She is trying to sell the idea of the film we are watching to these studios executives. Her boyfriend performs a piece of white boy, hip-hop music that mentions Dostoevski and Stalin. The filmmaker goes into her spiel about what her film (this film) is about. Alex starts laughing uncontrollably. She stops and asks him what is so funny. He says the first honest thing in the film. "Look we're going to do your crap, then you're going to do our crap. That's the deal". It seems that director-writer Mike Figgis had a great idea about the concept of the film that he easily convinced someone to make. The problem was he didn't have a good idea about the story so he just based it on what he went through to get this made. That's just dull. He should have spent more time developing a great story that could use the technology to a great effect. It seems that when some directors get accepted into Hollywood society that's all they know. They forget about the people watching these things and that we may not care about this shit.

His sound mixing choices are questionable too. They lead the story since when he wants you to listen to one particular screen, the audio on the others are turned off . I found myself more interested in the screens where I didn't know what they were talking about. Whenever I started getting into what was going on, the focus would be averted to another screen that didn't seem as interesting.

In contrast to the supposed realism of *Time Code* is the realistic fiction of *The Idiots*. *The Idiots* is Lars Von Trier's first attempt at making a Dogme 95 film (I don't want to waste time on that, so refer to www.dogme95.dk for further information) and the best one I've seen so far. The film focuses on a group of middle-class people who want to explore their inner idiot by acting as if they are mentally retarded. They get to the point where they can't distinguish between their actual self and the pretend one. They balance a thin line between making fun of the people they are pretending to be and pointing out prejudices toward the mentally ill.

Karen accidentally meets up with a few members of the group when they are performing in a restaurant. Karen is eating alone and doesn't have much money. Stoffer, who is the head of the group, takes a liking to her because she is kind to him. Of course, when she finds out it was an act, she tells them they shouldn't be making fun when some people are actually like that. Then begins the discussion about what the purpose is. I was glad that most of this "spassing", as it is referred to by the group members, is conducted in the home where they are living. I thought at first that if this film was just a document of people acting this way in public, it was going to get old fast. There are some very funny scenes. After a tour of an insulation manufacturing plant, the group leader allows one of the people spassing to drive. The man from the factory looks on as the van stops and starts and crashes into a pile of insulation. In another, Jeppe, the most convincing of the group, is left in the care of some bikers while the Stoffer goes to get something. The groups inner dynamics is the most fascinating. Stoffer is the one who is responsible for getting this group together. He is the one that is the most vocal about people's attitudes toward mentally challenged people, yet, he is the one that seems to have the hardest time dealing with them. I think he is very aware his own hypocrisy and so he lashes out at the group members challenging them to perform in front of their families or at work. Members back out. Stoffer doesn't even have the what it takes to do it himself. Eventually, the group breaks up. Though, Karen who questions the groups ethics is the one who is able to perform in front of her family. Revealing her hidden secret and providing the most devastating moment of the film. The realism of this film is amazing. The characters really get into the part and have you believing they are who they are portraying. *The Idiots* sense of societal hypocrisy, even when it is trying to do good, is one I never see in films. Of all three films *The Idiots* seems the truest.

I'm looking for films to review. If you made one, I'd like to see it. Send a copy to me c/o MRR. – Carolyn Keddy

MAXIMUMROCKNROLL VIDEO REVIEWS

PUNK ROCK MOVIE NIGHT
UNDERGROUND FILMS & VIDEOS

When I initially introduced the idea of doing an underground film/video column, I thought that it might be a good way of inspiring punks out there to get active in forms of media other than music. Recently, I realized that many of the titles I'd be writing about would be either directly or indirectly related to music. I hoped that other zines would follow suit and begin their own underground columns, as opposed to the more mainstream film coverage that already exists presently, even in underground zines. Well, *HeartAttaCk* beat me to the punch, and they actually review many of these same films and videos in issue #26, which is actually pretty fucking cool. So I encourage you to cross-reference my reviews with theirs, and even those that make it into some of the cooler independent film zines like *Cashiers Du Cinemart*. So that's it for the introduction. I'm Jay Dead, by the way, and now on to this month's column.

Police State · Nick Zedd's not dead, contrary to past articles in magazines like *Phlegm Threat*, and similar references in Quentin Tarantino films. Actually he's alive, well, and as underground as ever in New York, recently self-publishing a follow up to his first book *Totem of the Depraved*. *Police State* isn't exactly new—originally released in 1987—it has been banned by the Berlin Film Festival, Canada, The Collective, and EZTV. Needless to say, this isn't the most distributed undeground film, and so another review of it here can't hurt. *Police State*, is a twelve-minute film about a punk with an attitude (played by Zedd) who runs into the wrong kind of cops in New York City. Suddenly, we watch as an innocent man is subjected to every type of mental and physical abuse possible in the span of a short film. Zedd has said that the cops in this film are based on real life examples. The film's ending is either shocking or completely predictable, depending on the viewer. What is grounds for banning a film in some circles is a brave representation of certain realities to others, definitely in the case of punks. I would be amiss if I didn't mention that there is a lot of humor in the way Zedd depicts these abuses, as is the case with most of his films and writing. (Send a couple of bucks for a catalog to: Penetration Films, PO Box 1589, New York City, NY 10009).

Punk Pretty · *Punk Pretty* is writer, producer, performance poet Jackie Joice's film about some of the women who make up the Southern California punk/Riot Grrl scene. This film gets off to a great start with a short live performance by ALL OR NOTHING H.C., and a very intelligent and informed interview segment with the lead singer of ALL OR NOTHING, Renae Bryant. Renae Bryant does a zine called *On The Rag*, and she gives a good summation of the Riot Grrl movement's influence on the Southern California scene and on her own ideas about feminism, especailly as it relates to her as a punk. Some of the other women profiled seem to be so Southern California (stereotypically speaking), with their trendy new clothes and shiny tattoos, yet they also have independent, empowered ideas about their lives and careers that seem to be drawn from actual real life experiences and the lessons they've learned thus far in their lives.

In a quick little interview, the lead singer from RESIST AND EXIST expresses his hope that Southern California punks will soon begin to provide equal opportunity, and safety, for women who want to get more involved in the scene. He makes reference to Northern California as an example of what they should be aiming for. I live in Northern Calfornia, and even as male, I can see that we have a long way to go here, so that little interview segment spoke volumes about the Southern Calfornia scene, in spite of the Renae Bryants and Jackie Joices who call SoCal home. Of course it goes without saying that you should make an effort to contact Jackie Joice and purchase this video, but it also seems as important that we take inspiration from this effort, and document or own scenes. It's not just the music. ($13 ppd, Punk Pretty, 4102 Orange Ave. #107-100, Long Beach, CA 90807, jackiejoice@yahoo.com).

Kash House Meat Cleavage · This was probably my favorite new film in this month's column, and it probably fits the original idea I had for this column more than any of the other videos we received in time for this month's deadline. It was shot using digital video, but it's without question a film in the way that director Bob Moricz frames his shots, and the way he paces this beautiful story of an incestuous relationship between a father and his sometimes murderous, albeit loyal children.

The director recently expressed to me his admiration for the work of Nick Zedd and the Cinema of Transgression. In much the same way that the Super 8 format made the idea of filmmaking more accesible to the average person when Zedd and filmakers like Richard Kern were active in the New York underground, video has the potential to take their example to the next step. Realistically, it may be a few years before all of the digital technology is affordable enough for anyone to shoot a film, but it's closer than you think. I wouldn't want to give too much away, but *Kash House Meat Cleavage* has all the elements of any good B-movie or cult film. There is an abundance of senseless violence, twisted sexuality, humorous over-the-top acting, and sudden plot twists that usually escape even the most depraved of mainstream indie films. Sounds like fun, right? Believe me, it is. *Kash House Meat Cleavage* is from a company in Redwood City called Epiphany Sink, and they are also responsible for another film I received this month, entitled *Brainbox*.

Visually, *Brainbox* is a more interesting a film to watch, but I missed the uninhibited, unforced writ-

ing that made *Kash House Meat Cleavage* so much more urgent and humorous. Brainbox has a more convoluted plot that centers around a power struggle to posess a thought controlling machine that is the *Brainbox*. Once again, there is plenty of cool gore, kinky sex, and even horror elements. I'd recommmend *Kash House Meat Cleavage* ahead of *Brainbox*, but I'd probably be more inclined to recommend both as a double feature prelude to *Whorgasm*. Director Bob Moricz has an interestig cast of players working in both of these films, and I really look foward to Epiphany Sink's future endeavors. ($12, Epiphany Sink Productions, 2115 Harding Ave., Redwood City, CA 94062-2915, epiphanysink.com).

Blaster Piece Theatre #1 · This is a simple video project that reminded me of the type of documentary that is often shown at info shops, or perhaps even a home video·night at a Food Not Bombs warehouse. There's some footage of rioting, a little punk rock and hardcore, a little bit of the Peace And Justice Festival, and peaceful protests that are rudely interrupted by police brutality. Similar to my feelings about *Punk Pretty*, *Blaster Piece Theatre #1* could be an interesting start to something good—especially in terms of this column—if different folks from different scenes begin to follow suit by documenting their own scenes and activism, and how the arts fit into all that. I mean, I know a lot of folks are already doing that, so send it in. Some of the bands that appear are: RIOT COP, REANIMATED, and THE CURSE. (Pepto Dismo, 1701 Broadway #C-1, Vancouver, WA 98660).

Bedtime Stories · *Bedtime Stories* is a sensationalistic video produced by the folks at *While You Were Sleeping* zine. Its whole purpose is to shock us while at the same time promoting graffiti artists and their scene. If *Bedtime Stories* had stuck to only those objectives, then it probably could have been a much more successful product than the one I just watched. As it is, in between every well-done graffiti segment and every conversation with female prostitutes who confess that they would rather be with women than men, are moronic displays of jock humor and ignorance that threaten to ruin a video that could have been so much more. On a positive note, *Bedtime Stories* successfully connects three scenes that have long plagued punk. The guys behind *While You Were Sleeping*, with *Bedtime Stories*, cater to white hip hop suburban kids, sXe hardcore kids, frat boys, and violent skinheads all at the same time. It's cool to see how similar, and connected, these scenes can actually be. Pretty fucking scary as well. I've always had a soft spot for the graffiti scene, so I did appreciate the obvious passion they have for that form of expression. ($19.95, WYWS, PO Box 34843, Bethesda, MD 20827).

Songs For Cassavetes · *Songs For Cassavetes* is actual film, and the black and white cinematography gives the entire film a very Northwest feel, even though certain segments were shot in Los Angeles and Berkeley, California. The film takes a look at, sometimes very briefly, bands like the PEECHEES, SLEATER-KINNEY, SOME VELVET SIDEWALK, THE HI FIVES, UNWOUND, the MAKE-UP and a handful of other, equally self-important studies in mediocrity. That said, SLEATER-KINNEY and the HI FIVES are definite highlights in *Songs For Cassavetes*.

This film is less about the live performances, and more about the examination of the d.i.y., independent philosophy. Unfortunately, all the bands profiled here are signed to either Lookout or the Kill Rock Stars label, which are both large enough labels that the bands tend to be a bit past the grassroots, d.i.y. level. It's also unfortunate that the only halfway down to earth conversation in the film takes place with the HI FIVES. Unlike every other band before and after their segment, the HI FIVES don't seem to view or refer to themselves in the third person. However, when giving an explanation of why bands are labeled "sellouts," Chris Imlay becomes noticeably tentative. This explanation follows his almost bitter disappointment at not being able to tour with GREEN DAY due to the rigid work schedules of some of his fellow bandmates.

After Renae Bryant's explanation of feminism in punk and the Riot Grrrl movement, I was looking foward to the PEECHEES' segment. The drummer in the PEECHEES is Molly from BRATMOBILE, which was one of the Riot Grrl bands named as a huge influence by Renae Bryant in Punk Pretty. It was very anti-climatic that Molly is incapable of making a concrete statement about anything without fracturing every sentence into a series of "likes," while at the same time appearing disinterested by every question.

It would take up too much space to fully critique every band's segment, and to disect the requisite self-tributary diatribes that seem to accompany them. So very briefly: the most pretentious of all the bands in Songs For Cassavetes has to be the VELVET SIDEWALK, and more specifically, their lead singer. UNWOUND, and the band FURTHER, badmouth major labels while they seem to pine for them at the same time. Oh, I could go on and on. The fact that almost everyone in this film is scared of the word "punk" speaks volumes. In the end, this makes *Songs For Cassavetes* somewhat interesting (even if it is a sick interest), and it is very well made after all. (No videos are currently available as of this writing, but you can write for more, current info to: Breadcrumb trail Films, 440 Raymond Avenue #8, Santa Monica, CA 90405).

Send your films and videos to: Jay Dead, PMB 419, 1442A Walnut St., Berkeley, CA 94709. Free Nikki Sicki!

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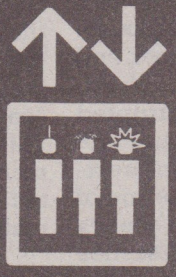

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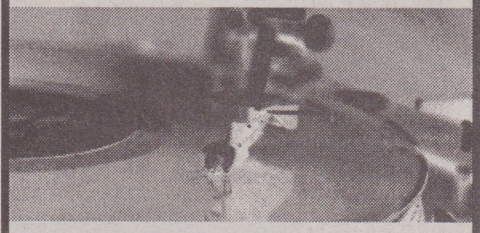

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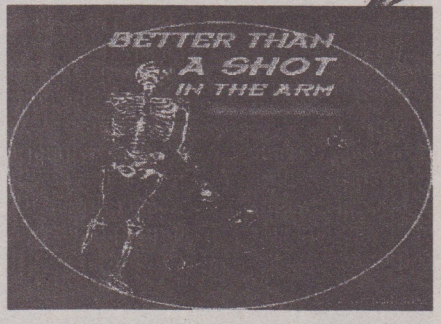

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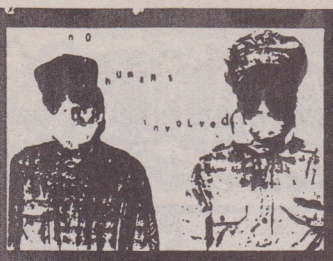

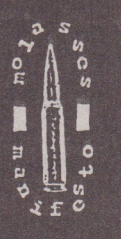

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NASTYFACTS by Mark Murrmann

ANOTHER SUBCULTURE GOING BAD

Even in the well-documented New York City punk scene, a few bands have fallen through the cracks. Nastyfacts are one such band. They released only one single in their short-lived career, three amazing Power Pop-like songs, led by the killer, "Drive My Car." Sure it's a record that makes collectors drool, but more importantly, it's just a killer record. I ran across a handful of Nasty Facts songs on the internet, tracked down guitarist Brad Craig and soon after conducted the following interview...

Let's start from the beginning, which stretches back before the Nastyfacts, when you were in a band called Pandemonium. How old were you when Pandemonium started? Why did you want to start or be in a band?

Pandemonium was formed when I was around twelve years old. I started playing guitar when I was about nine, and advanced very quickly to the point where I could play blues and rock n' roll songs. My close friends at the time were also picking up instruments, so starting a band seemed the natural thing to do.

How long was Pandemonium together? Who was in the band?

We were together about two years as Pandemonium. It was the same members as Nastyfacts - myself, Jeff Tischler (aka Jeff Range), Genji Siraisi (aka Genji Searizak), Cheryl Boyce (aka Cherl Boyze) plus a keyboardist, Valerie Ghent. Val left to join another band shortly before we became Nastyfacts.

What attracted you to the punk scene in New York?

It wasn't so much a matter of being attracted "to it" as it was growing up "in it", and feeling a part "of it". The great thing about that whole movement was the integrity of the music, and the passion with which people were writing and performing. It was all very honest, and in a sense very free.

Pandemonium recorded a 3-song demo at the National Lampoon studios, how did that come about? What were your plans for those recordings?

My father hooked that up for us. He does radio and television voice-overs, and at that time was very involved with the National Lampoon people. When he saw how serious we were, and how good we were getting, he put us up in the studio to make a demo. One memorable thing about that session is that Bobby Boris Pickett (Monster Mash) was hanging out in the control room. He really liked "Doomsday Fanfare"...

What was people's reaction to Pandemonium?

People were mostly amazed that little kids could write and play as well as we did. Some of our classmates didn't believe it was us!

Why did Pandemonium break-up?

We didn't - we just changed the name. When we went to cut the single for Jimboco we found out that another band already had the name Pandemonium.

How did the Nastyfacts form? Who all was in Nastyfacts, how did you all meet?

We all went to school together in Brooklyn. Genji, jeff and I were good friends, and were in the same grade. Cheryl was a couple years older - we saw her walking around the halls with a bass one day and asked if she wanted to jam with us. Soon after that we formed a band and started playing shows at school.

What where some of the bands you were listening to at the time? Who were your influences?

We were into stuff like The Dead Boys, Ramones, Sex Pistols, Buzzcocks, Generation X, new wave stuff like Elvis Costello, Joe Jackson, Blondie, The Cars, The Police, more offbeat stuff like The Stooges, Bowie, Lou Reed...there was just so much great music at that time, both underground AND on the charts. To me it was the last great period of rock n' roll history - nothing since has come close.

You all were pretty young when you playing the big clubs of New York City, Max's, CBGB's, etc...what was people's reaction to Nastyfacts? Was it hard getting into the clubs because of your age?

Surprisingly, it wasn't hard at all. We not only played the clubs, we hung out and drank at them, and nobody even blinked. Those were very different times. Again, people's reaction was usually,

"Wow, these guys are SO young - and SO good - amazing"!

A lot of New York band in the early '80s started moving to a more Hardcore/Thrash sound. Were there other poppier bands like you guys? What bands would you play with? Any notable shows?

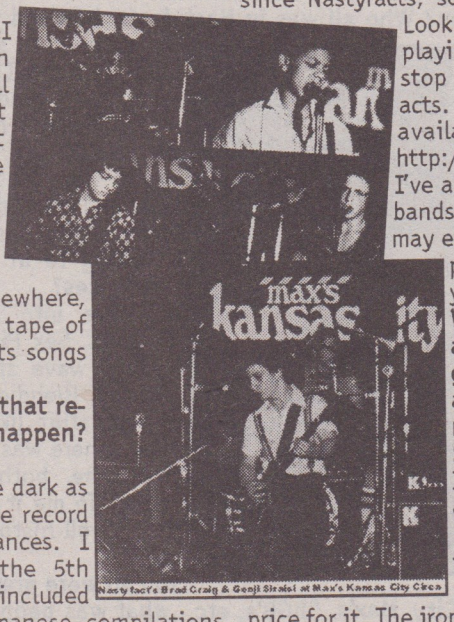
First, there was a harder side to Nastyfacts than what's on the record - those songs were picked for their commercial viability - but yeah, we were pretty pop-oriented. There were some other poppy bands at that time like The Speedies and The Colors (with Blondie's Clem Burke). We were often billed with The Stimulators, who Genji actually joined for a while, replacing Harley. We also did quite a few double bills with Bad Brains - in fact my favorite shows were a weekend we did with Bad Brains at a little club in NYC called Botany. It was a cowboy bar by day and a punk club by night, very strange. In any case the place was jam-packed both nights, and the energy was so high it was just amazing.

How did the recording of the 7" come about? How did you hook up with Jimboco? Did they release anything else? How many were pressed, how were they distributed and what was the reaction to the record then?

We hooked up with Jimboco through Ramona Jan, our producer. She fronted a band called Dizzy and the Romilars. After seeing us a few times she made a proposal to the band, did the record, and landed us with Jimboco. Ramona's is the voice you hear on the record saying "stay where you are, we're gonna do one more". I haven't a clue how many were pressed, distributed, etc... We never got any reports of how the record was doing, sales figures, nothing. There were rumors of the record charting really well in England at one point, but no hard data. I believe Jimboco went bankrupt shortly after the record was released, which would account for the total lack of information.

Where did you record the Nastyfacts single? Were there any other songs recorded during that session?

That was recorded at M&I Studios in midtown Manhattan, which is still operating today. We didn't record any other songs at that studio. We did do one other studio recording which nobody but me seems to remember. I can't remember what studio it was done at, but I know that somewhere, someone has a pretty good tape of three or four more Nastyfacts songs - I'd love to hear it again!



Nasty fact's Brad Craig & Genji Siraisi at Max's Kansas City Circa

What was the French label that re-issued it? How did that happen? How many did they press?

Again, I'm completely in the dark as to who got the rights to the record and under what circumstances. I know I've seen it under the 5th Column label, and it's been included on some European and Japanese compilations, but I have no idea who those labels are or how and why they got access to the recordings.

At the Nasty Facts' peak, how far did you think you guys would go? Did you have aspirations of being rock stars or whatever, or where you just content hanging out, playing music?

I don't know that we thought that heavily about it. The beautiful thing at that age, and at that point of development as a musician, is that it's just so exciting to be in a band and making music - you're not really thinking about your future or your career or what have you. Sure we were dreaming of being rock stars, but mostly we were just having fun, and doing what came naturally to us.

How long after the single came out did the Nasty Facts break up? What caused the break-up?

Sadly, Nastyfacts proper broke up BEFORE the record came out. It took over a year for the record to get released, which at that time seemed like an eternity. Genji and I left the band over "artistic differences". Nastyfacts did continue for a while with Jeff as the lone guitarist and Chris Rommelman on drums. In fact, that was the lineup that played at the record release party.

What were the "artistic differences" you and Genji left the band over?

Genji and I were getting more and more into creative expression, advancing our instrumental capabilities, and experimenting with different styles and sounds. At least that's what we *thought* we were doing - recently we listened to some tapes of stuff we did right after we left Nastyfacts, and we had a really good laugh. In retrospect it was a bit silly, but it's hard to keep a band together at any age - there's always different forces pulling it one way or the other and in different directions.

What happened to everybody in the band?

In the first few years after Nastyfacts, Genji, Jeff and I continued to play together in a band called Movemint Cream, which was sort of a funk thing. Jeff also played with me a few years back in an alternative band called "The Coats". Genji is now in a successful Acid Jazz group called "Groove Collective". I haven't heard from or about Cheryl since Nastyfacts, so Cheryl, if you're reading this, Look Me Up!!! I've been wriring, playing and producing music non-stop in original bands and for other acts. Most of my original music is available at http://www.mp3.com/bradcraig where I've also got links to most of the other bands I've been in. Nastyfacts fans may especially like "The Hurricanes", a power pop project I did just a year or two ago.

What do you think of all the attention Nasty Facts have gotten in the past few years and the fact that your singles now sell for anywhere between $50 and $180?

I'm shocked, honored and delighted. It's a great feeling to know that people are aware of the band, and appreciate the record well enough to pay a high price for it. The irony is that it's taken almost twenty years for me to realize that we made an impact. If I knew that back then, maybe we wouldn't have broken up, and perhaps we would've recorded a couple of full length albums–who knows? C'est la vie.

Your songs are up as MP3s. Any chance you'll be reissuing the 7" or releasing the Pandemonium songs?

Reissuing the 7" would probably involve more legal hassles and research than it's worth, though I wouldn't rule it out completely. The Pandemonium stuff wouldn't really cut it well enough to be released. There *are* some Nastyfacts recordings that I'm in the process of restoring and will be making available in some capacity in the near future. Perhaps even a...dare i say it...reunion gig? One never knows.

DISCOGRAPHY

- Drive My Car 7" ('81, Jimboco). Released soon after on the 5th Column label in France.
- unreleased Nasty Facts and Pandemonium songs available at: http://brad-craig.com/nastyfacts.html

MUSIC REVIEWS

Send MRR your release for review. Don't send wimpy, arty, metal, MTV corporate rock shit here. Don't have your label give us follow-up calls as to whether we received and are reviewing a record. We want punk, garage, hardcore, and will review all those that fall within our area of coverage. Include ppd price when mailing. If possible, send two copies of vinyl records (one for MRR, one for the reviewer). We will review CDs, but just CD-only releases. If on vinyl and CD format, send us the vinyl. We are reviewing cassettes again, so send HIGH quality cassette-only releases directly to: Erin Yanke, PO Box 1113, Portland, OR 97207. No reviews of test pressings or CD-Rs. Specific criticisms aside, it should be understood that any independent release deserves credit for all the work and money that goes into it. Staff: (PA) Peter Avery, (EC) Enrico Cadena, (BC) Brianna Chesser, (RC) Rob Coons, (AC) Arwen Curry (AD) Andy Darling, (DD) Dr. Dante, (JF) Jonathan Floyd, ((NF) Neale Fishback, (BG) Brian Gathy, (LH) Lance Hahn, (JR) Jeff Heermann, (TH) Tom Hopkins, (TJ) Tobia Jean, (KK) Kenny Kaos, (CK) Carolyn Keddy, (DL) Dulcinea Loudmouth, (RL) Ray Lujan, (BM) Bobby Manic, (TM) Timojhen Mark, (HM) Hal MacLean, (AM) Allan McNaughton, (RM) Raimundo Murguia, (JN) Jah Nell, (DP) Donna Poole, (SR) Sandra Ramos, (BR) Bruce Roehrs, (SS) Steve Spinali, (ST) Sean Sullivan, (JV) Jason Valdez, (MW) Max Ward, (RW) Ryan Wells, (SW) Shane White, (JY) Jeff Yih, (RY) Rema Young.

ACURSED/FALLOUT - split LP

To say that this record destroys would be such a severe understatement as to be criminal. I recently got the ACURSED CD on Distortion (also highly recommended) and these ten songs are even fucking better. Still blazing, still pissed, still Swedish—if you haven't yet heard ACURSED, then there is no time like the present to get enlightened. Australia's FALLOUT back up side two of the split with eleven tracks of crushing hardcore. If you've heard this band before, you know what to expect, and this certainly does not disappoint. (WN)
(Putrid Filth Conspiracy, Sodraparkg. 35, 214 22 Malmo, SWEDEN, acursed@hotmail.com)

AGNOSTIC FRONT - LP

Actually a pretty good bootleg...it contains the really only worthwhile AGNOSTIC FRONT material (the *Victim in Pain* LP and the *United Blood* EP) and the sound quality is good. If you're interested in hunting this down, look out for the 12" with the *Victim* cover art in black and white. (MW)
(no address)

ALTRO/CONTRASTO - split EP

CONTRASTO does justice to their roots in Italian HC with loose, charged political hardcore. Their lyrics are close to what you'd associate in the States with "emo hardcore"—they deal with self-doubt, depression, responsibility, and other faces of a personal politic. Muscially, there is no art or pretty stuff here. ALTRO start out their side with a rip-off of the bass line from BLACK FLAG's "Six Pack," which turns out to be the backbone of a slowish, oddly catchy number called "Noi" ("We"). ALTRO is the more daring of these two, clocking in with some tense, intriguing songs. Thumbs up to both bands for talent, poise, and DIY soul. (AC)
(MVDS, Via Ariosto 351, 47023 Cesena (FO), ITALY)

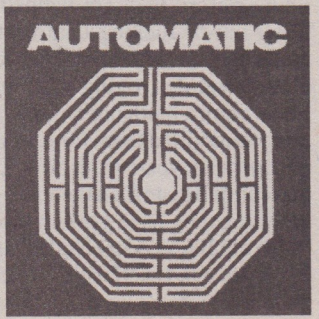
AMEBIX - "Arise Plus 2" LP

Ahh... the deep and moody sounds of AMEBIX. These guys are ugly,, mean looking metal motherfuckers. This is a repress of their out of print album. Essential for all crust fans. It also includes a 7" with two previously unreleased songs. "Right to Ride" was a demo recorded on an 8 track about bikers rights. "Beyond the Sun" is a moody and emotion filled song about fallen friends (this one's for you Chad- RIP). (SR)
(Alternative Tentacles, PO Box 419092, San Francisco, CA, 94141, alternativetentacles.com)

ANNOYED – "Massenmenschenhaltung" EP

This record looks like one of those black and white cookies. ANNOYED are fast-paced melodic and crunchy punk, not exactly hardcore, with political lyrics sung in German. Reminds me of KLAUS APFEL, who I reviewed a while back, though the ANNOYED are harder, faster and have a much fuller sound. The guitars are a wall of noise, over which the singer rails against capitalism, conformity, and the far right. This is a good solid release and extremely well put together, nice heavy vinyl comes with a booklet, poster, and a sticker, all crammed into a nicely-designed 7" sleeve. (AD)
(Freibeuter, Hermann-Sauter Str 9, 76829 Landau, GERMANY)

AUTOMATIC - "Lowriser" EP



Emo pop-core stuff in the SAMIAM/FACE TO FACE vein. Being in a crowded genre, this does not make a noticeable impression on me. The ELVIS COSTELLO cover, "Radio Radio," doesn't make sense to me either. Oh well. (RL)
(Reflections, De Nijverheid 30, 7681 MD Vroomshoop, NETHERLANDS, info@reflections.demon.nl)

MUSIC REVIEWS

AVAIL - "One Wrench" CD

Yeah, I liked "Over the James," but after first hearing it I was a bit worried that AVAIL might have a 7 SECONDS "Soulforce Revolution" waiting around the bend. Being a huge AVAIL fan, I wasn't looking forward to that day. But on *One Wrench*, these sons of the South veer back towards "Dixie" and "4 A.M. Friday" with guitar grooves that move at top speed, melodic vocals that chase those grooves, and chorus harmonies that make me think of an amped up ALLMAN BROTHERS. And still political after all these years: "From Juarez and through the panhandle/It takes one wrench/To leave you crippled." STIGMA! (TH)
(Fat Wreck Chords, PO Box 193690, San Francisco, CA 94119-3690)

THE BACKWOOD CREATURES - "Kings of Beach Boulevard" LP

Wow. If this isn't a Kenny Kaos type of record, then such a record does not exist. European pop-punk at its finest; melodic and catchy and not a bit pretentious. Fourteen cuts about beaches, dancing, and girls that all clock in at around two minutes. With song titles like "We Can't Surf" and "Sheena's Out of Punk," how can you go wrong? Obvious influences include the RAMONES and the QUEERS. Highly recommended. (KK)
(Screaming Apple, Dustemichstr. 14, 50930, Köln, GERMANY)

BEZ PANIKE - "Pankmobil" CD

Croatian melodic punk rock with female vocals, that is reminiscent of "Play Cell"-era TILT. I am not sure of the subject matter of the songs since all the lyrics are in Croatian. Judging by the insert and tone of the music, I am guessing that this band isn't too serious. A good release, and for those who want to support a worldwide punk scene, you could do way worse. (JF)
(Nice Guy, Nejc M Jakopin, Postfach 100726, 47007 Duisburg, GERMANY, nejc@hotmail.com)

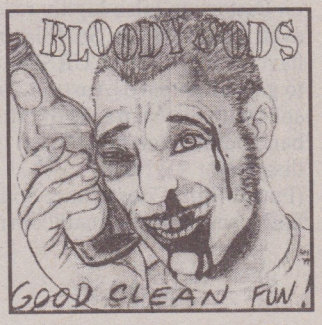
BLACK DICE - 10"

If you haven't seen BLACK DICE live, you should. Right now—before they are banned from every venue in the country. Their out-of-fucking-control, this-is-barely-even-tolerable sound and aggressive (I'm talking kicking drinks off tables, throwing chairs, and destroying microphones) approach to the crowd will make them a hardcore legend. "Yeah, I saw BLACK DICE, before those kids killed them for ruining the PA", you'll say to the whipper snappers six years from now. This record, however is a bit more of an acquired taste then their live performance. More "out there" than anything they have yet to put out, it walks the line between all-out noise a là BASTARD NOISE and the more arty side of over-the-top hardcore a là LANDED. I loved it, and to bite a phrase of a fellow reviewer, I don't care if you don't think it's music. (ST)
(Troubleman)

BLIND FLIES - "Electroshock Therapy" EP

Italy does it again. More leather jacket four chord pop punk that I love so much. Very "Anthem For a New Tomorrow"-era SCREECHING WEASEL. Italy tends to produce bands that love the RAMONES. (BM)
(Pappa&Ciccia,via Matteotti 10 26865 S. Rocco al Porto (LO), ITALY)

BLOODY SODS / REEB - split EP



Fuck yes! The BLOODY SODS fucking perpetuate the carnage they have been creating amongst rock 'n' rollers for these last few years. On this "Good Clean Fun" split EP the BLOODY SODS fuck shit up right away with their brutal song "Authority" which questions abuse of police power. The lyrics to "Lost Your Mind" may give you an uneasy feeling if you've ever been around a person who is losing their grasp on reality. Very good! The punk rock fucking spews out hard and fast on this one! On the B side of this split EP you get REEB, Atlanta's skate rock darlings, ripping down the barriers with guitar-oriented hard-core punk rock. This is high standard Southern California meets Southern Georgia thrasher punk with start-stop, fast/slow trapped & depressed BLACK FLAG style punk. (BR)
(Critical Mass, 1266 W. Paces Ferry Rd, PMB 284, Atlanta, GA 30327)

BOOTS & BRACES - "11 Pints of Oi!" CD

Oh Dudes, why me? I just look at the cover art (an oi boy cartoon drawing of the band) and cringe. The first song is only half way through and I'm already bored to death. Man, the music is rudimentary, and extra oi-ordinary. The lyrics (at least the ones in English) are boneheaded. I know, I know these veteran German oi-boys just wanna have fun, drink, hang out with the lads, but this ain't my kinda party. I just don't get off on the music or sentiment. Somebody please kill me. (DL)
(Metal Enterprises, D-61250 Usingen, GERMANY)

BOYS - "To Hell with the Boys" LP

This is a reissue of the final album from this very influential late '70s British band. While it is no dud, it certainly lacks the energy and intensity of their self-titled debut. It's a good thing they broke up when they did because they were definitely on their way downhill. (DP)
(Get Back, Via Aretina 25 - 50069 Sieci (FI), ITALY)

MUSIC REVIEWS

BOYS - "Boys Only" LP

Reissues, reissues, wouldn't life be so much easier without having a constant reminder of the dreck that people put out years ago? Not to say that this is dreck, but a lot of it is borderline wimpoid new wave power pop that major labels were trying to cash in on in the '70s. I guess it's no worse than anything else coming out at that time. But I think I would prefer my now long gone copies of the RECORDS (or even the FABULOUS POODLES) as examples for tuneful wimpy UK stuff to this. I confess, one can still hear the pub rock tendencies in this. And it's not really bad, only that by the third tune, I'm entering snoozeville and I *like* pop. I do vaguely remember some other BOYS record being pretty good and I don't think this one was it. (JY)
(Get Back, Artenina 25-50069 Sieci (FI), ITALY)

BRAINDANCE - "Last Man Standing" EP

BRAINDANCE has been playing street music for ten years and has recently released this EP, their last, on Combat Rock. As BRAINDANCE's past releases on Helen of Oi! and Knockout Records have demonstrated, this Norwich England punk/Oi! band plays with passion and conviction. Side one kicks things off with "Say What You What," that verbalizes genuine feelings about self-expression. Side two features the venomous "You're No Brother of Mine." This is an angry punk song! If you were a fan of BRAINDANCE's earlier material you will definitely like this Combat Rock BRAINDANCE *Last Man Standing* farewell EP. (BR)
(Combat Rock, 7 Rue Du Pauis, 57 950 Montigny Les Metz, FRANCE)

THE BRIMSTONES - "Satan's Crate" EP

The organ dominates the first side of this '60s eerie-garage-surf sound. The BOMBORAS come to mind when I hear those crazy instrumentals. Side two has vocals with just as much '60s-echo-garage, but I'm not down with the riff or chorus. Well done. (HM)
(Cad, 38 Visconti St, Penthouse 1, Norwalk, CT 06851, brimstones.com)

BROKEN - "Rush Hour" CD

Former members of the PIST and BALTIMORE FOOT STOMPERS throwing down some tough sounding, foot stompin punk. Gruff vocals and heavy guitars that bring to mind, well, the PIST I guess. Seventeen songs total and while not great like the PIST, this is still pretty good. (RM)
(Coldfront, PO Box 8345, Berkeley, CA 94707)

THE BRUISERS - "In the Pit" LP

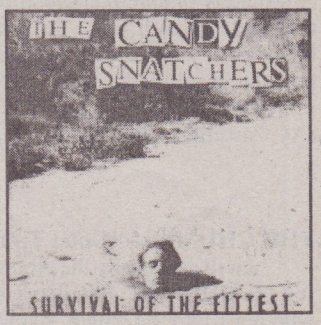
This record contains some alternate versions of songs, unreleased tracks, as well as some live material from one of the better American Oi! bands of their time. A good record. Great packaging too. (NF)
(TKO Records, 4104 24th St. #103, San Francisco, CA 94114)

BUZZCOCKS - "Time's Up" LP

A welcome reissue of the 1991 collection of pre-*Spiral Scratch* demos; rawer, sludgier and slightly less cartoonish than their later recordings (although without the 1991's bonus 7" interview of Howard Devoto and Pete Shelley, boo-hoo for stamp,' I mean record, collectors, though not much ground is covered in that interview, that's not pretty well delineated in *England's Dreaming* so its absence from your life should hamper you too much). (DD)
(Mute, 429 Harrow Road, London W10 4RE, mute.com)

CANDYMEAT - CD

Six songs of raw New York City punk. It's got that tough guy feel that's often (for good reason) confused with "street." Solid production with crazy female vocals. In the best moments, it sounds like Ellen Foley (remember that record she did with the CLASH?) singing for DEGENERATION or L.E.S. STITCHES. Almost like CONCRETE BLONDE or DRAMARAMA at times... (LH)
(candymeat@hotmail.com)



CANDY SNATCHERS - "Survival of the Fittest/Suffragette City" EP

A modest two-song release. I never liked that BOWIE song much, but this version ain't bad. The record's worth its salt though, and there are certainly worse things than BOWIE. I always felt alone in my distaste for him anyway. Whatever, CANDY SNATCHERS stay true to the piss and vinegar they're made of, and put a bullet through all thin skinned punk rock. (RY)
(Coldfront, PO Box 8345 Berkeley, CA 94707 coldfrontrecords.com)

GENE CARROLL - "In This Corner..." EP

This guy's a wrestling announcer and hamburger entrepreneur (Mean Gene) who used to sing and play piano in this underground sock hop band. Gee, Norton can dig up anything. (DP)
(Norton, Box 646, Cooper Station, New York, NY 10276)

CHERRY THIRTEEN - "Lower Class Angels/Hey Mutha Fucka"

Well, this is unmistakably ELECTRIC FRANKENSTEIN sounding, and not just because Steve Miller is belting it out. CHERRY THIRTEEN definitely got a more stadium R 'n' R thing going on than EF, but it's just more of that tired rock formula. Yes, this is hi-octane and it's played decent, but it will not put a rise in your pants. (DL)
(Cold Front, P.O. Box 8345, Berkeley, CA 94707)

MUSIC REVIEWS

WILD BILLY CHILDISH & HIS FAMOUS HEADCOATS - "I Am the Object of Your Desire" LP

Mr. Childish does his usual fare of R&B with the panache and fortitude that one expects from over twenty years in the biz. Though to be honest, I lost track of Mr. C's catalog a few records back. So, taking an unbiased gander at this record, I would say that Billy and co. are engaging in more of that trad twelve-bar blues R&B thing, of course with his trademark bullhorn vocals and the general looseness that you've learned to expect in his work. Only a few tunes exist in that beat-group mode, and even those tunes are a a little restrained. In summary, not a bad record. Swings rather than rocks, but it's entertaining enough to warrant your listening time. (JY)
(Buff Medway)

BILLY CHILDISH - "Torments Nest" 10"

Gotta admit, I've only heard a minuscule fraction of the CHILDISH archives. Of the material I have heard, it all seemed to depend on how much passion and psychodrama he decided to invest in a given performance, and the instrumentation he chose. Well, on those two counts, all the songs gathered here (a hodge podge of material gathered from the back of his closet, bottom of his drawers, and of course, what he found twisted up in his sheets, from between '85 and '93) are all cream of the proverbial crop. Alternately haunted and lustful, pissed and longing, self destructive and hopeful, these stripped-down songs prove that he still believes in the possibility of redemption through primitive, raw-boned rock and roll. Don't you have room in your collection for one more record from the guy? (BG)
(Ay Carramba, PO Box 18107, Madrid, 28080 SPAIN)

THE CHUMPS - "Good Times" LP

I will assume by the album cover this is a posthumous release for the CHUMPS, but don't quote me on that. I can't decide whether I like the singer's voice or not. It's very piercing, whiny and monotonous, but I do like his originality. Backed by a mid-tempo garage band. Generic songs that would probably sound really good if played with the help of some stimulants. (CK)
(Mortville, PO Box 4263, Austin, TX 78765)

CLASH - "London's Burning—Demos and Outtakes 1976-'79" LP

Erm, yeah, the CLASH. Pub-rock punk 'n' roll topped off with Joe Strummer's hectoring left-wing lyrical outrage. Paul Simonon's aristocratic cheekbones, Mick Jones' sleepy eyes and rock-star posturing. The one band from the early punk scene to be embraced by the stadium rock scene, moustache-wearing Bruce Springsteen fans, and the editors of my seventh grade yearbook (who proclaimed "Rock the Casbah" as the Song of 1982). The *London's Burning* bootleg may be comprised of demos and outtakes, but they all sound virtually identical to the official versions that you already own if you're a fan. Also includes tracks off the *Capital Radio* and *Cost of Living* EPs, to its merit, all enclosed in a bold red and black cover. Again, nothing that can't be found at the Sam Goody cut-out bin, if you want to even dig that deep. Songs? You've heard 'em. "1977" still sounds good, "Pressure Drop" still sounds bad. The name of the label is a useful indicator of the intentions behind this release. (JH)
(Turning Rebellion Into Money)

CLASH DOGS - "Equality/The Difference What You Want" 45

This is the best Japanese street rock I've heard since COBRA. Admittedly, I haven't exactly made a career out of charting the Japanese Oi! scene, but I know what I like when I hear it and this is the sort of powerful, morale-boosting shit that I play while doing weights, except that I haven't done weights in years. But listening to this will probably build strong muscles nine ways anyway. (DD)
(Shot & Shout, 5-2-104-203 Higashi-Toyonaka, Toyanaka City, Osaka, JAPAN)

CLOCKSHOT - "The Art of Failure Succeeded...Why Continue to Try?" CDEP

A long drawn out intro kicks into a frenzy. In fact, every song has parts that rip into breakneck speed. FIFTEEN comes to mind with some of the vocals and slower parts. Pretty good, but nothing stands out. (HM)
(Poor & Proud, 3915 98th Ave NE, Circle Pines, MN 55014)

CLOSER THAN KIN/NONE BUT BURNING - split CD

First off, CTK sent in a promo sheet that mentioned how the band brings us lyrics that really mean something...but then they didn't bother sending in a copy of those lyrics. Must not mean that much (although with titles like "Love is Overated," I think we get the idea). They play run-of-the-mill tough guy sounding hardcore, with occasional attempts at singing, all of which fail. When they're being tough they ain't half bad, though. NBB fare much better with excellent metallic hardcore that screams BOY SETS FIRE (one of my guilty pleasures...don't tell). I'd like to hear more from NBB. (WN)
(For The Masses, PO Box 4083, Fall River, MA 02723, nonebutburning.com)

THE COME ONS - LP

Strange, it's not every day you hear a garage pop record that sounds as if it were recorded in a 64 track studio. Not that they need to be done on a boombox or on vintage equipment to be "authentic". It's just odd to hear such pristine, squeaky-clean production for this type of music. The COME ONS are a guitar/organ/bass/drums combo with female vocals that are almost sugary sweet to a fault. And so, between the production and the saccharine singing, the whole thing comes across a little bloodless. The songs themselves are strong, and a couple shine through despite all this, but I would probably go see them live before buying this. I think this stuff could really move with a little sweat and grit added. (BG)
(Sympathy For The Record Industry)

MUSIC REVIEWS

THE COMMON - "A Liar's Dozen" CD

I was kinda digging the first song. Hmmm... Catchy pop punk with a slight country twang. Hmmm... Kinda JASON & the SCORCHERS... Kinda... SOUL ASYLUM. Hey, that first song is almost exactly "Cartoon" by SOUL ASYLUM. Like, to the point where if this band ever rose to fame and fortune, they would have a serious lawsuit on their hands. Everything else on the record is sort of faceless and un-memorable. I don't know if it's because of the first song or what. Any band just really needs one amazing song to transcend everything. The COMMON claim that song here, but it doesn't belong to them. (LH)
(Electric Hound, PO Box 3048, Muncie, IN 47307)

COMPULSIVE GAMBLERS - "Crystal Gazing Luck Amazing" LP

Yeah, I was happy as hell to see this one pop out of the bin in the midst of this heat wave in San Francisco. Ah, what a perfect soundtrack to a hot Summer night. Lord knows, the COMPULSIVE GAMBLERS work that Memphis pelvis thrust like no other, and really know how to make that rhythm slow and sublime, and then build it up to that fast and urgent shit that just makes your toes curl. Sticking true to the moody sentiment of "Bluff City", this blazes with country/teen torch song-like qualities. A couple of these songs might just help nurse that bad breakup. Yep, this baby runs the gamut of emotions, and still keeps the house rockin'. What else can you ask for? (DL)
(Sympathy For the Record Industry)

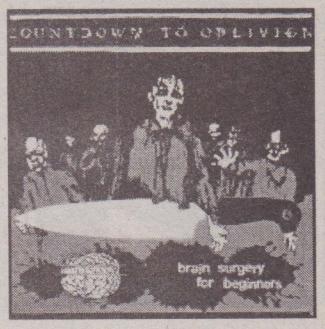
CONVICTED TRUTH – "Words of Expression" EP

More Swedish SXE for you. CONVICTED TRUTH are pure hardcore by the numbers. Not to put it down, I mean this is great, fast, punchy stuff, it's just that I've been hearing a lot of this kinda thing lately. The singer has a good harsh shouting voice and the music packs plenty of wallop, I think this would be better live. Seven tracks in seven inches. The spirit of '88 goes on. (AD)
(Matrin Andersson, Fredsgatan 35c, 641 31 Katrineholm, SWEDEN, xmartax@hotmail.com)

CORROSIONE/CATTMERIA - split LP

A DIY split with two Italian bands. CATTMERIA brings us speedy grindcore with dual cookie monster and screaming vocals. All songs are politically minded, with references to the mafia and governmental issues in Italy. CORROSIONE delivers fast hardcore , heavy on the guitar, with short and quick raging male vocals (a few yells which bring PANTERA into mind). Not bad. (SR)
(Agipunk, c/o Milani Gianpeiro, CP 63 27100, Pavia, ITALY, agipunk@libero.it)

COUNTDOWN TO OBLIVION - "Brain Surgery for Beginners" EP



Expert hardcore with just a taste of metal to keep you guessing. COUNTDOWN TO OBLIVION are another shining example of the HC hulabaloo going on north of the border right now. Use SWARM as your reference point, and go from there. The lyrics are a well-phrased litany of grievance with the hardcore community— we're talking fest politics and the crippling effect of over-politicization. Start taking notes, kiddies: Canada is good for more than just comedians. (ST)
(Deranged, 2037 Dundas St W, Toronto, ON M6R 1W8, CANADA, booster@hotmail.com)

CREEPS/BLACK LOVE - split EP

The CREEPS, from Columbus, spend a good half of their side of this split whining about how other people (indie rockers in their town) whine and complain. Specifically, they include a whole track of groans and whimpers—funny, I guess, if non-verbal is your thing. Musically, it's mediocre mid-'80s style punk bordering on "crossover." The gruff trucker rock-out on the BLACK LOVE side doesn't do it for me either. No guitar solos for me, thanks. (AC)
(Diaphragm, 2880 Indianola Ave, Columbus, OH 43202, ikel@iwaynet.net)

CRIMINALS - "The Kids Are Back/The Cops Are Coming" EP

.....after the DOLLS broke up, some of the ex-members did well for themselves.... some didn't..... what you got here is the pretty-much not-too-wonderful CRIMINALS single from 1977 reissued by that Spanish label Munster..... I guess Sylvain Sylvain wasn't fucked up on enough drugs to go down in history as one of the "cooler" DOLLS....the CRIMINALS is a lot more power-pop than the Johnny Thunders three-chord dirty rock 'n' roll or the Saturday Nite Live sound of the David Johansen band.... it's not a terrible single, it's just not that exciting....still, Sylvain Sylvain got his share of primo pussy back in the day..... these days I think he works at Denny's.... (SW)
(Munster, PO Box 18107 28080 Madrid, SPAIN, munsterrecords.com)

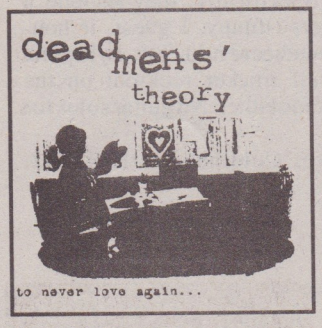
MUSIC REVIEWS

CRUEL FACE/DUDMAN - EP

CRUEL FACE from Brazil come at you with some bass heavy mid-pace hardcore. The mix is a little off on the recording, and overall, they were pretty bland. DUDMAN on the other hand will rip you a new one with their lightning fast thrashcore, tempo changes and multiple vocals. Can you say SPAZZ? Hats off to the ferocious drumming. Amazing! (RC)
(Rhetoric, PO Box 82, Madison, WI 53701)

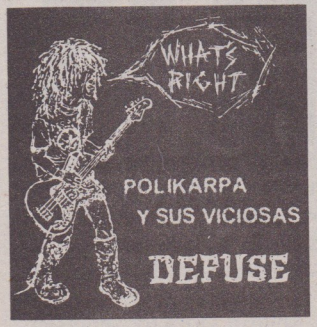
THE DAGGERS - "Lock Up Your Daughters" CD

Punk 'n' roll has group sex with the STOOGES, NEW YORK DOLLS, and G'N'R to create the DAGGERS. Songs about alcohol and lots of sex, there's not a single one on here that doesn't have the word "baby" in it at least twice. It's really catchy and fun to rock out to while tapping your foot, sneering and trying to look cooler than you really are. (SR)
(Unity Squad, 354 W 100N, Logan, UT, 84321)



DEAD MEN'S THEORY - "To Never Love Again..." EP

DEAD MEN'S THEORY get shit off to a good start with a snippet of a GG ALLIN interview and proceed to spread the disease of bile-soaked gravel-voiced hardcore across both sides of the record. The vocals are a little indistinct for my liking, but I appreciated the song "Eighty-eight Was Just a Number" as an antidote to the INSURANCE RISK record I'd just heard (see later review). Although it's mostly a straightforward hardcore record, there is definitely a hint of the chaos you'd expect from a band that starts their record with a GG quote. Thanks guys. (AM)
(OHEV, 1500 NW 15th Ave #4, Boca Raton, FL 33486)



DEFUSE/POLIKARPA Y SUS VICIOSAS - split EP

Two all-female bands team up for one solid split. Hailing from Osaka, DEFUSE sound a lot like DIRT (there's even a DIRT logo floating in their artwork) mixed with some crazy CONFUSE-styled thrash. POLIKARPA are brutal crusty thrash from Columbia. Three songs from each. Yet another fine release from.....(MW)
(Answer, Hase Bld No. 2 B1, 5-49, Osu 3 Naka-ku, Nagoya-City, Aichi 460, JAPAN)

DEFECTIVE/RADICAL UP - "Lakeside Punks" split EP

DEFECTIVE FORCE who offer up two songs that sound almost exactly like EXTREME NOISE TERROR when they weren't playing super fast. Really raw and speedy punk, with sore throat vocals. Pretty good stuff. RADICAL UP are more along the lines of PETER & the TEST TUBE BABIES and they serve up two songs of mid tempo pogo punk that's decent enough. (RM)
(Shit and Shout, 915-29 hida, Hikone-city, Shiga Japan)

DEMENTED ARE GO - "Hellucifernation" LP

This is a pretty good release from this long-time psychobilly band. Fifteen songs total and they manage to mix things up using keyboards, various rhythms and tempos to keep it interesting throughout. (RM)
(Crazy Loves, C/O Guido Neumann, An der Schmitte 9, 42781 Haan, GERMANY)

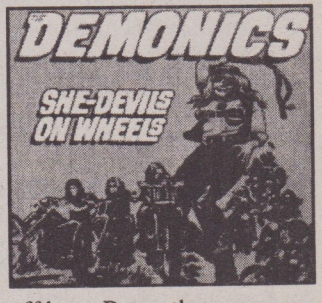
DEMENTIA THIRTEEN - "Do the Snake" EP

Lo-fi, garagey, surfy...nothing unusual about that, so why do I like their particular brand of rock 'n' roll so much? BECAUSE IT'S SO GOOD FOR DANCING!!! And, well, their lyrics are a little corny, but their hearts in the right place, and did I mention that IT'S REALLY GOOD FOR DANCING?!? If that's not enough, vocalist Josh Styles sounds a lot like Davy from the ELECTRIC EELS!!! Four and a half slicky rating. (JG)
(Smilin' Bob, PO Box 1002, Homewood, IL 60430-0002)

THE DEMONICS - "Demons on Wheels" LP

This release is way better than I remember this band ever being. Thirteen songs of upbeat punk with lots of rock and roll in the mix. The song titles and the lyrics are pretty corny and cliched (hot rods, vampires, the devil, yadda, yadda, yadda), but overall these guys have some hooks and the mix on this recording is pretty damn good. (RM)
(Screaming Apple, Dustemichs 14, 50939 Klon, GERMANY)

DEMONICS - "She-Devils on Wheels/This Bike of Mine" EP



This pair of biker tunes shows the DEMONICS in pretty good form...which is to say, snappy tempos, R 'n' B / LURKERS style punk with an easy sense of humor, and sharp (but not overly slick) production that jumps off the record. You'll find the A-side on their *Demons on Wheels* LP, along with other trax roughly comparable to the stuff here. Better than average. (SS)
(Bronx Cheer, P O Box 13, Glasgow G12 8YT, SCOTLAND, UK)

MUSIC REVIEWS

DESTRUCTION UNIT - "My Disease" EP

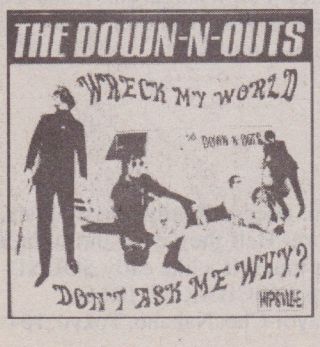
Fuzzed-the-fuck-out madness. Blown-out amps, broken tuning keys, and a poorly-programmed Casio-style keyboard held together by several handfuls of mud. Tremendously awful sound that a guitar just barely tweaks out of sometime. Quick step tempo, despite what some of these adjectives might suggest. As the synth-heavy bands march out of art-schools across this land with a hipster focus, I'm glad the DESTRUCTION UNIT prefers to abuse electronics and keep things ugly. I see great split EP possibilities with the PILL! (TH)
(Discos Cagados, 1402 E. Orange Street, Tempe, AZ 85281)

DISASSOCIATE - "Imperfect World" CD

Well, if you know DISASSOCIATE, you could probably have guessed this is blazing grindcore not unlike BRUTAL TRUTH. The recording is kinda weird though...the guitar changes through out the songs, and it sounds like there are effects on the vocals in some songs. Also, word was there was supposed to be a new full length on Edison, and I'm wondering if this is it or something else. But no matter what, if you dig bands like HELLCHILD or BRUTAL TRUTH, get this. (MW)
(MIA, 315 Church St., 2nd Floor, New York, NY 10013)

DISCHORDA - "Il Marchio Della Vostra Infamia" EP

Dual vocal Italian crust-core. The rough recording works well for em, and the over all package is pretty awesome (huge fold-out poster, DISCHARGE-style graphics, etc). Although nothing earth shattering, DISCHORDA are one of the better crustcore bands I've heard in a while. (MW)
(Kollapsed Society c/o Ennio Milano, via Quercione 59, 81020 Briano (CE), ITALY)



THE DOWN-N-OUTS - "Wreck My World/Don't Ask Me Why"

....Denver '60s style band... hmmmmmm.....I dunno.....thin production.....vocals buried in the mix..... not too wonderful.... actually, pretty fucking generic..... you're not getting any flesh stick with this on your turntable.... as a reviewer I found this to be a very "anti-sex" record..... (SW)
(Hipsville, 2020 S. Lowell Blvd, Denver, CO 80219)

DIVIT - "Latest Issue" CD

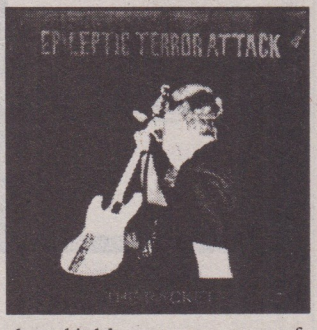
Up-tempo, octave-heavy, ultra-cleanly-recorded pop punk—with its fair share of those quick breaks that make it not at all unlike NO USE FOR A NAME after they gave up on hardcore. Deep throaty vocals that still come through clean. I kept waiting for something amazing to happen, but it never did. If you forget that "American Girl" is a TOM PETTY song, it's probably their best. (PA)
(Coldfront, PO Box 8345, Berkeley, CA 94707)

DROPKICK MURPHYS - "Live On a Five" 5"

Two songs here. On the A-side is a tune that brings to mind GANG GREEN, SLAPSHOT and the like. Pretty rippin' tune with some good hooks. The B-side is more of a sing-a-long street punk tune which is catchy enough. The production is raw and gritty, which I actually dig more than their studio sound. A good release from a band that deserves all the respect and admiration they've received these past couple of years. (RM)
(Headache, PO Box 204, Midland Park, NJ 07432)

DRUNKEN ORGY OF DESTRUCTION - "Tam Tam's Revenge" EP

Tenth release for Richard at Agitate-96, and this is keeping in line with what he's done in the past—fast, raw and unrelenting hardcore. There's a number of things happening here—lots of samples (kinda random, but you get it), fast, illegible start/stop hardcore, and humorous/nonsensical lyrics. It's what CHARLES BRONSON would have been if they weren't so clever. It's angry, it's funny (sorta), and it's limited to 304 copies. (TM)
($3 US/$6 World: Agitate-96, 11479 Amboy Ave, San Fernando, CA 91340)



EPILEPTIC TERROR ATTACK - "The Racket" EP

I was excited to get this, as I've not heard anything on this label yet that I didn't like. I got what I was looking for—seven songs of blazing Swedish hardcore—shorter and faster—most of the songs clock in at a minute or so. Even when they launch into their "epics"—(one song at 2:14)—it's energetic and catchy. No complaints from this angle—it's fast, it's original, and it blows away many of the things I've heard tonight. Excellent debut! (TM)
(High Society, Banjostraket 5, 903 52 Umea, SWEDEN)

EVANCE/JABARA - split CD

Bolt the chair down and prepare yourself to be blasted with some killer Japanese hardcore. Both bands crank out some hard charging kick-ass fucking tunes that fall into the vein of country mates FORWARD and TETSU-ARREY. My favorite band of the month! Essential! (RC)
(HG Fact, 401 Hongo-M 2-36-2 Yayoi-cho, Nakano, Tokyo, 164-0013 JAPAN)

MUSIC REVIEWS

EXCELSIOR - LP

Fucked up, dangerous and unhinged. I can think of no better description or compliment for this band. They sound as if they'd think nothing of fist fighting on tour, apologizing profusely, then being best friends again. Hell, maybe they're really just boring, rich suburban kids. It's funner to make up your own mythology and besides, their music warrants it. They sound like they have definitely heard CIRCUS LUPUS and DRIVE LIKE JEHU in their time. But, like those bands, these guys attack their songs with an unique commitment. The guitars and singing aggressively writhe on the floor together in a mess of spasms and convulsions. Another couple things that set this apart from simply being intelligent hardcore is their clever and cutting humor, and some great use of dub style manipulation on a few songs. And how can you refuse when the cover features a full-color cloth silk screen of these heavy metal demon creatures. I bow to their Satanic Majesties. (BG)
($8: Broken Glass, 1688 Fairway Dr, Jamison, PA 18929)

FALL OUT - "Killing Time" CD

I'm speechless. I wish I could leave this review as blank as the music it covers left me. It's transparent music from, guess where? Yup, that's right, LA—transparent music center of the universe. This release reeks of opportunism. All bases covered here. There's the sing-a-long lovesick punk songs, the wannabe anthems, the requisite ska track, and the credibility check of a couple of older style HC numbers. It's not performed badly, or lyrically offensive—it's worse. Bland. Please, may I be relieved now? (BG)
(Psycho, PO Box 1270, Hermosa Beach, CA 90254)

FINAL YOUTH - "No Surrender" EP

Bizarre! If KIP WINGER drank a bunch of whiskey and smoked a lot, then he decided to front CRIKEY CREW, your result would be FINAL YOUTH. If they gave that singer guy the boot it would be a hell of a start. Until then, don't buy their stuff. (NF)
(Bronze Fist, 5-2-104-203, Higashi-Toyonaka, Toyonaka City, Osaka, JAPAN)

FIVE DAY MESSIAH - "Best of Eightyfour-Eightynine Vol. 2" 10"

So, this 10" appears to be a collection of tracks from the mid 'eighties by this Colorado band, but I can't find any of their 7"s in the record library, so who knows if these guys aren't just pulling our leg? Anyway, this fine slab of vinyl reminds me a lot of two Northwest bands: Portland's LOPEZ and Seattle's PISS DRUNK. What that means is you get snotty hardcore that reminds you a lot of early CIRCLE JERKS, with a little bit of SCREECHING WEASEL thrown in. (JF)
(Paco Garden, PO box 18455, Denver, CO 80218-0455, pacogarden@hotmail.com)

FLASH GORDON - "Flash 'til Death" EP

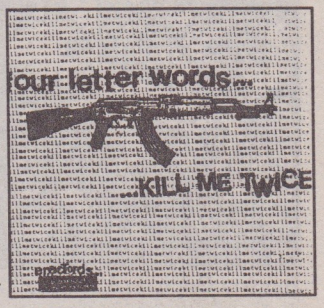
I think this record has been out for couple of years in Japan, but don't let that deter you from getting this awesome piece of wax. Raging blitzcore from Japan that fits nicely between FUCK ON THE BEACH and CRUCIAL SECTION. See you in the pit for this one! (RC)
(Skippy, 5-24-11-202 Miyame Suginami-Ku, Tokyo, 168 JAPAN)

FORCED REALITY - "13 Years of Forced Reality" CD

Pretty much a watered-down version of the DROPKICK MURPHYS. Ten songs in all, for the most part done pretty well, but nothing special. (NF)
(Outsider Records, PO Box 92708, Long Beach, CA 90809)

440s - "Hot to Go" CD

Pervo-punk sleaze 'n' tease recorded in an airplane hangar, powerchords bouncing off the sheet-metal walls. The 440s are three blokes in Brylcreem and sunglasses and one dressed-up/down chanteuse with lotsa prominent tattoos. Gosh. Real Covered Wagon Saloon material, this band. Slash 'n' burn punkish-hardcorish-metal hybrid, perfect easy listening for bicycle couriers wigged out on bathtub crank. (JH)
(Steel Cage, PO Box 29247, Philedelphia, PA 19125)



FOUR LETTER WORDS/THE VON STEINS - split EP

FOUR LETTER WORDS rock through two snotty numbers: "Kill Me Twice" ("try to take my life/slit my wrists with a butter knife") and "We Don't Need No Stinking Talent," that both reek of booze and sex. This is like Recess shit...if Recess shit was any good (except BERZERK—they're great). VON STEINS are a little new wave. No wait, they're a *lot* new wave! Two songs, "Say What?" and "Hot Sex," that take me back to skinny ties and wraparound shades. You'll laugh, you'll bounce up and down, you'll wish they were in your bedroom. (WN)
(Erectords, PO Box 6224, Anaheim, CA 92816)

14 ALLJJA 14 - "Higher" CD

Fuckin' metal madness on this release. Really heavy guitars, screamed vocals and riffing galore. Hell they even throw in a harmonica solo on one of the four tunes. It's like early SOUNDGARDEN, meets SLAYER, meets DISCHARGE. (RM)
(HGfact, 401 Hongo-M, 2-36-2 Yayoi-Cho, Nakano, Tokyo, 164-0013, JAPAN)

MUSIC REVIEWS

FUN PEOPLE – "Portrait of Sudamerican Sun Rockers" LP

New album from Argentina's best known punk band. It's a nice picture disc portraying Kurt Wilckens (whom I'm sure you'll all remember is the Argentinean anarchist hero who was killed in prison after killing a land-owner's marshall in the '20s) who they also sing a song about. Released on their own Ugly Records with help from the Austrian Sacro K-Baalismo label. The music is all over the place, from acoustic folksy numbers to spazzed-out thrash, but for the most part it's good energetic melodic hardcore punk with vocals in their native tongue (I'm an idiot—do they speak Spanish in Argentina?) and English (reminds me a lot of SNFU, though that could just be because of the singer's hair...). Their choice of covers reflects their eclectic style - NEW YORK DOLLS, the CLASH, and BLACK SABBATH. Well produced (and over an hour long I'm sure) and packaged. I'll give it a big thumbs up and look forward to them touring here again. (AD)
(Ugly, CC 2975 CP 1000, Buenos Aires, ARGENTINA, funpeople@funpeople.com.ar)

FUTURO INCIERTO - "Picnic" CD

Sounds ranging from PENNYWISE to FACE TO FACE with vocals both in Spanish as well as in English. (SR)
(Jr. Tacna 428-B,Barranco-Lima 4, PERU)

F.Y.P - "Toys That Kill" LP

Fuck Yeah! That's the F.Y.P I know and love: noisy, poppy, fucked up. Side A is much like their older stuff, but they tread new ground on side B with extra feedback, samples, studio tricks, and other shenanigans. Pretty fuckin' cool. (HM)
(Recess, PO Box 1112, Torrance, CA 90505)

GIMMIES - "Till You're Down/ Sixties"

A totally cool rockin' Jap single that falls somewhere in between the LAZY COWGIRLS and something off Rip Off Records with great production. The GIMMIES sock it to you with thick 'n' warm hi-energy sounding punk 'n' roll...basically one of the top singles of the month. (DL)
K.O.G.A. Records, Kikushi BLD.6LF 5-30-2 Daizawa, Setagaya-ku, Tokyo, 155-0032 JAPAN)

THE GOONS - "No Leaders" CD

This band kicks ass. Balls out, fast, catchy punk with lots of hooks and attitude, but very little pretension. Really raw production but you can still hear everything in the mix. Damn, this is great! (RM)
(America Punk, 802 South Broadway, Baltimore, MD 21231)

GOOD RIDDANCE - "The Phenomenon of Craving" CDEP

It's nice to see a semi known pop punk band with a broader agenda than simply "getting paid and getting laid". I'd heard through friends that these guys' hearts were in the right place, and this EP is no different. A percentage of the profit from this goes to the Homeless Garden Project of Santa Cruz. Can't argue with that. "But how does it sound, Brian?" you whine. Well OK, truthfully, it's as spotty as that leopard skin print you're sporting. That doesn't mean that it's shit—I just tended to like every other song here. The better songs have enough fire, passion and catchiness to hold my attention, with the aggression of NEGATIVE APPROACH and the melody of DAG NASTY. The other songs tend to be too formulated for my taste. All the right pop chords and anthemic, fist-pumping choruses. It's cheap if you ask me. When they do give a song their all, they are a band to really pay attention to. Let's just hope that in the future they put as much energy into editing as they do their techniques. (BG)
(Fat, PO Box 193690, San Francisco, CA 94119)

GOAT SHANTY - "Encroachment" CD

Holy shit...this is mind-blowing fastcore from Georgia. To give you a slight clue of what to expect, imagine ex-members of RASH OF BEATINGS and TRES KIDS joining forces to demolish your eardrums. Twelve songs in all—all of them just fly by in a flurry of speed. Reminds me of the un-scripted energy of OTTAWA. Get this....NOW! (MW)
(No, PO Box 14088, Berkeley, CA 94712)

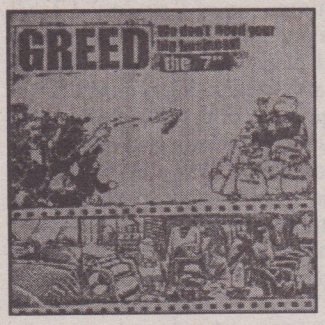
GOAT SHANTY - "Encroachment" EP

Million miles an hour bursts of spastic thrash. The short songs take no prisoners whatsoever, and would probably blur together as one if each wasn't unique and distinct in structure and riffage. Not so long ago, hardcore was starting to look a little tired, but in the last couple of years there have been a rash of bands picking it up and fucking with it, without sounding retro, "crossing over," or weakening the sound one bit. Georgia's GOAT SHANTY fit right in. (AM)
(Denied A Custom, c/o Yoshiyuki Takahashi, 3-5-12-106 Hashigadai, Narati-SHI, Chiba 286-0037, JAPAN)

THE GOSSIP - "Red Hott" EP

I had a bad, bad feeling about this record—expecting an unwanted "cool" from the '50s Hitchcock-meets-COLD COLD HEARTS graphics. Actually, in a way that is 90% devoid of irony, I like this a lot. It's bluesy and a little dirty, with awesome, soulful female vocals minus affectation or unnatural dissonance. Slow and traditional in structure, these songs could easily be covers of blues classics (and maybe they are), mutated like the STONES did. "Dressed in Black" kicks my ass—this record rocks. (AC)
(K, kpunk.com)

MUSIC REVIEWS



GREED - "We Don't Need Your Big Business" EP

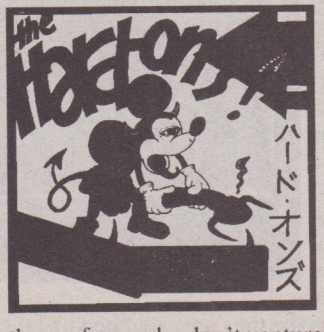
Mr. Hopkins knows the story—the way to my heart is Swedish hardcore, and now...may I present GREED. A demo quality nine-song slab of vinyl that rages and rages. Imagine a less-spastic CHARLES BRONSON. Awesome lyric 'zine with songs about American violence (bad), Food Not Bombs (good), to name two. Apparently this is their last record, and it's limited to 500, so happy hunting! (WN)
(State GrinderAlbacksgatan 13, 85235 Sundsvall, SWEDEN, stategrinder@hotmail.com)

GUITAR WOLF/SHOWDOWN 66 - split EP

A countoff of 1-2-3-4, then raw, beautiful primal mess for the next ten to fifteen minutes. This'll be hard to find because it's a tour EP from Australia, but worth searching for. SHOWDOWN 66 check in with a couple of '60s inspired dirt under-the-nails garage rock. Don't worry though, they sound emotionally invested enough to keep from being too precious or retro. Plus they namecheck both RADIO BIRDMAN and RASPBERRIES in one song, so how bad could they be? The GUITAR WOLF songs are just irresistibly ugly and uncompromising. They sound like rock and roll melted down to it's molten libidinous essence. This is music to fuck to while the building burns down around you. (BG)
(Corduroy)

THEE HALLOWTEENS - "Rockin' the Graveyard!" EP

More 45 GRAVE than the CRAMPS, yet this is fun goth punk rock, the way it should be. This would have been perfect on *Hell Comes To Your House*. (EC)
(Thee Hallowteens, PO Box 344, New York, NY 10185)



HARD-ONS - "Birthday/Sharks Head"

THE HARD-ONS first two 7" records are two of my favorite records ever—melodic, fast, unwimpy pop-punk rock. Things have changed. While this isn't bad—I actually really do like it—it's not much like the old stuff. Slower-paced, deliberate pop music with soft, almost whispering vocals. Reminds me of ASH, which for those of you who don't venture out of punk rock much, is a British pop band. That really doesn't sound like a positive review, but I really do like the disc. Recommended. (KK)
(Munster, PO Box 18107, 28080 Madrid, SPAIN)

HARD FEELINGS - "Fought Back And Lost" LP

This OBLIVIANS-esque rock 'n' roll trio's record is solid, but nothing reaches out, grabs you by the groin and just won't let you go. It's like a movie that you enjoy, but hardly remember a month later. (JF)
(Sympathy, thehardfeelings@hotmail.com)

THEE HEADCOATS - "Punk Rock Ist Nicht Tot" EP

There is much that has been, could be said, and will be said about Mr. Billy Childish/THEE HEADCOATS. I'll keep it brief as I know virtually nothing about this band other than the scores of records I've heard. I would consider a person a bedwetter if they claimed to be a fan of rock 'n' roll and didn't own a couple of HEADCOATS songs. Not to say that it is all great, as the flat song on the a-side proves. But then there's the b-side variety with minimal shimmy and rattle and the big lyrical hooks. (TH)
(Friends of the Buff Medway Fanciers Association, no address)

JESSE HECTOR & THE GATECRASHERS - "Keep on Moving" EP

A garage band with a bit of a hillbilly influence. The songs are too slow and long for my taste. (CK)
(Rockin' House, PO Box 12705, Reading, PA 19612-2705, RCKNHS@webtv.net)

THE HIDDEN RESENTMENTS - "Palm Trees and Cruelty" EP

This reminds me of old CRIMPSHRINE or SHOTWELL or even MIAMI. Toe tappin' Iggy Scam tunes with great lyrics. Highlights include "New Year's Resolutions", "You Got A Job", and a drunken, floundering version of "Margaritaville". (HM)
(Recess, PO Box 1112, Torrance, CA 90505)

HOPPIN' MAD - "Don't Waste Your Time" CD

This band combines all the qualities I find annoying about punk rock all into one tight little package. Wordy songs with more syllables than musical notes, whiny vocals with whoa whoa backups, and terrible solos. Yep, it's all here. (DP)
(31413 Kenwood, Madison Heightd, MI 48071, hpnmad@aol.com)

MUSIC REVIEWS

HORACE PINKER - "Pop Culture Failure" CD

Man, these folks must have a thousand releases out by now. This one doesn't disappoint if you're a fan of their lush, mid tempo melodic punk. Actually, it's not all mid tempo, but even the faster songs are sort of melancholy, so make you feel like they are mid tempo. I do like their formula, but I wish they would try to break even just a little new ground with each release. I always find them to be the kind of band that takes a few listens to grab my full attention That's not necessarily a bad thing, either. Some of my all time favorite records took a few listens to sink in. They really are craftsmen at carving out moody and bittersweet arcs and planes. I sense a muted pain and longing at the core of these songs. I'm always up for a new PINKER release. (BG)
(Jump Up, PO Box 479176, Chicago, IL 60647)

HOSTILE OMISH - "Olde Order of Omish" CD

Here's a collection of 27 of the HOSTILE OMISH'S tunes rerecorded for a more consistent up-to-date sound. Yep, lotsa Amish jokes, heavy guitars and sassy lyrics for what they call "Barncore". A rollickin' good time. (HM)
(Jim Clevo, PO Box 110161, Cleveland, OH 44111-0161, adimpulse.com/omish)

HUEVOS RANCHEROS - "Muerte Del Toro" CD

Surf music, no ifs, ands or buts. Straight forward surf music. (CK)
(Mint, PO Box 3613, Vancouver, BC V6B 3Y6, CANADA mint@mintrecs.com)

THE ICARUS LINE - "Kill Cupid With a Nail File" EP

One sided, one song, too little. Gravity Records-style dual-vocal emo-hardcore. The song starts off up-beat with the vocalists trading off throaty screaming lines, and after a couple verse/chorus trade offs they hit an unexpected dark chord and go into a somewhat gothic breakdown before bringing it right back to end the song with more of a rockin' guitar sound. Not only a great song, but a great-looking record. (PA)
(Buddyhead, buddyhead.com)

IGNORANCE PARK - "Bad Luck or the Plan?" LP

Hey, nice cover and the sleeve opens from the top, whaddayasay! Aside from that bit of packaging variation, the cover suffers from the no-information syndrome. The music is tight professional punk rock stuff in an almost classic '80s Chicago way: ie: NAKED RAYGUN, the EFFIGIES. Very Midwestern (though I have no idea where they're from) aggro, well-produced stuff. The songs are solid—the band rocks. The second song on this sounds like the JIM CARROLL BAND with "oi's" in the background. On closer listening, as well as finding out that they might be from Texas, I do detect a slight Texas punkrock thing happening here as well. A solid record, with good tunes worthy of your much demanded attention. (JY)
(Mortville, PO Box 4263, Austin, TX 78765)

INHUMAN/SLAMFACE - split EP

Start with INHUMAN—quick, up-beat thickneck hardcore—it's fast, but you can still understand the singer. Hits the breaks you'd expect: large guitar, much crunch. Opportunities to "mosh it up" are available to the brave. New York band (Brooklyn!) who work the genre well—it's convincing, catchy, and they have a good logo to boot. Flip is a French band doing the thickneck sound, albeit less convincing. Seemed that they never got it out of first gear—this didn't grab my attention, mostly because it had the energy of a recycling bin—kinda interesting, but nothing you haven't seen before. Keep an eye on the former. Both bands recorded in 1997 for a 1999 European tour (huh?). (TM)
(Hardcore Trooper, Mehdi Boukhenfir No. 7, La Freudiere, 44118 La Chevroliere, FRANCE)

INHUMAN - "Our Dedication" EP

This is a bit too slow for my taste. Moshy in all the right parts and full of the Brooklyn macho posturing that I usually totaly eat up. Still, for some reason thisjust isn't ringing my bell. Perhaps it's just a little too by the numbers? (ST)
(Now Or Never, 151 Ivy Hill, Red Bank, IL 07701)

INSURANCE RISK - "How Much More..." EP

This sounds so much like DYS that I could swear that some of the songs are covers, except that this is better than anything DYS ever did. If you're into the youth crew revival, or old Boston hardcore, or UNIFORM CHOICE (which I can also hear in this, to a certain extent) you should snap this up. Oh shit, I just read the lyrics to "We Don't Care," and it has ruined this record for me. Well, you might not have a problem with lyrics like "You take it up the butt, suck it like candy, think you're a man, you're a fucking sissy," but I do, so fuck this band. Hey Ollie, I hope for your daughter's sake she grows up straight, 'cause she's got a homophobic fuck for a dad. (AM)
(Crucial Response)

JUMPIN' BEANS & WILLIE - "Go Go Burger" EP

MRR has been hit by several salvos from Mr. JUMPIN' BEANS in the past couple of months. Each direct hit brings the primitive crash and smash of drums, wrecked guitar, and elementary lyrics that should please all fans of another demented rock 'n' roll poet...KING LOUIE! Are the manifestos of the HARAHAN CRACK COMBO being studied as far north as Maine? Or has another anointed one stepped forward? Long live the moustache rock! (TH)
(Ball, PO Box 152, Gardiner, ME 04345)

MUSIC REVIEWS

KILL-A-WATTS - "Kill Kill Kill Kill" EP

They are pissed. They are raw. They play fast and sloppy. They're like, fourteen. God, I'm so jealous. (DP)
(Rip Off, 581 Maple Ave., San Bruno, CA 94066)

KILL YOUR IDOLS/NERVE AGENTS - split EP

Really like the first band name—too bad I'm more into the name than the band. It's not bad, but the two originals merely fill the time, and the cover ("Goodbye to You" by SCANDAL) is fucking terrible. There's really no excuse for that. The flip is a relief—the NERVE AGENTS have had some coffee today—there's some energy there. The singer is going all the time—barely pauses for breath. Get the shouted choruses in there, and the whole thing comes together pretty well. I'd keep a eye out for the NERVE AGENTS, although they ought to stay away from the covers as well ("Suffragette City" by BOWIE)!! (TM)
(Mankind, PO Box 461, Bellflower, CA 90707)

KIRBY GRIPS - "Cherry Stem Concertos" LP

Like Sympathy label head Long Gone John, I too am a sucker for female vocals. Unlike Long Gone John, I require at least decent music behind my vocals. Basically what I am saying is that the KIRBY GRIPS plain suck. Washed out pop, with no punch whatsoever. (JF)
(Sympathy For The Record Industry, kirbygrips@hotmail.com)

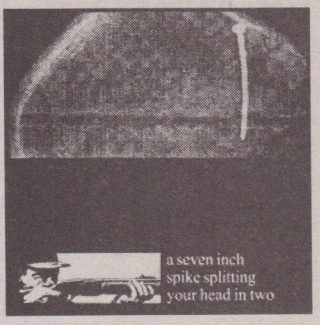
KIRBY GRIPS - "The Cherry Stem Concertos" LP

This is a local band that I've been into for a while. As far as Sympathy bands go, this all-girl combo isn't trying to rock, instead they have more of a RAINCOATS and SLITS amateur-ish charm. While the production here is a bit watered down at times, this is one of the more spirited bands around the East Bay these days. (RL)
(Sympathy For The Record Industry, kirbygrips@hotmail.com)

THE KNOCKOFFS - "Sell the Move" CD

Take my two favorite things in this world: wrestling and rock and roll. Combine them. Extract all of the bullshit. Have Kevin Seconds produce it and you have the KNOCKOFFS. Songs about women, Bret the Hitman Hart and a bonus track to top all bonus tracks (the GROOVIE GHOULIES paying homage to them with a cover of MOTORHEADS' "R.A.M.O.N.E.S." reworked to be dubbed "K.N.O.C.K.O.F.F.S."). Straight-forward punk rock equal parts '57 and '77 with back ups that make them sound aggressive (well I guess they are since all four are involved with wrestling in some form or another) yet so ear pleasingly catchy and danceable. How can anyone not like this band? (BM)
(Slap Happy, PO Box 162292, Sacramento, CA 945816-2292, info@slaphappyrecords.com)

LAST WARNING/FALLOUT - split EP



I'm surprised there are still thrash fiends out there who haven't heard FALLOUT yet. They flat-out pummel everything in their path...total straight forward ultra-speed grindcore with great vocals. Their tracks on this split are no exception. LAST WARNING are ripping Swedish grindcore with some out-of-control styled drumming. The eight songs from them fly by in a flash, although I have to say, FALLOUT takes the prize on this one. (MW)
(Putrid Filth Conspiracy c/o Alfaro, Södraparkg. 35Am 214 22 Malmö, SWEDEN)

LEGBONE - "Beer:30" CD

Very strait forward, three-chord type stuff. Moderately-fast songs that hardly change tempo between the fourteen of them and hardly get stuck in your head. It sounds pretty second generation BAD RELIGION-influenced, except lyrically. Since when were gothic kids "cool" anyway? (PA)
(T-Nek, t-nek.com)

LIE - "Legalize It" EP

If you've heard *Bandana Thrash Vol. 1*, then you know exactly what to expect. Kick ass Japanese thrash, with enough hooks and breakdowns for a 12". This record is so fucking good, I'm at a loss. The fast parts bring to mind Japanese bands like SLIGHT SLAPPERS, and the energy (and the cowbell) make me feel like I'm a friggin kid again. One song title says it all, "Best Friend Are Punks." Couldn't agree more. (WN)
(625, PO Box 423413, San Francisco, CA, 94142)

LILLEBROR - "Schrei" EP

This record gets off to a slow start, with a CRASS-like agit punk number, but then picks up the pace with an up-beat punk song. Side B opens with a straight-out hardcore attack, and closes with a longer, more "progressive" track. The general feeling of the record is of anarchos that have grown musically but still deliver heartfelt political punk, along the lines of the STRATFORD MERCENARIES. Not bad at all. (AM)
(Aktiver Ausstand, Postfach 41, 09491 Marienberg, GERMANY)

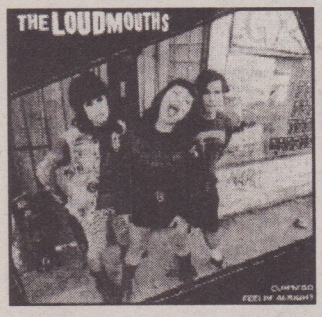
MUSIC REVIEWS

THE LINKS/BEN GRIM - split EP

This split includes two very similar bands (except that one can't speak English) doing the kind of emo/mid tempo pop punk that was around before the GET UP KIDS head bobbed their way on to everyone's turntables (or CD players, I suppose). Not that they sound like the GET UP KIDS (thank god) more along the lines of the PARASITES, SICKO and the maybe the DOUGHBOYS. Not bad, not ass rocking, but not bad. (BM)
(PO Box 467 Neenah, WI 54957-0467)

LONELY KINGS - "Divit" CD

Holy NIGHT RANGER! This sounds so goddamn much like mid '80s pop metal, it's plain scary. These guys are on bended knee for radio play, from the sound of it. Everything is so sweeping and expansive in an indulgent way, Wagnerian in tone. It's about as subtle and sensitive as raccoons fucking. I can see how maybe these folks used to be in punk bands, but I don't know how we agreed to review such a blatant capitalist marketing scheme of a band. When they aren't reliving the '80s Viking scene, they're doing the '90s version ie-PEARL JAM. In the words of the immortal Springa, "Get it away!" (BG)
(Coldfront, PO Box 8345, Berkeley, CA 94707)



LOUDMOUTHS/HOT ROD HONEYS - split EP

I'm not sure why the LOUDMOUTHS and HOT ROD HONEYS are on a split EP together, but I'll go with it- (honestly, I just hope Beth Loudmouth doesn't kick my ass after reading this). Three tracks by the LOUDMOUTHS, two originals and a punk rock cover and just what you'd expect from them: straightforward, in your motherfuckin' face punk rock. The DAY GLO ABORTIONS cover sounds like it could be an original and one original ("Feelin' Alright") sounds like it could be an AC/DC cover. Good shit. HOT ROD HONEYS also contribute two originals and a punk rock cover (JOHNNY MOPED). They play faster paced, melodic punk rock of average quality with vocals that lean towards the throaty side. The pic sleeve shows a picture of them playing naked. Icky. Worth looking for. (KK)
(Wrench, BCM Box 4049, London WC1N3IX, UK)

THE LOWDOWNS - "Informal Dialectic" EP

Not to be confused with the local '77 style cookie-cutter band of the same name, this band is pretty out there. Mix the earliest of HALF JAPANESE with the RESIDENTS with some tape manipulation shenanigans and you get a rough idea of what's going on here. Almost like SHIZUO in it's fucked-up-ness. Free jazz meets THROBBING GRISTLE. Yeah, it's like that. (LH)
(The Aporia Label)

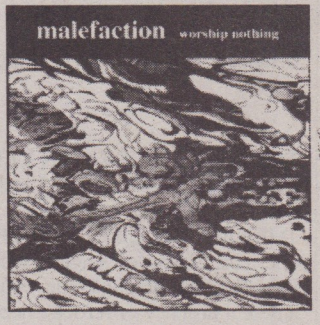
MAD CADDIES - "The Holiday Has Been Canceled" CD

These yucks are by far the worst ska band I have ever heard...yet somehow manage to be popular. Go figure... Proof yet again that Fat Mike had the worst taste in music...(BM)
(Fat, PO Box 193690 San Francisco, CA 94119-3690)

THE MAKESHIFT CONSPIRACY/SOURTOOTH - split EP

THE MAKESHIFT CONSPIRACY are a now defunct band in the vein of what can best be described as the new generation of indie rock, post-riot grrrls. It's kinda mellow. It has punches of anger. It has middle eights of sad. Sort of like GEEK meets the Fontaine songs of VERSUS. SOURTOOTH might still be together. It's hard to decipher from the packaging. Would it matter? The songs are pretty augmented pop songs with careful layers of guitar lines that become the beams and buttresses supporting the vocals. Sort of like architectural indie rock. Pretty neat record although the mastering job was kinda shitty (in other words, PLAY THIS LOUD!). (LH)
(Paroxysm, PO Box 58133, Washington, DC 20037, paroxysm@aol.com)

MALEFACTION - "Worship Nothing" EP



This sounds much like their *Man Grows Cold* LP. Really good, intense grindcore with guttural vocals dealing with human injustices.Topics include abused children and hatred fueled by religion. They cover SLAYER's "Necrophobic" on this one. (SR)
(Commode, #5 227 21st Ave. SW, Calgary, AB T2S OG5, CANADA, janitor@commodehc.com)

THE MEDVEDS - "Aging Failures" CD/CD-ROM

"Aging Failures" seems to be a complete collection of the MEDVEDS' singles, comp tracks, plus a few stragglers. For those of you who haven't had the pleasure of checking out the MEDVEDS, they play a lot of sing-songy rude, crude and lewd nursery rhyme punk tunes. Enjoy tunes like "The Ignorant, Violent Hillbilly", "Western Pill Party" and "Deprived Fool". Pretty cool collection. (HM)
(Pill Party, PO Box 990632, Boston, MA 02199-0632, themedveds@hotmail.com)

MESSY HAIRS – "Skulls & Skateboards" EP

I *think* the MESSY HAIRS are going for the old skate-rock sound, but this sounds to me a lot more like 1988 than 1985, that is to say it sounds tight and kinda positive—not sloppy thrash. Saying that, this is actually pretty good. "Badge and a Gun" is a great hardcore number with cool lyrics about police brutality. Released on their own label, my only real gripe is that there is only two songs, c'mon—old skate-punk EPs used to have ten songs per side! (AD)
(Paco Gardens, PO Box 18455, Denver, CO 80218 e-mail: pacogarden@hotmail.com)

MUSIC REVIEWS

METHOD OF MURDER - "Twisting My Words" EP

Here you get a three piece hardcore band from England that made me think of early INTEGRITY. Solid, but it doesn't break down any doors. (RC)
(Steve, 43 Sullivan Way, Elstree, Herts, WD6 3DG, ENGLAND)

THEE MICHELLE GUN ELEPHANT - "Gear Blues" 2x10"

In the tradition of other great Munster bands, this is kick ass rock 'n' roll. When you think rock 'n' roll, you don't usually think innovation, but THEE MICHELLE GUN ELEPHANT have found a way to fuse traditional psychobilly riffs, throaty, howling vocals (think of a male version of Kat Bjelland from BABES IN TOYLAND), and even some structure along the lines of SHELLAC to create some heavy rock that would appeal to purists, or those looking for something a little different. Despite the one or two duds on this fourteen-song double 10" (there's no excuse for trying on LED ZEPPELIN licks. Ever), there are enough potential classics here to make this release a must have. Fucking brilliant, this gets a five slicky rating. (JG)
(Munster, PO Box 18107, 28080 Madrid, SPAIN)

THEE MICHELLE GUN ELEPHANT - "Casanova Snake" CD

Well, here's a band I've never heard of before although I guess they've been around for quite a long time. THEE MICHELLE GUN ELEPHANT have put out 6 albums before this one, and a slew of singles, videos etc. Riding on a sketchy Japanese interpretation of a punk blues explosion, these 15 surreal-edged songs lack any real urgency or ferocity needed to keep this thing truly memorable. Song titles like, "Dust Bunny Ride On", "Pinhead Cranberry Dance", "Pistol Disco" are just as off-the wall as their psycho name and fashion. I get the feeling these guys took a lot of English words and just threw them together, because they thought they sounded cool. (DL)
(Mona Lisa)

RUDY RAY MOORE AND HIS RAYTONES - "Rally In The Valley/Whatcha Gonna Do" 45

.....this is for Jon Von, a new Norton single of really old Rudy Ray Moore shit..... and there's an LP as well..... a two record gate-fold set with fotos and liners..... pre-Dolemite R&B and slutty cunt sucking rock-n-roll..... greasy.... historical.... sexy... side A is a 1959 rock-n-roll-in-the-hay cut that's not on the two-record set....so beware.....over all it's the usual Norton high quality..... I bet Mr. Jon Von is sitting somewhere in France right now with his dick in some young frog's mouth and this very same Rudy Ray Moore single blaring in the background..... I can see it, I can see it!!!!!!!! (SW)
(Norton, PO Box 646 Cooper Station, New York, NY 10276, nortonrecords.com)

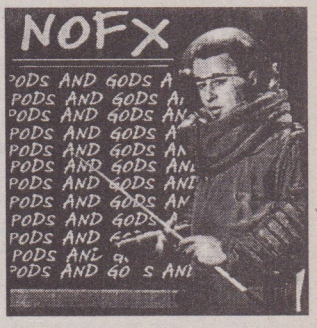
MOVIELIFE - "Self-Destruct" EP

The title track is a pretty good pop punk song with emo/hardcore overtones. Almost like DESCENDENTS with a dash of AGNOSTIC FRONT tossed in (that's certainly a description I've never used before). The other two tracks are not quite as strong, but still pretty powerful. A good release. (RL)
(Initial, PO Box 17131, Louisville, KY 40217, initialrecords.com)

NEW YORK DOLLS - "New York Tapes '72 - '73" 10"

How many times have I listened to these songs? Hundreds of times, why every time I hear them I can't help singing "Looking for a Kiss"?? Because they were the real deal, better than the STONES and the PISTOLS. The DOLLS came, rocked and changed the face of rock. If you have the CD compilation you don't need this. (EC)
(Munster, PO Box 18107 Madrid, 28080, SPAIN)

NOFX - "Pods and Gods/What's the Matter With Parents Today?"



In spite of all the clones, there's only one NOFX. I've always liked these guys, unlike a band lik,e let's say, BAD RELIGION, who lost me along the way. The b-side is the stronger song here, with its more trademark sound. As far as NOFX releases go, this isn't really near the top, but it's still decent. (RL)
(Fat Wreck Chords, PO Box 193690, San Francisco, CA 94119)

NOT THAT STRAIGHT - "Low Profile" CD

There's a solid backbone of Southern Californian melodic hardcore in NOT THAT STRAIGHT's sound. But it gets gussied-up with a nearly SNAPCASE-ish technicality and the tempo/push of early '90s straight edge hardcore bands like OUTSPOKEN. Unique mix with lyrics about loving hardcore, feeling blue, friendships gone sour, and getting older. (TH)
(Funtime, Dutselhoek 12, 3220 Holsbeek, BELGIUM)

THE ONYAS - "Heterospective" CD

This is a collection of ONYAS tunes rerecorded for a consistent sound and kick ass energy. A good sample of older full-throttle rock and roll with them noodly leads. Highlights include "Allan Murray", "Get That Shit Outta Your Face"...heck the whole CD Rocks! Excellent. (HM)
(Dropkick, PO Box 192, East Melbourne Vic 3002, AUSTRALIA)

OPSTAND - LP

This LP collects all of OPSTAND's EPs—I hope this doesn't mean they've broken up. The world needs OPSTAND and their unflinching screamo-core mayhem. HEROIN and MOHINDER ain't got nothing on these Frenchmen. Un-fucking-believable power directed at your face. And I quote Jeff Mason: "Good Lord." Good Lord indeed. A full LP of this may be too much for your sissy ears in one sitting. I suggest repeated small doses for optimal ego destruction. (ST)
(Bad Card, Ramain Trocherie, Les Brunetieres, 53 370 St Pierre Des Nids, FRANCE)

ORANGETREE - "Miserable" CD

Some how this all-male band manages to remind me of every girl fronted ska band I can think of...NO DOUBT, DHC, and SAVE FARIS prevail! ...Fuck this I'm going home... (BM)
(booking@orangetreerocks.com)

MUSIC REVIEWS

THE PATSIES - "...But I Think I Like You" CD

Great power pop, very closely in style with the JOLT or the MICE, with vocals like the PLIMSOULS—kind of a crazy mix that sometimes works and sometimes is really overwhelming. It's nice having the guitar so big, but it would be nice to hear bass and vocals once in a while. Rocking performances keep the indie pop banalities in check. A really great first effort. Too bad there's no vinyl. (LH)
($8 ppd: Stalking Horse, 901 Ednor Rd, Silver Spring, MD 20905, thepatsies@hotmail.com)

THE PEABODYS - "Dilemma" EP

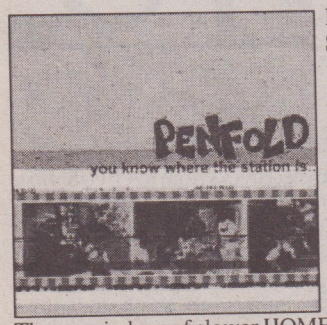
Tim must be up to another marketing ploy, because the first side is standard lovesick pop punk, but side two shines. "A Song About a Girl" has clever lyrics and decent guitar leads, and the PEABODYS pull off a hilarious duet on "Dilemma". A step above the tons of SCREECHING WEASEL pop punk bands. (HM)
(Mutant Pop, 5010 NW Shasta Ave, Corvallis, OR 97330, the_peabodys@monkeylove.zzn.com)

PEACE OF MIND/UPSET - split EP

This is an interesting mix of bands. The female-fronted PEACE OF MIND squeeze out some melodic punk which actually made me think of MONSULA (been a while since I thought of them!). UPSET goes for more of the bass-driven hardcore/grindcore effect, reminiscent of ACRID. The pace is slow and the vocals are battered, which is right up my alley. Solid! (RC)
(World Upside Down, Gottinger Str 39, 37120 Bovenden, GERMANY)

PEKINSKA PATKA - "Demo 1979" EP

Devotees of "Bloodstains Across Yugoslavia" will welcome this additional dose PEKINSKA PATKA (PEKING DUCK). In fact, historical value aside, this is good enough to be of interest to any body with a modicum of taste. Seven songs featuring strong melodies and that ineffable something extra. Slightly thin sound is a minor minus. (DD)
(no address)



PENFOLD- "You Know Where the Situation is..." EP

"I need to find a way, I have to get away from here, I'm sick and tired" ...I couldn't agree more. If you're going to do emo or melodic pop punk...you'd better make damn fucking sure you do it well. These jokers don't. Like the world needs another one of these bastard hybrids anyway!!! This is immature melodic pop punk trying hard to be serious...and failing. They remind me of slower HOMEGROWN at most times....well i guess this is growing up... (BM)
(Last Chance, 26 Gatesmead, Haywards Health, West Sussex, RH 16 1SN, UK, penfold_rock@hotmail.com)

PETROGRAD - "...Another Happy Tale" EP

Side A has two songs that are mid-tempo and poppy, with just light distortion on the guitar and vocals that seem to be sung cleanly, but came out a little bit rough on the recording. Altogether this sounds a bit like CRINGER, except for the inexcusable funk part at the end of the first song. The b-side has one song that is comprised mostly of a ENGLISH BEAT-style reggae-influenced bass line and drums with some synthesizer effects stuck between some much shorter, fast punk parts. (PA)
(Paranoia, Postfach 70, 1013 Wien AUSTRIA, paranoiafanzine@yahoo.com)

PINHEAD CIRCUS - "Downstroke Sweep" EP

Okay, so punk veterans PINHEAD CIRCUS aren't anything special with their poppy, semi-melodic hardcore approach. But then again, there is nothing wrong with them either. The truth is, I could see a lot of people I know liking this band if they gave them half a chance, and haven't been killed by the onslaught of similar, but not-as-honest sounding bands. If you like your vocals raw, the last sentence holds true even more. (JF)
(Not Bad, PO Box 2014, Arvada, CO 80001, Pincircus1@aol.com)

A PLANET FOR TEXAS - "You Can Still Rock in America" CD

Four vocalists on different songs with different styles makes this sound more like a compilation. This doesn't mean that its bad- its actually a good variety. Sounds ranging from rockabilly influenced by REVEREND HORTON HEAT, all the way to power pop punk with lots of background "oh ahw wow oh's." They do a good spiced up version of "Crimson & Clover." (SR)
($10: Diaphragm, 2480 Indianola Ave., Columbus, OH, 43202, ikel@iwaynet.net)

PLUS ONES - "On The List" CD

This is a power pop gem from a punk supergroup of sorts, including Joel from MR T, Scotty from the RECEIVERS and Dan Panik from SCREECHING WEASEL. These pop numbers in the vein of the RECORDS, the KNACK, and even the early KINKS pretty much hit the mark. Although I could live without the "pin-up boy" photos, this is the best local release I've heard in a long while. (RL)
(Coldfront, PO Box 8345, Berkeley, CA 94707, plusones@hotmail.com)

P. M. SCOP -"Let Me Sing" EP

This Japanese three-song EP (sung in English) is easily up to the island nation's standard, sweeping in with an incredibly brisk, chunky pop-punk sound backed by melodic girl vocals and tasteful lead guitar breaks. A nice cross between the BANANA ERECTORS and a cleaned-up JUDY AND MARY, but this outfit is better than either. In other words, it's all here, though "Norvous Man" (sic) and "Let Me Sing" really stand out for stick-to-the-ribs tuneage. Strongly recommended. (SS)
(Skippy, 5-24-11-202 Miyamae Suginami-ku, Tokyo, JAPAN)

MUSIC REVIEWS

PONK/THE LOTTIE COLLINS - split EP

PONK is an arty punk band. Off-key guitar melody and dual sing-songy vocals with a bit of ska thrown in on their first song. THE LOTTIE COLLINS are very similar, with more of an old punk style vocal sound. Both take an older punk sound and update it so it sounds more interesting. Cool stuff, but it gets a bit cutesy at times. (CK)
(Tono, 203, Heights-Ota, 3-32-3, Ichikawa-shi, Chiba 272-0034, JAPAN)

POSSIBLE SUSPECT - "Modern Society" EP

This record rules! Thick-as-fuck punk rock with sing-along choruses and sussed political lyrics (and by thick I mean the production, although the vinyl is pretty weighty too). The one low point is a song that appears to be inspired by *American Psycho* (whether it's the book or the movie, I'm not sure). It's not really awful, just ill-advised. Still, no complaints on the other four songs—a rousing sampling of energetic punk if ever I heard one. (AM)
(Smart, PO Box 2772, 3500 GT Utrecht, NETHERLANDS)

PROGERIA/ID - split EP

Hailing from SoCal, PROGERIA is minimal grindcore not unlike a lot of the European noise/grindcore bands. Low-tuned guitars, super fast blast beats, and dual vocals (high female vocals and super low cookie monster vocals). ID mix things up a little more, starting with a super sludge riff and then blasting into a death metal style blast riff. (MW)
(Agitate-96, 11479 Amboy Ave., San Fernando, CA 91340)

THE PSYCHOTIC REACTION - "Street Trash" EP

Four really polished songs. They are aiming for psychedelic satisfaction and have all the required ammo: trippy guitars, organ stomp, and harmonica scream. Don't come to this expecting to find much grit between these boys nails, however. Squeaky clean delivery here, which will likely rub some fans of the genre the wrong way. (TH)
(Detour Records, PO Box 18, Midhurst, West Sussex, GU29 9YU, UK)

THE PUSHERS -"Turning Blue" LP

Turning Blue is a tight DEAD BOYS meets the U.S. BOMBS beach-punk mixture. Rob Milucky's guitar parts are loaded with hooks and Ricky Barnes (ex-NAUGHTY MONKEYS) sings his ass off. You may have heard the PUSHERS' 7" records on Hostage—this continues their punk rock roller coaster ride to hell. There are good shouted choruses and solid bass and drum support. A damn decent record! Produced by Duane Peters who sings backing vocals on three tracks. (BR)
(Disaster Records, disaster@hotmail.com)

THE QUEERS - "Beyond the Valley of the Assfuckers" LP

I think all bands should hang it up after one record. There is so much energy and time that goes into that one record, either it is the best fucking record ever or it's the best you'll do, so ending it is the best decision. I know there are people who like THE QUEERS today and I just want to know—why? After years and years of what I assume someone, somewhere thinks are cleverly titled records, this is what we get this time around (yes, California sucks. Please stay home). I guess this stuff is supposed to be offensive, but it is so boring, stupid, and cliched that I'm just embarrassed for them. Slowish generic three-chord rock with whining vocals. I suggest pick up the pace, stop trying to be so funny and rock, or just give up now. (CK)
(Hopeless, PO Box 7495, Van Nuys, CA 94109)

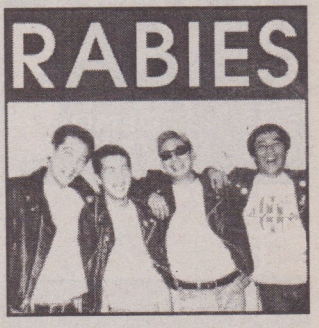
THE QUEERS - "Beyond the Valley of the Assfuckers" LP

Go ahead Joe, at this point it doesn't matter, the kids will buy it anyway. Be as vulgar as you wanna be. Fuck the hippies, everyone say "cunt" and I'm still really mad at my parents. I figure if you take this album, and that last one...put them together...you've got yourself a double LP of *Love Songs for the Retarded*. Ladies and gentlemen...punk rock for the new millennium. (BM)
(Hopeless)

RABBY FEEBER - "Disposable Zeros of Rock" CD

Someone got some new photomorphing software on their computer, didn't they? Usually when I see cheesy cover art combined with a dorky band name, I think the band is gonna suck for sure, but I was wrong. Solid wall of guitar sound that kicked my ass and made me forget the splitting headache I've had all day. I can hear influences here and there, but this is just bare-bones rock 'n' roll. (DP)
(Hello, 100 E. Vine St. #809, Lexington, KY 40507, info@hellorecords.com)

RABIES - "Lady Luck" EP



They ripped off PLASTIC BERTRAND's "woo-ooh ooh" and they fucking sing it on every song on this EP, anyway this is very SCREECHING WEASEL punk rock. (EC)
(Skippy, 5-24-11-202 Miyamae Suginami-Ku, Tokyo 168 JAPAN)

RATTUS - "Machine Rat Massacre" LP

This reissue (boot?) LP compiles select tracks from RATTUS' first EP to their 12" of 1984. 31 songs that chronicle these Finns moving from a sing-a-long heavy, bouncing pub-punk band to the band that helped define the Scandinavian hardcore-punk sound. Determined guitar repetition with crisp but snarling native tongue lyrics that punch into shouted choruses and a healthy number of wailing guitar leads. While not nearly as exhaustive as the two CD reissues available, this collection LP would do this vinyl twerp right. The following address may be fake, so be careful with your milk money. (TH)
(Kannibal Xerox, PO Box 4711, SF-0815, Helsinki, FINLAND)

MUSIC REVIEWS

REACHING FORWARD - "For the Cause" CD

This is kick-ass straightedge hardcore band from the Netherlands. Fast and to the point with a very heavy posi-core stance in their lyrics. Check it out. (RC)
(Reflections, De Nijverheid 30, 7681 MD Vroomshoop, The NETHERLANDS).

REDFIELD - "Born to Rock" CD

Emotional pop punk that's catchy but edgy at the same time. The thick guitar with hardcore influences on it make it hard not to think that there are some kind of straight edge influences. Somewhat whiny emo vocals reign over mostly up-tempo songs that have their fair share of breakdowns as well. Ending the CD with an acoustic number was a poor choice. (PA)
(Sunset Alliance, PO Box 31596, Phoenix, AZ 85046)

RED TAPE - "High Revoltage" CD

I can't believe still that this is on New Age—it's just not what I'd expect from them. It's thirteen tracks of up-beat, hook-laden hardcore—maybe they've changed (New Age) and I've just not kept up. What a fucking ace—it's quick, it's in your head immediately, and it's not boring! The lyrics are crazy and the graphics are simply awful, but hell—throw that shit away and just keep the CD! Raging stuff—you'll learn enough of the words to sing along, even if you have no idea what they're talking about. A great listen. (TM)
(New Age, PO Box 5213, Huntington Beach, CA 92615)

THE REIGN/ UNKNOWN GROUP- split 7"

All you really need to know is that the REIGN was a band that Johnny Thunders was in when he was 16. If that means something to you, then you probably want this. The song is a nice garage number called "Zippered Up Heart". I'm not a connoisseur so I'm probably missing the budding talent of Johnny Thunders shining through on this one. The guitar sound isn't that interesting. Side two "I've Had Enough" by an unknown group is a bit more catchy and angst- ridden garage song. A nice, but not necessary addition to your record collection. (CK)
(Norton, Box 646, Cooper Station, New York, NY 10276)

RIVIERAS - "Surfin Fun/I'm Looking for Someone to Love"

Another re-ish courtesy of Norton Recs. These were the guys were bought to the world "California Sun," and it's of course not a coincidence that "Surfin Fun" sounds practically like a re-doing of "California Sun" with the lyrics slightly changed—hell, even the riff is a variation! How's that for milking the hit! The other tune is another bouncy BUDDY HOLLY-goes-LA-circa-1960 type of surf vocal track. Naturally, you the perceptive reader are noticing a somewhat hostile reaction toward this record. I'm actually pretty sure that if a new band did something like this, they would've never gotten past the *MRR* taste machine. 'Cause this stuff is square, man, SQUARE!! (JY)
(Norton, Box 646, Cooper Station, New York, NY 10276)

RUTH'S HAT - "Bye-Bye Love" CD

What can I say about RUTH'S HAT at this point? I love their wussed out harmony drenched pop punk sound! Geek Rock is the new SxE. (BM)
(Mutant Pop, 5010 NW Shasta, Clorvis, OR 97330)

SANITY ASSASSINS - "Live at the CBGB Club New York" EP

The live recording of this is pretty good, the music is not. This band would probably be an appropriate opening act in the LA scene in the early '80s. Decent at best. They do feature the ex-singer from BLITZKRIEG, if you're easily impressed. (NF)
(Retch, 49 Rose Crescent, Woodvale Southport Mersyside, PR8 3RZ UK)

SCHIZOSTRUM - "Die Welt ist Schon" LP

Mid-tempo German street punk with really gruff vocals and plenty of sing along parts. A few of the ten songs here are okay, but overall I would rate this a middle-of-the-road release. (RM)
(Scumfuck Muke, Postfach 100709, 46527 Dislaken, GERMANY)

S.C. VOLUNTEERS - "Salute" EP

The S.C. VOLUNTEERS swagger thru the playground like tuff kids, pulling hair and stealing lunch lunch money. They're a fun band, and this is a fun record. I hear a vague suggestion of bass guitar and can pick out the odd vocal line, otherwise it's a blur of drums and guitar, played with Ritalin-charged intensity. Hubba hubba! (JH)
(TKO Records, 4104 24th St. #103, San Francisco, CA 94114)

SCRATCHABIT - "Broken Dreams" EP

Raw, energetic hardcore. They sound at times like they're overplaying their ability a bit—it comes off a bit too "complicated" and forced. Doesn't mean it's a bad record—they just have a style that they'll grow into over time. Rough vocals, an instrumental that's really good (took me by surprise!) and all the musical stretching makes this more memorable than many things I've heard recently. The vocals have a gruff, distorted style that works well with the intricate, introspective music. A band to watch for. (TM)
($3 ppd: El Sabado, 1442A Walnut #407, Berkeley, CA 94709)

MUSIC REVIEWS

SECRET LOVERS - "The Wrong Kind of Punk" LP

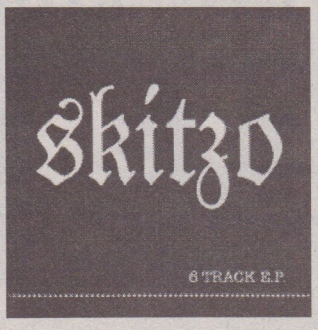
Wow, lo-fi punk in surround sound. This must have been recorded on a 32 track or something, because every guitar, voice, drum, cymbal, tambourine, and hand clap can be heard distinctly, but the overall effect is still raw sounding. This band reminds me of a bit more sloppy DIDJITS, and they look really cute in dresses. (DP)
(Mortville, PO Box 4263, Austin, TX 78765)

SELBY TIGERS - "Sidewalk" EP

The first thing that really stands out here is the great mix of one heavily distorted and the other almost clean guitars. Then they also do a great job of mixing in three different vocalists. All the elements work really well with each other. The drumming and bass are steady and straight forward, while the guitars do most of the moving around with a style that at times feels very RAMONES-influenced and at other times feels very influenced by the some of the more rock'n discordant emo bands like JEHU. (PA)
(Hopeless, PO Box 7495, Van Nuys, CA 91409-7495)

SEPTIC TUMOR - "The Way You Think" EP

The choruses here are a real drag. Thud thud thudding drums and bash bash bashing guitar and bass with the vocals yap yap yapping. If the verses sucked who would care right? But SEPTIC TUMOR can rock out some hard edged pogo punk that fucking bounces like BLANKS '77 and rips like DEFIANCE. Back to the garage, folks! (TH)
(Chode Brand Music, 1138 N. Edgefield, Dallas, TX 75208)



SKITZO - "Six Track" EP

Recorded in 1994 when RATTUS and TERVEET KADET ruled the Finnish playground, SKITZO was composed of members KAAOS, TAMPERE SS and the BASTARDS, but it just doesn't pack the wallop those bands did. I'm sure all you Finnish completists will be rushing out to get this one, and you won't be disappointed. "Painajainen Olohuoneessa" (say that three time fast!) alone is worth the price of admission, but this may not be the best introduction to what was one of the crowning moments in hardcore history. (ST)
(Fight Hikivuorenkatu 17 D 36, 33710 Tampere, FINLAND)

SILENT MAJORITY - "You Would Like to Know" CD

This is almost as corny as SAVES THE DAY. Sensitive dude, hardcore-lite. Sure, SILENT MAJORITY gets a bit crunchy at times, but it all ends up with a singing delivery of some damn smarmy lyrics. It's too bad Tobia is on vacation this month—she loves this BOY SETS FIRE vibe. Crap, there is a song that appears to acknowledge that there are no easy answers to a question asked in a freakin' MOUTHPIECE song. Woooo. (TH)
(Initial, PO Box 17131, Louisville, KY 40217

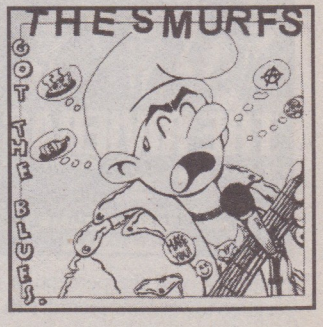
SIR BALD DIDDLEY & HIS WIG-OUTS - "To Baldly Go" LP

Full disclosure statement; I have personally had unsatisfactory "business" dealings with the artist in question (not the least of which is his cancellation of shows without bothering to telephone— fortunately, no one cared), as have friends who have booked shows for him and the label at hand owes friends several thousand dollars. Nonetheless, I will uphold my sworn duty as a record reviewer and not take these factors into account in my assessment of said disc (other than to say that it was perhaps inevitable that these two kindred spirits should find one another— blessings upon you, my children!). The surfy garagey shtick of SIR B's previous releases is here ditched in favor of revisiting English R&B with results somewhat hampered by a less than winning vocal ability, although these shortcomings work rather well in the Freakbeatish "Flattered to Deceive," easily the strongest track. Covering the BIRDS' (no, not the BYRDS, the BIRDS) "You're on My Mind", on the other hand, is probably the English equivalent of covering the SONICS; sure it's tempting, but you're liable to come off sounding that much worse by comparison to the original. My conscience is clear. (DD)
(Sympathy For The Record Industry)

SLUM CITY - "Bitchin" EP

Shuffle right on down to Slum City proper and gape at all the colorful inhabitants that dwell there, living hard, driving fast, and . Punk 'n' sleaze in the style that I associate with the Mortville label, cranked out from two dames and a token male (they're equal-opportunity employers, see). "Hot Rod", "Kiss of Death", "Throw Down", and "Late for da Show" are the hits here, fast and slow. Witty and retarded. The soundtrack for this Friday night's excitement, if I'm lucky. (JH)
(Mortville, PO Box 4263, Austin, TX 78765, slumcity@excite.com)

THE SMURFS - "Got the Blues" EP

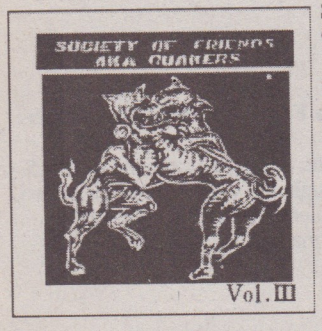


The SMURFS mix up the mid tempo and hyper spastic, pop punk, and like you'd expect, lots of silly songs about girls. These guys stand their pop punk ground and won't change their ways for any girl! Keep up the good work boys. (HM)
($3: Billy Maurer, 2306 Fontaine Ave, Charlottesville, VA 22903, xthesmurfsx@hotmail.com)

MUSIC REVIEWS

SNUFF - "Australian Tour" EP

What is left to say about the SNUFF boys? Another speedy catchy release that is destined to be hard to find. This is fueled by a great cover of "I Will Survive," the old disco song, done punk. I really loved the recent LP and this is strong too. I think these guys are staying up there when a lot of the melodic scene is slipping a bit. Oh, hail SNUFF! (RL)
(V8, PO Box 4023, Richmond East, Victoria, 3122 AUSTRALIA, snuff.net)



SOCIETY OF FRIENDS a.k.a. THE QUAKERS - "Vol. III" EP

I've heard this record a million times in my house, and now I have to hear it at *MRR* HQ also?! This job sucks! This is more of the punishment we've come to expect from SOF—songs like "Dumb Problem" and "Rage Against the Grindcore" will not let you down. August has some of the most pained vocals in hardcore—this rules. I mean, I'm on the thanks list, so how bad can it be? (WN)
(Twistworthy, PO Box 4491, Austin, TX 78765)

SOLD-OUT SWEETHEARTS - "The Glamorous Bubblegum" EP

Glamor is where you find it, and bubblegum makes my fillings ache. The SOLD-OUT SWEETHEARTS are mature and earnest-sounding men playing their own brand of profesh p. rock, clean and controlled with Steve Jones leads. The singer rolls his r's in the time-honored tradition as he rails against "Cheap Emotions" and the ways of a fallen world. A lil' too slick for my tastes, with all its "oohs" and "do-do-do"s in the background. (JH)
(New Lifeshark, PO Box 700 320, D-44883, Bochum, GERMANY, soldoutsweet@hotmail.com)s

STATICS - "Vol. 1" LP

Alternate title: *The Beginning and the End.* Northwestern boffoo bozo trio collects their singles and LP outtakes onto one long-playing album. Hilarity ensues. Garage punk seated in the smoking section between the MUMMIES and SUPERCHARGER. Starts off with "I Quit" (note the subtle use of irony here), plains out with their cover of SUPERCHARGER's "Suprise Package for Mr. Mineo", and winds to a close with the achingly tender ballad "I Hate Your Guts". They sung "Don't Mess with Us" and danced "The Static Twist" while Purple Onion emcee Tom Guido freaked out in wide-screen and technicolor, beers were drained, and skulls were twisted right 'round. The Purple Onion's now history, Corporate Upper Management are wearing wraparound shades in the boardroom, and punk rock has turned overnight into dot com...nice to know that I have family heirlooms like *Vol. 1* to keep me warm in the cold days that lie ahead. Limited to 500, apparently.(JH)
(Rockin' Bones, Via Cuneo 2, 43100 Parma, ITALY, r.bones@rsadvnet.it)

STEREOTYPERIDER - "Fair Weather Fan" CD

I like the image that this band's name conjures. Especially since the stereo and the typewriter are two of humanity's greatest hits. Or the image of riding the aural braille of the music...oh forget it. This CD has great sound. The guitars ring out and bleed, blurring the edges of the songs. The rhythm section seems bent on revolution, and the vocals, well, they're not this release's strong point. There are some moments where the perfect match of vocal harmonies and guitar slashes prove potent. These folks sound like a pop punk band that got kicked around and fucked with a couple times too many, so that now they are a bit tougher and bittersweet vs. just plain sweet. An interesting listen. (BG)
(Sunset Alliance, PO Box 31596, Phoenix, AZ 85046)

STRIKNIEN D.C. – "Horses For Courses" CD

STRIKNIEN D.C.'s singer Deko is a veteran of the Irish punk scene and used to front the great PARANOID VISIONS, he's one of those characters who it seems has been around forever, every city has them. The front cover has a picture of three kids on horse-back, in the slums of Dublin. A lot of kids in Dublin have horses instead of bicycles, no shit—it's true. Anyway, STRIKNIEN D.C play good hard, driving music that ranges in style from ska tinged (reminiscent of...BUT ALIVE) to full-throttle pissed-off punk, which brings to mind SUBMACHINE and STRYCHNINE. The lyrics are smart, though dark and cynical, *not* happy stuff. I'd recommend this. Music to throw things at cops to. (AD)
(Rejected, PO Box 6591, Dun Łoaghaire, Co. Dublin, IRELAND, UK, thumped.com\rejected)

THE STRIKERS - "The Ride" EP

First off, the mix of this record is all fucked up. The vocals are way, way too low; the bass low as well, and the drums are up too high. And even though there's no lyric sheet, I did hear the word "faggot" as well as some other bonehead type lyrics throughout the record. The music? Well it's fast, aggressive and pissed off oi! that's done pretty well. (NF)
(Vulture Rock, PO Box 40104, Albuquerque NM 87196)

STRONG CROWD - "Fight for Tomorrow" EP

Fucking hell-bent on conquering all in their path, the STRONG CROWD is one loud and tough oi! band from Otake City, Hiroshima, Japan. This amazing street 'n' Oi! onslaught by these Iwakuni Japanese Skinheads has deep vocals like SIDEBURNS and relentless guitar and drum attack similar to UNITED '97. The lead singer, Akiyama, has an incredible gruff and full instrument in his vocal chords and the backing vocals compliment Akiyama's power. Listen to the song "Justice," this fucker will tear holes in your eardrums! Great stuff! Locate STRONG CROWD's *Fight for Tomorrow* EP as soon as possible! (BR)
(Bronze First, 5-2-104-203, Higashi Toyonaka, Toyonaka City, Osaka, JAPAN)

SUNSHINE - "Velvet Suicide" LP

This Czech release dances in that rarely-traveled space between punk and new wave. Musically, it borrows heavily from BUZZCOCKS, although it has far more jagged edges (and keyboards). The vocals sound like Doc Dart (of the CRUCIFUCKS) trying to hit notes like Pete Shelley, or vice versa. Even the CURE show up as influences in a couple of the slower songs. A mixed bag, but recommended. (JG)
(Day After, Horska 20, 35201 AS, CZECH REPUBLIC)

MUSIC REVIEWS

SUPER SPORT 396 - "First Thirteen" CD

Sludge-noise stuff with a pretty sarcastic/world-weary bent which makes them alright in my book. Songs about bonding over Corvette stories, how all your friends are in jail, being pulled over, and other subjects. Music is definitely in the slowish, punk rock, messy but still tight school of grind which reminds me of classic Touch & Go Records shit. "Merge" undulates in a big liquid mess which puts a smile on my mug and has hints of the hick-psychosis lurking underneath the music. "Uninspired" comes close to sounding like a hooky punk rock anthem, but it doesn't *quite* get there. The other songs pummel me real good, too. Hell, just get this—maybe it's a slow month, but this is the best thing I've heard all night. (JY)
(Hi Roller, radle@utdallas.edu)

THE TABASCOS – CD

The TABASCOS (from Holland) play RAMONES-influenced, three chord, mid-tempo pop-punk much similar to (but not on the same par as) SCREECHING WEASEL, the QUEERS, SONIC DOLLS, etc. Lighthearted (or...dumb) lyrics about girls and beer. Enough already... (AD)
(Ignition/Sonic Rendezvous DCM, PO Box 417, 1800 AK Alkmaar, NETHERLANDS, sonic@sonic.nl)

TERRIBLE HEADACHE - "Run Faster" CD

Weird choice of formats—it's a CD in a EP sleeve, but with no booklet or anything. It's nine songs, but only about twelve minutes. Regardless—it's quick, Japanese hardcore. There's a certain repetition that makes it somewhat predictable, not in a real irritating way, but there's not a lot to surprise you. Nice that they thank you for picking this out of all the records that are available, but don't put the label's address anywhere. If you're a completist you're looking for it already, since the words "Japanese" and "hardcore" were in the review—otherwise, there's better places to start. (TM)
(Yusuke Adachi, 1-9-39 Shimizugaoka, Fuchu Tokyo, 183-0015, JAPAN)

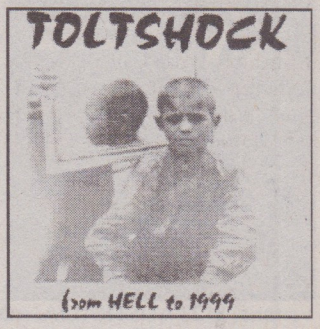
THIS MACHINE KILLS/ENVY - split EP

THIS MACHINE KILLS starts us out with an outraged hardcore explosion, introduced by a spoken sample about the unprovoked murder of Amadou Diallo by New York City police. Communicating the volitility of this with their timely, pissed tribute, TMK bring some sense of justice to a thoroughly fucked situation. This is the first I've heard in what I hope will be a long string of punk songs and zines confronting "racial profiling" and the murders of innocent people that it promises. ENVY, from Japan, also rocks your ass off with "A Red Wound Picture," which sounds like it might share the subject matter, though I can't tell you for sure. (AC)
(HG Fact, 401 Hongo-M, 2-36-2 Yayoi-Cho, Nakano-Ku, Tokyo 164-0013, JAPAN, hgfact@japan.interq.or.jp)

THUNDERFIST - "Trash Culture" CD

THUNDERFIST has a good guitar sound, with just the right mix of metal and chunka-chunka. Unfortunately it drowns everything else out. The vocals sound like they're coming from another room. Decent songwriting and a few interesting covers, but this disc sorely needs to be remixed. (DP)
(El Chango Grande, thunderfist.hypermart.net)

TOLTSHOCK - "From Hell to 1999" 45



This is a strong street punk offering from this French skinhead band. The *From Hell to 1999* 45 is the first release on Les Troubadours du Chaos record label and TOLTSHOCK does not disappoint. The A side features "Brixton Boogie," sung in English. This number starts things off on the right foot with a boisterous skinhead song calling for: "No more fighting black and white/Rich boys and medias—the real enemies to fight!" This has really good choruses— it's a very catchy song! The flip-side is more quality Oi! "Au Point Du Jour" is sung in French. A fine release! (BR)
(Les Troubadours du Chaos, Fresnea Laurent, 3 Rue Louis Roussea, 94200 Ivry S/ Seine, FRANCE, toltchock@free.fr)

TONY TOWN - "L'occidente e' una Farsa di Cravatte e Punkabbestia" CDEP

TONY TOWN have a clean, tight, energetic ska sound on this 5-song CD. I guess one song is kinda punk, but the rest are full- blown Italian ska. I like the Italian vocals. Ska enthusiasts take note. (HM)
(Chronic, Via N. Bixio 147, 43100 Parma ITALY, zedd.com)

THE TURBO A.C.'S - "Damnation Overdrive" LP

Recorded in 1997, this is re-released for vinyl. TURBO A.C.'s do the slow, punk-rock & roll, hod-rod/surf tempo stuff. Lots of supersonic, carburetor, dual exhaust, eat my dust—kind of lyrics. Decent musically, if a tad lackluster in energy. I like the purr, just doesn't put a tiger in my tank. (RY)
(Into The Vortex, Fehrfeld 26, 28203 Bremen, GERMANY turboacs.com)

UNDERTHREAT/BATTLE OF DISARM - split LP

International crust attack! Brazil's UNDERTHREAT and Japan's BATTLE OF DISARM share this 12" full of animal-liberating, earth-respecting, vocal-tearing, chorus-verse guitar pain. UNDERTHREAT's choice of covers (CRUDE SS and MOB 47) is appropriate to their Swede-influenced sound. BATTLE OF DISARM has a similar approach, but are not tuned quite as far down. The guitar in their choruses flirts with speed metal-styled repetition. BATTLE OF DISARM also has a cleaner growl, while UNDERTHREAT enjoys the reverb. (TH)
($6: People Like You, Caixa Postal 66223, Sao Paulo - S.P., Cep: 05311-970, BRAZIL)

UPSET/SOLEJL NOIR - split EP

Well, as you could have probably guessed from UPSET's name, they are super aggro and quite *upset*. Great German metal-core with enough of a hook that it kept me interested. SOLEJL NOIR, on the other hand, are crappy melodic snow boarder core. I'm sure their hearts are in the right place, but I can't stand that kind of shit. The packaging is cool though. (MW)
(Frank Booth Inc., Linnemman, Teichblick 1B, 38162 Weddel, GERMANY)

MUSIC REVIEWS

VARUKERS - "The Punk Singles 1981-1985" LP

Here's a re-press of an album with all the hits from this early '80s British punk band. Includes "Soldier Boy", "Dance 'til You're Dead", "Another Religion Another War" and 21 more. It's got all the songs you want to sing along to. Get it. (SR)
(Get Back, Via Aretina 25, 50069 Sieci (Firenze), ITALY, abraexp@tin.it)

VERBRANTE ERDE/WISHMOPPER - "Mopping" split EP

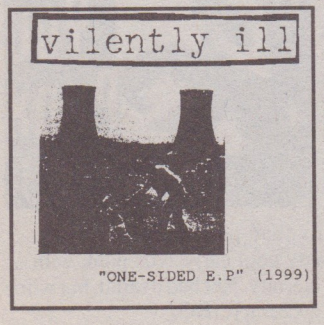
This compilation is actually a split between two very bad bands, period. Both bands have a definite TERRORGRUPPE feel, with none of the energy and melodic force of said band. I may as well say it—this record is plain shit. (JF)
(Matatu, J. Halbauer, Nordstrasse 16, 07548, Gera, GERMANY)

VERSUS! - "In Defense" EP

This is VERSUS! (with the exclamation mark) not the indie rock VERSUS. Pretty straight-forward aggressive mid to up-tempo punk. Driving guitars that have something taken away from them because they sound a little muddled. Deep vocals that are a little high in the mix with some group chanting in the chorus. The music is not at all bad but the recording sounds very bland and takes a lot away from the music itself. (PA)
(Matatu, Nordstrasse 16, 07548, Gera, GERMANY)

VICE SQUAD - "Lavender Hill Mob" CD

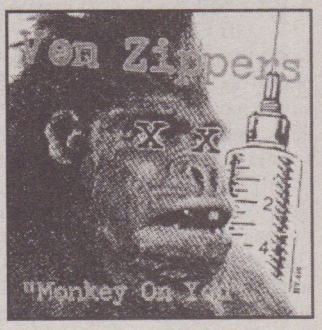
A four song EP from this old punk band. If this is what you sound like years after the height of your career, please stop playing altogether. These songs lack any "oomph", if you know what I mean. The song "Back in the Cage" even reminds me of a horrible imitation of MOTLEY CRUE. This is extremely bland and boring. (SR)
(Combat Rock, 7, rue de Paquis, 57050, Montigny-les-Metz, FRANCE, oldchurchhouse1.freeserve.co.uk)



VILENTLY ILL - "One-Sided E.P." EP

Interesting mix of simplistic garage and thrash. The recording is shitty. The vocals sound like they were recorded through a cardboard tube. And the record only has four songs and is one-sided. Uh, sounds pretty unappetizing if you ask me. (RC)
(Knot Music, PO Box 501, South Haven, MI 49090-0501)

THE VON ZIPPERS - "Monkey On You/She's Bringing You Down"



Way carbonated and catchy, Animal House party vibe going on here. Complete with good loud 'n' punchy production this breathes with oodles of fizz. On the B-side you get a straight-ahead version of the VIBRATORS, "She's Bringing You Down". A fun one for the juke. (DL)
(Estrus, P.O. Box 2125, Bellingham WA 98227)

WELFARE - "On a Mission" 12"

Well, here we got a bad case of HELLACOPTER—it's just a lot too late. Take two aspirins and call me when you get a personality. (DL)
(Rock'N'Roll Blitzkrieg, PO Box 11906, Berkeley, CA 94712)

WHITE STRIPES - "De Stijl" LP

For a long time (which I guess isn't that long really) I felt that the WHITE STRIPES were the tails to GUITAR WOLF's heads on the rock 'n' roll coin. While GUITAR WOLF seems to embody all that is loud, raw, and unrestrained, WHITE STRIPES were the shook down, slow, simmered concentrate. Some might think that this LP's increase in production weakens my argument a bit, but I don't think even the crispest recording can stand up to this rattling drum and beat-up guitar duo. "Find a canary/A bird to bring my message home/Carry my obituary/My coffin doesn't have a phone." (TH)
(Sympathy For The Record Industry)

WHITE STRIPES - "Joline/Hello Operator"

A little more rock, a little less blues and almost no punk on this picture disk from the band that has become a favorite of the modern garage scene. Their version of "Joline" is at times campy and at others, haunting. "Hello Operator" is a teaser from their LP (which is wonderful, inspite of the slick production), and while this isn't their best material (I prefer some of the older, rawer offerings) it's nothing to shake a stick at. (ST)
(Sympathy For the Record Industry)

MUSIC REVIEWS

X-RAY SPEX - "Germ Free Adolescents" LP

OH GAWD, not another SLEATER-KINNEY wannabe outfit. Don't they know that the warble-y girl vocal indie punk thing is sooooo played out. So past it's shelf life... But seriously, how many bootlegs of this album have there been? I guess it's all supply and demand. You would think that it would be a clue to the label that there is a serious interest in a vinyl re-issue. There are probably 10 or 15 different bootlegs of this record. That's probably around 50,000 copies in total circulating out there. So why not just re-issue it and prevent these bad looking bootlegs from floating around? Okay, for the uninformed, there's the album in a nutshell. One of the few serious attempts at making post punk and new wave something other than just a commercialized version of punk was this album. Saxophone and even keyboards here and there, two instruments since "banned" from punk (not entirely without reason). Great original lyrics with an over all presentation that inadvertently helps bridge the gap between pop art and post-modern. Catchy songs unlike anything happening in the world today. To go back to my joke intro, there really wouldn't be a SLEATER-KINNEY without this album. (LH)
(Art-i-ficial)

THE YARDBIRDS - "Can You Identify These Men?" EP

.....a nine-song ten inch of demos and alternate takes and other odds and ends on everybody's fave re-ish Italian label, Get Back..... most of this shit has been on a lot of other boots and reissues in the past, so be careful..... big fans might already have this stuff.... the sound quality is nice.... white creamy cum vinyl..... cool little collection here....it's about as exciting as watching Keith Relf being electrocuted..... (SW)
(Get Back, Via Aretina, 25 - 50069 Sieci (FI), ITALY, abraexp@tin.it)

ZEKE - "Rock & Roll Catastrophe" EP

Live at the Breakroom in Seattle. With hometown fans in tow, ZEKE tears it up real fast and sloppy. Good recording, extremely acceptable for a live record. Even those not necessarily fans of the ugly drunk punk that is ZEKE might appreciate this for the hardcore energy that they're secreting on this record. ZEKE blows doors. (RY)
(Black Lung, PO Box 3692 Morgantown, WV 26503)

V/A - "America, Home of the Free?" CD

This CD is actually a split between ESL?! and SHAMUS O'NIEL. Neither band stands out with their raw version of melodic hardcore ala the Fat/Epitaph sound. SHAMUS O'NIEL is definitely the more political of the two, but neither band has anything that makes them stand out. I hate split CDís. (JF)
(Geykido Comet, PO box 3743, Laguna Hills, CA 92654)

V/A - "Everybody Rocks" LP

I don't know how many comps of obscuro '50s rock and roll the typical *MRR* reader is liable to buy (or even read reviews concerning same, for that matter), but this ranks below the other Wendi releases reviewed this issue. As the liner notes state, "...this collection vaguely represents the (decidedly uncommercial) "pop" side of 50's rockabilly and rock 'n' roll". It's pleasant enough listening, but the only things that really moved me were PICO PETE's ersatz LITTLE RICHARDism, VARETTA DILLARD (what a smooth bundle of babehood; the sound of her voice nearly makes me want to write a Shane White-esque review) and EDDIE PALACE (whoever the heck he is)'s primitive and somewhat deranged "Kangaroo." About the same quality level as one of the (many) non-killer White Label reissue (I'm sure that means a lot to you kids). (DD)
(Wendi, PO Box 187, Mascot, NSW, AUSTRALIA)

V/A - "Barbaric Thrash Detonation" CD & EP

Whoa. This is a dead review—you're going to look at this track listing, and know whether or not you want it immediately. If you've followed Max's tastes at all, this has got his touch all over it—you get fast hardcore, some posi style, some straight up grind, and some noise. Like any good salad, a little bit of everything. Bands (41 in total) include such luminaries as: SLIGHT SLAPPERS, LIE, ARGUE DAMNATION, SEEIN' RED, CRUCIAL SECTION, 324, POINT OF FEW, RUIDO, REAL REGGAE, CORNERED, DUDMAN, CAPITALIST CASUALTIES, SU19B, MELT BANANA—I think you get the idea from that. Originally the brainchild of Julio from Open Wound, it's a CD and an EP in a booklet style EP sleeve. Each band gets some room so it's not just another faceless comp blurr. Excellent. (TM)
(625 Productions, PO Box 423413, San Francisco, CA 94142)

V/A - "Get Up Stand Up" CD

A seven band compilation from Nagoya, Japan featuring everything from grind to ska. Each band has two or three songs, and the highlights are SDS, MENTAL DISEASE (both more on the metal/grind end of the spectrum) and SPARKY SPARKY, who are more traditional Japanese hardcore. But this is a compilation, and there a certainly some stinkers...but we won't talk about those. (WN)
(Reidians, 202 Kawamahaitu, 1-250 Kawama-Cyo Minato-Ku, Nagoya City, Aichi 455-0076, JAPAN)

V/A - "Guide to Entertaining" CD

Are you familiar with Break-Up! Records? This comp has made me ashamed to say that I'd never heard of the label until today. A great collection of melodic punk and indie tracks from various singles released on the label spanning 10 or so lesser known acts. As a result, it's all new to me. If you're already a fan of the label, there are a lot of unreleased tracks included. If not, it's a real treat to hear bands like DIRT BIKE ANNIE (who I totally love), the HEARTDROPS (great SMALL FACES cover), BIG HELLO, and the KUNG FU MONKEYS. But it's all pretty great. (LH)
(Break-Up!, PO Box 15372, Columbus, OH 43215)

V/A - "Fuck You Punx, Vol. 2" EP

Here's a comp of 4 bands that all add a hard rock flavor to their punk rock stew. Who they? They be ZEKE, EIGHT DOLLAR EXPERIMENT, JOHN COUGAR CONCENTRATION CAMP, and the CONFESSIONS. None of them did too much for me, except maybe the JCCC track, which surprisingly sounds like their take on the MAKE UP. All gospel proselytizing and whooping it up. The ZEKE song was a decent, but forgettable live track. $8 EXPERIMENT contribute a silly tribute to that popular green manna. The CONFESSIONS struck me as pretty cool early '70s punk with a snotty attitude, till the song went on for eternity. Not bad overall, but with so much out there I wouldn't call this necessary. (BG)
(Blue Moon, 2075 S University Blvd 264, Denver, CO 80210)

MUSIC REVIEWS

V/A - "Hot Pinball Rock, Vol. 1" EP

Much more important than the title would suggest, *Hot Pinball Rock, Vol. 1* is an ace compilation featuring the likes of current toasts WHITE STRIPES, DIRTBOMBS, BELLRAYS, and more more more—corralled together by the editorial staff of the highly-recommended pinball fan rag *Multiball*. Listen to the compact disc, read the magazine. Play the game, live the life. (JH)
(Extra Ball, PO Box 4005, Portland, OR 97240, multiballmag.com)

V/A - "Iron Columns" CD

An international politico-crust-grind comp that is a benefit for two anarchist prisoners. All bands on this comp are united by (if not directly, indirectly) anarchist political sentiments...thus you have everything from DEFIANCE to KRIGSHOT. The stand outs musically (since there is no lyric sheet) are TERMINAL DISGUST, KRIGSHOT, and FORCA MACABRE. (MW)
(Mind Control, 1012 Brodie St., Austin, TX 78704)

V/A - "Killed by Death, Vol. 007" LP

Another entry in the increasingly dodgy *Killed by Death* series, featuring some good noise 'n' punk (France's ELECTROCHOC, HORRORCOMIC, LE FRACAS, and CARDIAC KIDS) and lots o' new wave schlockified and goonified filler plugging the gaps. Guuhh. Okay enuff material in spots, just not as *worthy* or *essential* as the earlier and more-reputable volumes. A real soup of bones this time 'round. (JH)
(Redrum, no address)

V/A - "Killed by 7 Inch—Vol. 1 to 5" LP

Punk collector geeks who went out of there way to make sure they had all *5 Killed by 7 Inches* maybe disappointed with this new release, but hey here is the collected effort. Maybe worth it for a few standouts: WARDS, GEZA X, PLAIN WRAP, SODS, but mostly it's just crap. (DL)
(Redrum, no address)

V/A - "Landlocked and Loaded! Hi-Octane Underground Rock and Roll From The Great Midwest" CD

A varied collection of surf, rockabilly and garage punk bands from the Midwest. Where exactly? I don't know. I wasn't given any information like that. Some of the better ones are the CRIPPLERS, JOHNNY MAGNET, GEARGRINDERS, 13 FRIGHTENED GIRLS, THEE LORDLY SERPENTS and the REVELATORS. I am disappointed that the HONKEYS "Tell "Em Large Marge Sent Ya!" is an instrumental. (CK)
(Trouble In River City, 4062 Humphrey St, St Louis, MO 63116, kopper@inlink.com)

V/A - "Mama Rock—Wendi Records Vol. 13" LP

.....old R&B comp.... some country.....cowboy music/R 'n' R..... all the same shit.....some very good stuff here..... good liners....comparable to the Crypt *Desperate Rock 'n' Roll* series from years back....quality is OK.....music from an era where people knew how to party..... lots of sex, drugs..... booze..... very much opposite of these new boring PC modern computer dork times.....at one time a man would come home, put on some R&B record, drink a beer and sit back and watch his dick being sucked..... these days a man comes home, puts on a "Sting" record, drinks a diet Coke and sits back and watches his computer screen.....yawn..... (SW)
(Wendi, no address)

V/A - "Monsters of the Midwest: Vol. 4" LP

I know very little about this genre of music other than I like the BEATLES, I like the STONES, I like the WHO...this reminds me of all three. It's lost tracks from the '60s (the Midwest specifically). Check it out... (BM)
(no address)

V/A - "My Girlfriend Was a Punk!" LP

A solid package of femme vocal punk bands ranging from the fairly obscure to the very obscure, mostly recorded 1977-1980 and from various locales, mostly U.S. and Europe (SHEENA & the ROCKETS, who cover "1970", are supposedly from Japan, but the singer sounds American and the band a studio group to me—oh, there's also TYRANA from Canada's "Back Off Baby," one of the highlights). Even if there are few real gems on here (my pick for near killer would be "30 Years" by ELECTRIC DEADS), there aren't any complete turds either (MARY MONDAY's "I Gave My Punk Jacket [to Ricky]" being provisionally redeemed by the possibility that it refers to Ricky of CRIME and the SLEEPERS and is a true story, although in that case it probably should have been "I Had My Punk Jacket Stolen." Some information on which photos are of which bands, if any, would have been nice, but at least they gave Eric Stanton props for the cover art they utilized. Teenagers and telephones! (DD)
(no address)

V/A - "Never Mind the Sex Pistols—Here's the Tribute" CD

OK, tributes suck! This is no exception. Anyhow, some of the bands on this disc that cover SEX PISTOLS tunes are: SUBMACHINE, the DUCKY BOYS, NIBLICK HENBANE, BLANKS 77 and more. Whoopty friggin' doo. (NF)
(Radical, 77 Bleecker St. #C2-21, New York, NY 10012)

V/A - "Popgun 2000" CD

A comp full of good power pop, which Screaming Apple seems to be putting out a lot of these days. YUM YUMS, RAZZELS, RECEIVERS, DECIBELS, PSYCHOTIC YOUTH, and even Paul Collins of the BEAT fame are included. Many more new bands too. One of the best power pop comps out around for sure. (RL)
(Screaming Apple, Dustemichstr. 14 50939 Köln, GERMANY, screamapp@aol.com)

MUSIC REVIEWS

V/A - "Psychedelic Crown Jewels" 2xLP

I know that the *Teenage Shutdown* series is far from the first group of comps to showcase forgotten and never known garage bands from the '60s, but until this comp came through, I didn't think any series had come close in the presentation department. Obscure bands, as much history as can be found on each, and excellent sound quality. I'm not into this because the bands deliver their psychedelia in a very smooth manner. For the über obsessive mainly. (TH)
(Akarma, akarmarecords.com)

V/A - "Purple Heart Surgery Vol. 2" LP

Fourteen more tracks from "rescued" acetates. More R&B and psych would-be hits from a time when the Eddie Van Halens and Stevie Ray Vaughns of the day were playing organs. I have to be honest, as someone who's not a die hard fan of this stuff, it all kinda sounds like the TROGGS to me. But I guess that's a good thing. (LH)
(Modern)

V/A - "Purple Heart Surgery Vol. 1" LP

Ultra-double-secret obscure R&B and psych tracks from bands you've never heard of. OK, *maybe* you've heard of ONE IN A MILLION or the GROUNDHOGS, but I doubt it. These are rescued from disintegrating acetates (who does these things? Acetates? We have reached the bottom here in the never-weres region). I am particularly intrigued by the tracks where the compiler doesn't even know the band name. Now that's unknown! Not bad, but not genius. Though that is not why you're into releases like this, is it? (ST)
(Modern)

V/A - "Richmond Roulette" CD

Five Richmond bands taking on a couple of songs, each plus an acoustic cover of a FIFTEEN song at the end. STRIKE ANYWHERE make the best of their two songs, playing catchy hardcore with a great FUGAZI style breakdown on the first song. SIXER do that ever-popular "what if JOHN MELLENCAMP made a record with the CLASH?", mid-tempo, small-town-yet-punk. ULTRA BAIT... hummm... bad bar rock. RPG... hummmm... not really any better. Lastly, ANN BERETTA once again play some decent mid-tempo pop punk, yet once again have not convinced me to buy one of their records. (PA)
(Voo Doo, voodoorecords.net)

V/A - "Rockin' at the Zoo" LP

This is a collection of rare '50s rock 'n' roll, and like any collection in this vein, it's a mixed bag, both musically and with regards to sound quality. Basically, it's like the "Killed by Death" series but for rockabilly. And, like that series, it's really only going to appeal to the aficionados. So-so. (JG)
(Wendi, PO Box 187, Mascot 2020, AUSTRALIA)

V/A – "Roll Over Your Head" CD

Three Czech bands do four songs each on one CD. PODIVNA FORMACE and the HYSTERICS play very Fat/Epitaph-sounding poppy melodic hardcore. The HYSTERICS have cool girl backing vocals which just pushes them ahead as best on the comp. INFECTION play harder crunchy NYHC styled punk with political lyrics. None of the three bands are bad, and it's nice to hear some stuff from the former Eastern Bloc. (AD)
(Rackety, Majova 1474/2, 475 02 Teplice, CZECH REPUBLIC, rackety@post.cz)

V/A - "Too Much Rockin'" LP

What we have hear is obscure and rare rock 'n' roll from the late '50s and early '60s that I happen to enjoy quite a bit. (NF)
(Wendi, PO Box 187, Mascot, NSW, AUSTRALIA)

V/A – "True As Steel" CD

Cor blimey guv—Japanese oi! Six bands (the CREED, RUST, ALLEGIANCE, SANDIEST, CLAMPDOWN, LRF) on one disc, two songs each. The artwork and words are full of English references—Dennis the Menace, soccer, scooters, Ben Shermans, and West Ham United (in fact one of the best things about this is the photo of one of the bands posing outside their stadium Upton Park.) This is crazy. The bands sound like UK '82/Strength Thru' Oi! era mid-paced punk rock, though there is some variation, from the poppier SANDIEST to the faster, angrier (and best band on the comp) BLITZ-like ALLEGIANCE. Pretty good stuff, it's kinda charming in a weird way. The lyrics are all in English, my favorite is RUST who sing "Bullshit leaders on the telly an' they teach me what is hip/We'll refuse theirs invite 'cos that's like wrecked ship/Sheepish crowd're everywhere an' need theirs senseless navigate/We don't need theirs direction we'll never follow the up to date." I should co-co! (AD)
(Bricks Music, 1-13-14 Zeze Ohtsu Shiga,520-0815 JAPAN, bricks@x.age.ne.jp)

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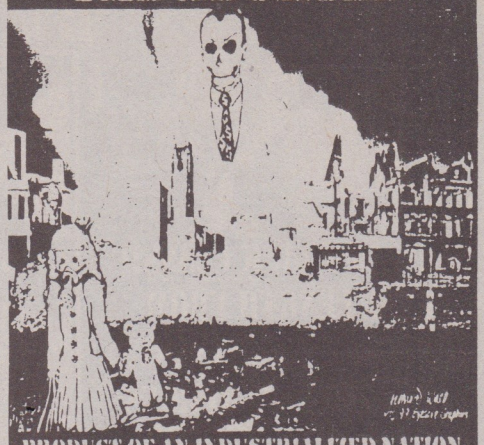

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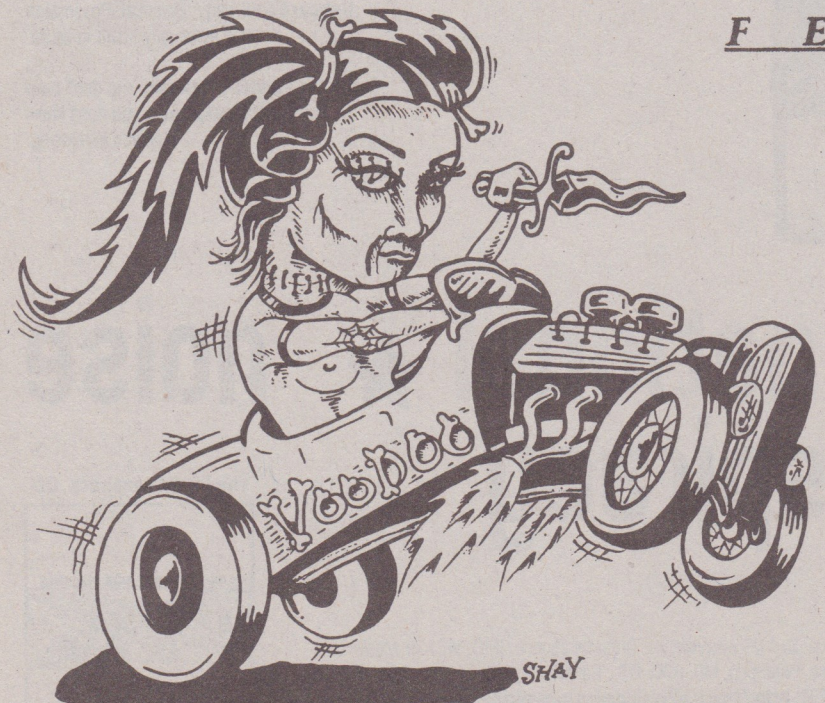

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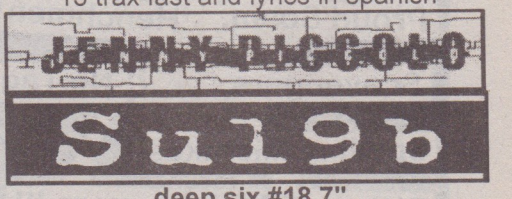

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FANZINE REVIEWS

Reviews by: (AC) Arwen Curry, (AR) Aragorn, (KC) Karoline Collins, (MD) Mikel Delgado, (RD) Raphael DiDonato, (NF) Neale Fishback, (GF) Gardner Fusuhara, (HH) Harald Hartmann, (MJ) Mary Jane, (KC) Karoline Collins, (JM) Jeff Mason, (JL) Jennifer L. Mushnick, (NN) Nellie Nelson, (MN) Mimi Nguyen, (CR) Casey Ress, (DS) Denise Scilingo, (SS) Sean Sullivan.

Please send your zine in for review. Write down any information you want included in the review; method of printing, number of pages, issue number and post paid price. If you want us to include a foreign post paid price, tell us. If you accept trades, tell us. The only information we will include is what you provide us. It's very simple. Hey! Count the pages! You count the pages! Not us, you! COUNT! grrr...

Specific criticisms aside, it should be understood that any independent release deserves credit for all the time and money going into it.

ALL THIS IS MINE #3 / $2 (or trade)
5 1/2 x 8 1/2 - copied - 32 pgs
Personal zine with some diary type entries about work, shows, life, Gilman Street, music, and moving from New York to California. There's fiction and some literary quotes, and an article on the Berkeley barter system known as BREAD. Kinda simple. (MD)
1709 University Ave #5 / Berkeley, CA 94703

ALPHA MEGAZINE #2 / ?
12 x 8 1/2 - copied - 70 pgs - Italian
Rota, the editor, introduces his second issue with improvements (names in the column headers "a la *MRR*") and so on. The pages are sprinkled with the visual equivalent of fart jokes, but I really think Rota and his contributors are operating as a small community to put this out, and that counts for a lot, doesn't it? One of the columns is entitled "A Scream from the Asshole of the Happy Italian's Scene," which also counts for something, though I'm not sure what. A lot of enthusiasm and Euro-zine goodies are packed in here, so check it out, but leave your good taste at the door. Rota, vergognati! (AC)
Via Giotto, 3 / 24031 Almenno / San Salvatore (BG) / Italy

ARTCORE #14 / £1.50, $4 world ppd
6 x 8 1/4 - offset - 48 pgs
Lots of "keep punk important" attitude here, coupled with a lot of love for the music. Interviews with The 'Tone, Brezhnev, and Grand Theft Audio. Plus some stuff about Code Of Honor, BYO Records and Flipper. Great zine from a dedicated scenester. (GF)
1 Aberdulais Road / Gabalfa, Cardiff / CF14 2PH Wales / UK

AS IT STANDS... #2 / donation
8 1/2 x 5 1/2 - copied - 48 pgs
Animal rights activists win all kinds of prizes from me, usually for Most Inappropriate and Offensive Analogy or Most Reductive Political Analysis. Here, an interviewee insists that "speciesism" is the root of all other oppressions. It's a revealing statement that really only exposes its author's incredible poverty of political analysis (he has none). The historical and ideological contexts of, for instance, racism or misogyny can't be dismissed so easily, and I refuse to believe that police shootings of unarmed black men is equivalent to or stems from lab testing on rats. (And comparing animal liberation to the civil rights movement is both condescending and colonizing, OK?) In another piece, the editor suggests that pulling the plug on his sister's phone is an effective means of achieving his goals (to log onto the internet); he tells this story in order to then argue that homicidal violence against "animal exploiters" is a justifiable means to an end. Both these analogies and arguments are unsubstantial and spurious; it's like saying a chair is like a dog because it's got four legs. (Relating these arguments to a lawyer friend, he laughed for about ten minutes and blew a million holes in these leaps of logic for another fifteen.) Without these, this is simply a mediocre hardcore zine (the band interviews and a dose of condescending rhetoric is par for course, right?) instead of an offensive one—unless you believe they amount to the same thing. (MN)
8364 Washburn / Goodrich, MI 48438

AS THE WORLD BURNS #16 / $1
8 1/2 x 11 1/2 - copied - 20 pgs
This is pretty cool, and it's a rare occasion when you really start to like a person who isn't doing an intensely emotional personal zine or something. Dan Disturbed and Nate Disgusting are surprisingly good and clever writers, as are all the other contributing columnists. It even has Maddy Dental of *Tight Pants* zine semi-fame! It's essentially columns with a little bit of political activism thrown in, and I

don't know what it is, but this zine was truly a joy to read. This fanzine can only improve over time. (RD)
501 John's Dr Apt #6 / Stevens Point, WI 54481

BROWN ROT #5 / $1
5 1/2 x 8 - copied - 36 pgs
This ex-Eugene publication has got some reprinted fliers, some columns / personal writing that was better than usual, a show review, and an interview with a Portland punk guy. There is some diversity of material (anti-smoking, Nestlé boycott, veganism, unemployment). This zine gets an "eh, it's all right" from me. (JM)
PO Box 6626 / Boise, ID 83707

CAT SCRATCH FEVER #4 / 2 IRCs
8 1/2 x 5 1/2 - copied - 20 pgs
Crikey, I never thought I'd live to see the unholy day when a fanzine would name itself after a song by the Nuge. Anyhoo, what you've got here is some primo coverage of only thee trashiest, glam-est, '77-est rock'n'roll out there, all set to the shameless worship of Thunders, Bators and Deniz Tek (duh). This is essentially a mouthpiece for these people's label, *Vicious Kitten Records*, which, judging by their coverage, has a sort of Pelado Records feel to it. There are interviews with the Golden Arms, Rick Blaze and the Ballbusters and the Knockouts, among the usual fanzine fare. Fans of this genre will approve. (RD)
GPO Box 20 / Canberra / A.C.T. 2601 / Australia

CITY TRASH #6 / $1
8 x 6 - copied - 16 pgs - Dutch/English
This small zine is raw and punk all the way. Some of the bands featured are The No-Goods, Manonegra, The Firebirds, and Jabberwocky. This zine reflects a scene that seems to be having lots of fun probably because it comes from a small town where people are yet not totally jaded. There are also some record reviews. (HH)
Biezenveld 48 / 7943 MC Meppel / Netherlands / city trash@hotmail.com

DUMPSTERED APPLES #1/ $1 (or 50¢ + 2 stamps)
8 1/2 x 5 1/2 - copied - 24 pgs
In the introduction, Jessi explains she's been meaning to do a zine for years, but was only moved to begin once her best friend accidentally shot himself. The first essay in this zine is her reaction to his death, followed by several short pieces on bikes, bras, and her boyfriend's band. A literary critic recently noted that what makes a good memoir in an overcrowded market is analysis—whether of personal motivation, historical conditions or political movements—which correspondingly is the missing element in so many zines. Which is to say that this personal zine is nice first effort, with room for growth. (MN)
2705 Great Forest Drive / West Bend, WI 53090

EVIL #2 / 25 ff
7 1/2 x 10 - offset - 84 pgs - French
Until this point, I have not known *Evil*, but now I am deflowered, corrupted...! This French zine plays to the math rock/art/hc crowd, if that makes sense, with interviews with bands from Don Caballero to Orchid, but absolutely not a pop lick or stray comma in the house. *Evil* is beautifully printed and laid out with visual exactitude—the graphics are more striking than the content, which may or may not be a bad thing. Evil is also a mailorder, by the way, and though it ain't exactly the *MRR* way (duh!) to punk out on paper, I can appreciate someone who appreciates their craft. (AC)
PO Box 5117 / Ch-1211 / Geneva 11 / Switzerland / mutimania.com/evilzine

EXTRA #3 / free
8 1/2 x 12 - offset - 20 pgs - Spanish
This guy is obsessed with the Ramones. He writes an extensive article covering their entire career, surveys several Ramones fans on exactly why they are proud to add "Ramone" to their name, and even manages to refer to them in questions to his interviewees. Non-Ramone items: interviews with Spanish bands P.P.M., Aerobitch, and Nuevo Sanatorio, and with Fragment Music Records; lots of music reviews, and a schedule of a local (independent?) radio station. The writing is witty, there's the right amount of information (neither too brief nor rambling), and the formatting is well done. Even if you have to pay for postage, it's well worth your time to check this out. (NN)
Rafa Garcia / PO Box 152 / 13250 Daimiel / (Ciudad Real) / Spain / extra@lettera.net

FLYING LESSON #4 / $1?
4 1/4 x 7 - copied - 28 pgs
Lots of mini-commentaries on personal stuff—friends, living in Indiana, crushes, the local scene, rape—you get the idea. I didn't feel particularly moved or interested in most of the writing in this—it barely scratches the surface and the editor comes across as a spoiled brat whining about some trivial problems. Sorry. (MD)
PO Box 954 / Bloomington IN 47402

FUZZY HEADS ARE BETTER #8 / $2
5 1/2 x 4 1/4 - copied - 84 pgs
I guess "cute" would be the most appropriate word for this zine. It oozes cuteness. This issue consists of lots of contributions from various zinesters. Content ranges—there are lots of little comics, personal emo bits, photos, travel stories, top 10 lists and such. Also, it comes with a mini-zine about

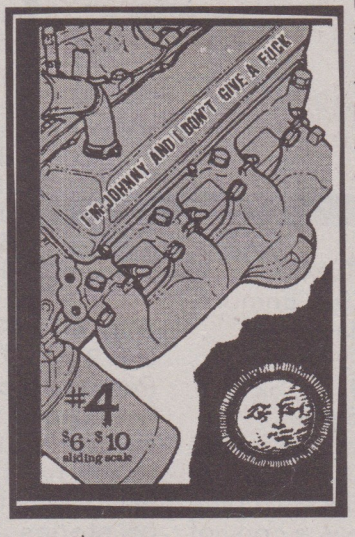
dreams. For the light-hearted, it's fun. (MD)
Box 68568 / 360A Bloor St. W / Toronto ON M5S 1X1 Canada / fhabzine@interlog.com

GET OFF MY LAWN #9 / $1
8 1/2 x 5 1/2 - copied - 32 pgs
The intro lists 'fat chicks' as something that really bothers the editor of this zine. I can't even tell you much I hate those stupid, off the cuff, degrading references to women and their weight! AARRGGHH! Sloppy cut and paste layout, record and show reviews, an interview with Mary Tyler Morphine and some personal writing. Whatever. (KC)
7107 S Yale Ave / PMB 141 / Tulsa, OK 74136

HALL OF FAME #1 / $4
8 1/2 x 11 - copied - 112 pgs
This meaty zine has nice clear layouts. It's kind of a nostalgic look at what motivates people and old school scene history stuff. Interviews Porcell and Cynthia Connolly, as well asking five questions of twenty folks who have long been involved in HC. Includes lots of band photo/logo montages. There's a lot in here of the HC and sXe persuasion. They could certainly use more of a female presence in here; beyond one interview, a photo of a half naked girl as backdrop, and lyrics to some dumb song called "Bitch." (MJ)
Ingo Engelhardt / Hammerstr. 147 / 48153 Munster / Germany

I'M JOHNNY AND I DON'T GIVE A FUCK #4 / $8
4 x 6 1/2 - offset - 220 pgs
This zine could easily pass for a book, being that it is bound and all. But the editor says it's a zine, so I'll respect his wishes. *I'm Johnny* is actually three stories interwoven that eventually become one. One part follows a punk band on tour with a 30 year old van. The next part is about the effects of the moon on people and the last part is a odd story about Niagara Falls and the government. I can see what the author was trying to achieve with his three story lines but unfortunately in some places the transition was a bit rough. Overall it was an interesting read. I could do with out all the hippie talk about the moon though. It could use some editing but it was good enough that I enjoyed reading it. Also featured cool artwork by Carrie McNinch and a cameo by Richard the Roadie. (DS)
PO Box 21533 / 1850 Commercial Dr / Vancouver, BC V5N 4AO Canada

IN THE TRENCHES #4 / $2
11 x 16 - offset - 32 pgs
This is not a zine. This is a newsletter from a group called The Political Prisoners of War Coalition. Inside are a great number of long and somewhat dry articles about the criminal (in)justice system, anarchist prisoners and politics, prisoners rights and updates on prisoner cases. While it seems clear that this is not coming from a very large or long- established political group, they do seem to emulate the style of other leftist (and terrifically boring) rags. A style I find somewhat annoying and isolating. For people involved in prisoner activist work however, this is probably a fascinating read.(CR)
PO Box 554 / Lincoln, MA 10773



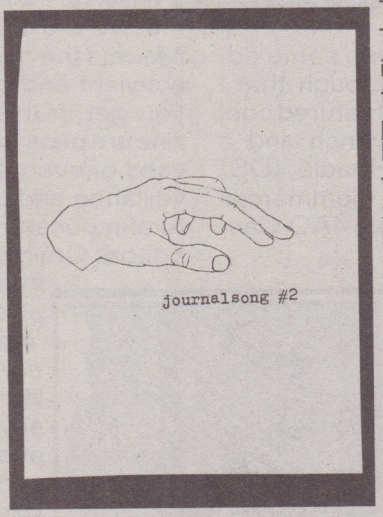
JOURNALSONG #2 / $1, trade, or 3 stamps
4 x 5 1/2 - offset - 68 pgs
You can tell a lot about a zine by it's cover. I guess that's why I got this one for review. It's instantly identifiable as the crooning romantic emo zines I just love to hate, or sometimes hate to admit that I love. Handwritten, sloppy old typeface, vague references to an ambiguous "her". This guy has gone to the emo school of personal zine writing. But it looks like he was paying attention - this one's good. His stories move quickly, aren't overly analyzed and boring, and do a good job of conveying a universal feeling of sadness and doomed romance. A healthy cut back in the cliches will ensure this one's got a great future. (CR)
703 NE Tillamook St / Portland, OR 97212
somersault@gurlmail.com

MAKE #2 / $2 + 2 stamps
8 1/2 x 5 1/2 - copied - 74 pgs
Make is the queer union of political activism and critical theory; what you get in this contributor-driven zine are passionately invested analyses of everything from state surveillance and urban zoning to cultural imperialism and TV talk shows. Editors Craig and Jane possess a keen eye (or eyes, since there are two of 'em) for deconstructing the ideological and political components of any given issue or situation, whether it's in response to *Boys Don't Cry*, parole and the prison system, or the class and race politics of gay retail. No lie—all this and more is tackled in one issue with critical skill and a sassy flair. Essential reading. (MN)
1227 N Genesee # 3/ West Hollywood, CA 90046

THE MATCH #95 / $2.75
5 x 10 - offset - 64 pgs
Fred Woodworth creates an incredible magazine. An ode to analog culture, *The Match!* serves as the ultimate extension of the Do it Yourself ethic. Printed, Cut, and Collated by Fred's own personal

machines (and hands) *The Match* is a labor of love. This issue continues Fred's apparent quest to alienate anyone who does not subscribe to his very particular vision of Anarchism. Fred spends a great deal of time and energy berating the "black-clad thugs" who paraded around Seattle (WTO) like a "pack of fascists". I understand that Fred lives his vision of Anarchism, but as long as he has nothing but (bitter) criticism of all of the other ways in which other people practice theirs, it is a lonely picture indeed. A worthwhile read with intense opinions and interesting ideas, but not a bible by any stretch of the imagination. (AR)
PO Box 3012, Tucson AZ 85702

MINDLESS COMMODITY $4 / $?
5 3/4 x 8 1/4 - copied - 36 pgs
This is the type of thing I like to see - a fucking cut and paste hardcore fanzine! You get decent mail interviews with Code 13 and Concrete Sox and an in-person chat with Sydney's Black Rose anarchist library / infoshop. ("Don't waste your money on *MRR*" they advise.) There's some cider and cookie recipes, a pull-out anti-heroin poster, and they review DIY hardcore punk shit. Won't change your life, but what the fuck, it's pretty good at what it is. (JM)
Spider / PO Box 279 / Enmore, NSW 2042 / Australia



MOTORCYCHO #14 / $2
4 x 5 1/2 - offset - 28 pgs
This pocket size zine is all about motorcycles, the culture, movies and music. Since the closest I come to motorcycle culture is a copy of the *Wild Angels* soundtrack, I was a little worried I wouldn't like this zine. Fear not, it turned out to be a pretty interesting read. Includes the usual, like columns, interviews and music reviews. It is also pretty hip looking and mine came with a ton of stickers. (DS)
PO Box 1564 / Point Roberts, WA 98281

NATURAL MYSTIC #11 / $2(Arg.) Argentina, $3(US) Americas, $4(US) world
8 x 11 - offset - 24 pgs - Spanish
This is a great little zine. Letters, tons of zine listings from all over the world, abundant music reviews, interesting columns, and translations into Spanish of Chomsky's "Kosovo Peace Accord," and the Boston Anarchist Drinking Brigade's "Anarchist Defense of Pornography." Spirited, political, inclusive, smart, and, I dunno, just good. Put those well-concealed bills in the mail now! (NN)
C.C. 3893 / Correo Central (1000) / Argentina / nmzine@yahoo.com

NEWSKASTER #9 / $1
8 1/2 x 11 - offset - 4 pgs
Kind of a happy-go-lucky ska/punk newsletter, but too brief and shallow. There's an interview with The Strike that's so short, it's hardly there; terrible, terrible poems; and a simplistic column about skinheads. CD and zine reviews occupy most of this zine, and they are probably the saving grace. I'm not sure how much of a ska or punk scene there is in this area of the Philippines, but if it's minimal, this might be a reasonable resource for folks there. No information on the local scene. (NN)
Jerry Cruz / PO Box 51640 / Meycauayan / Bulacan / Philippines

9 1/2 LEFT #8 / $1 or trade
5 1/2 x 8 1/2 - copied - 36 pgs
Personal type zine with a story about having to go to jail for underage drinking, losing a job because of Y2K (you'll have to read it to find out why!), plus those everyday life kind of stories about work, crushes, friends, cats and shows. A fun read. (MD)
1460 W 110th / Cleveland, OH 44102

ONYAHASIUM #2 / $1
5 1/2 x 8 1/2 - copied
Uuughh...Hard to find a reason why this zine is worth your time. The interviews (i.e., mostly the responses) are way too short, the rants are goofy and baldly earnest, and the reviews (zine and music), letters, and columns are nothing special. Bad print quality. Comics and a mildly homophobic advice column, neither of which really goes anywhere. The interviews are with Dirt Bike Annie, Wendy Y Los Huevos Rancheros, Heather of the Teen Idols, and Napalm Ape Records. I did like the rant on resigning from adulthood...ok, I guess I found *one* reason....(NN)
5731 NW 37th Apt 220 / Virginia Gardens / FL / 33166

OX #38 / $ 6
8 x 11 - offset - 156 pgs - German
The usual punk rock from this long running zine. The bands highlighted this month are The Dwarves, The Kafkas, Radio Birdland, Misfits, TKO Records, and plenty more. There are also loads and loads of record reviews and ads. Finally, as usual the zine comes with a free CD featuring 36 bands. One can check this zine out at www.punkrawk.com. (HH)
PO Box 143445 / 45264 Essen / Germany

PARTYZANT #15 / $1.50
8 x 6 - offset - 84 pgs - Polish
The first two-thirds of this zine is band interviews featuring Angry Samoans, Sick Of It All, Shockwave, Up Front, The Fall, Dropkick Murphys, Floorpunch and many others. The rest of the zine is record reviews. (HH)
Gregor Kazliro / ul. Rydygiera 20D/ 51 / 87-100 Torun / Poland

PLASTIC BOMB #30 / $4
8 x 11 - offset - 140 pgs - German
The bands featured in this issue are Loikamie, Bambix, Reducers SF, Napalm Death and Ohlo Seco. There are lots of record reviews and lots of cool ads. This zine is always one of my favorites, a great place to check out the German

scene. http://www.plastic-bomb.de. (HH)
PO Box 100205 / 47002 Duisburg / Germany

RAD PARTY #24 / ?
6 x 4 - copied - 90 pgs - French
In this issue of *Rad Party*, as in every issue, Stephane reviews everything new that has come his way in punk rock—fortunately, his tastes sort of parallel my own, at least as far as I can translate them. His style is utterly personalized, compact and pleasing to read—and since he has omitted anything he's not interested in, you don't have to hear him complain —nor, more importantly, does he share any bland reviews with us. New records, bands, zines and projects are incorporated into a prose state of the nation decorated by his cartoons and drawings of punks and skateboarders. I appreciate his consistency and enthusiasm—a great read. (AC)
Small Budget Productions / BP No. 7, 78110 Le Vesinet Cedex, France

RAW PUNK BASTARDS #1 / $2 (or trade)
5 1/2 x 8 1/2 - copied - 20 pgs
This zine is certainly punk and it even comes with a patch. Most of the zine is made up of interviews with Despite, Diskonto, SDS distro, Thabto and GOTA. The interviews are well done and go beyond the typical boring wimpy interviews. There are reviews of hardcore/crust stuff, ads, and it has that good old fashioned punk layout. You know, before everything became sterile and completely computerized. Good start for this zine, especially for fans of that hard and heavy genre of music. (MD)
PO Box 197 / Steger, IL 60475

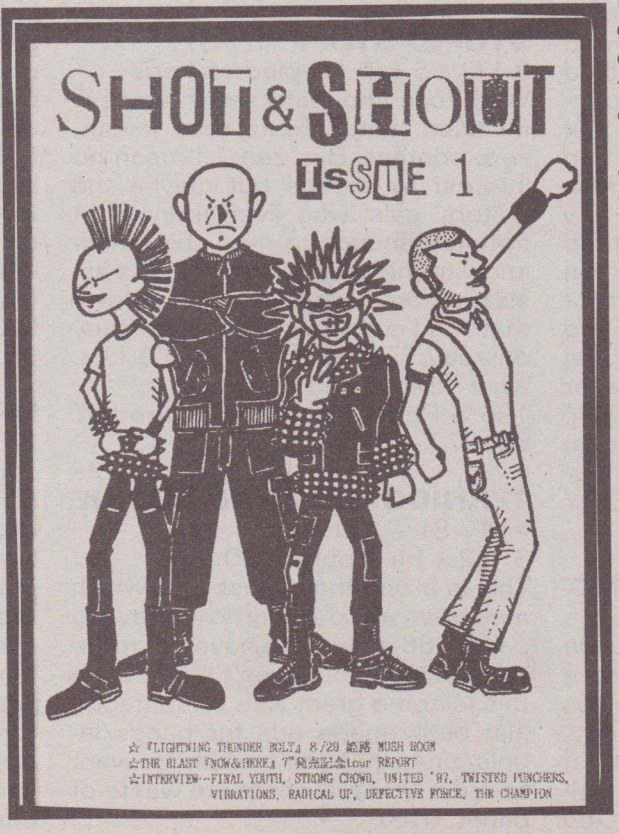
REFLECTIONS #13 / $5
8 1/2 x 11 - offset - 92 pgs
I wish American hardcore zines were this good. Amazing interviews with Catharsis, Trial, What Happens Next? and Dillinger Escape Plan, plus columns from scenesters, a Mainstrike tour diary, and extensive reviews make this a must for all you hardcore kids out there. *Reflections* asks difficult questions of often interviewed bands (which might be my one criticism—I wish Eurozines would interview more Euro bands...) and

gets good answer from 'em. If you are at interested in modern hardcore, you should get this. (SS)
Reflections / De Nijverheid 30 / 7681 MD Vroomshoop / Netherlands

REFUSE PLANET #3 / free or trade
8 1/2 x 11 - copied - 16 pgs
Sincere little zine with a personal touch—the editor kind of just blabs about himself a bit and it's actually nice to read, not boring. There are some reviews and an interview with Banished. There's also a tribute to a friend, a piece on life and "priorities" and on discovering that your pen pal is a Nazi. Cool. (MD)
1970 Westwood Northern Blvd #5 / Cincinnati, OH 45225 / diamond666@hotmail.com

S.C.A.B. #2 / $1 postage or 2 IRC's
5 1/2 x 8 1/2 - copied - 44 pgs
This Yugoslavian zine (written in English) seems to focus mostly on the streetpunk/oi scene. Interviews with Reanimator Records, The Adicts, Reducers SF, and locals Vrisak Generacije. There is also a bunch of stuff on football, which is fine, but a little too much focus on people beating each other up in the stands and pubs, which is really stupid and boring. (GF)
Mileticeva 49 / 21000 Novi Sad / Yugoslavia / ++381-21-610-248

SCAM #4 / $2
8 1/2 x 11 - copied- 80 pgs
This is the first time that I've actually read *Scam*—I always got a kick out of *Turd Filled Donut*, Iggy's other zine, so it was little surprise that I liked this as well. This issue is packed with tons of stories ranging from the hilarious to the depressing. Most of the stories have the same theme of romanticized urban living, and being down and out, a sure attraction for suburbanites longing for escape and city folk as well. Just some of the subjects are: bicycling, graffiti, drinking, public toilet fun, sidewalk etchings, a trip to Mexico, freight train bicycling, needle exchange, fishing, Mission Street punk shows, and unemployment. Even if there's only one story you like in this thick zine, chances are you'll like it better than any other zine you'll pick up in the next six months. (CR)
PO Box 14088 / Berkeley, CA 94712



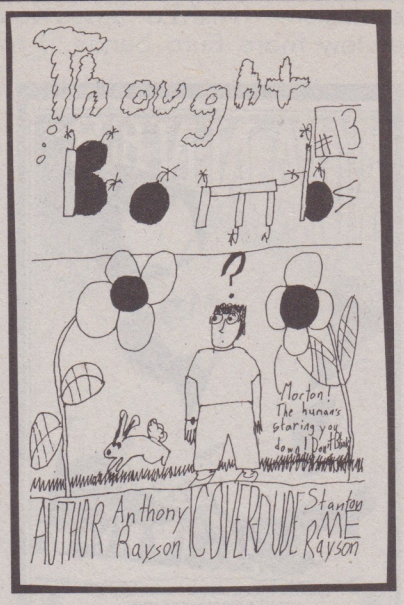
SCANNER #7 / $3 ppd
5 1/2 x 8 - offset - 76 pgs
Nice to see hardcore covered in a zine that doesn't immediately stand out as being a Hardcore zine. This British zine has interviews with Gameface, Farside, Shelter, The Randums, and Jordan Cooper from Rev-

elation Records. There's show, record and zine reviews and an interesting article on the British Anti-Terrorism Bill. Graphically it's real tight looking despite some iffy scan or printing. Good zine for folks into hardcore, and the rest of us too. (CR)
6 Chatsworth Dr. / Rushmere Park / Ipswich / Suffolk / IP4 5XA, UK / scanzine@aol.com

SHOT & SHOUT #1 / $?
7 x 10 - offset - 20 pgs
This is all in Japanese, a language I do not read. Looks like it has interviews with Final Youth, Strong Crowd, The Champion, United 97, Twisted Punches, Vibrations, The Blast, Defective Force and Radical Up. I could be wrong though. They use the 'ol *MRR* headers for their record reviews and scene reports. (SS)
Bronze Fist / Shot & Shout / 5-2-104-203 / Higashi - Toyonaka / Toyonaka City / Osaka / Japan

SMELL OF DEAD FISH #60 / $1.50
8 1/2 x 11 - copied - 28 pgs
I thought maybe this zine bored me when I first read it because it was very focused on the editor's hometown happenings (previously in Florida). But guess what, he moved to SF, and I'm still bored! It's all name dropping diary crap—"I saw so and so...so and so is so cool...I talked to so and so at the (insert happening band name here) show..." Then writing a deep analysis of how San Francisco has changed *so much* since he moved here...what, a few months ago!?! Um, I think that the gentrification started more than even a few *years* ago—thanks for moving here long after the fact and complaining about it as if it has affected you deeply. Do us a favor and move back home! Oh yeah, there's also a Jonathan Richman interview in here. (MD)
243 14th St / San Francisco, CA / 94103

STREET DREAMS #2 / $3.50
8 1/2 x 11 - copied - 40 pgs
OK, English is the second language for these Dutch folks, but some proofreading wouldn't go amiss here. This is a typical tough guy, straight edge zine. I can't think of too many zine genres less appealing. This contains an essay on God which suggests you ask your friendly n'hood Krishnas for spiritual guidance, along with lots of pictures of HC guys. There's an article which condemns people who get welfare as "bums" and leeches, but the writer says he doesn't want to judge. Lots of reviews which stress the importance of playing HC and not that "gay" emo shit and some interviews. So, if you are into all the cliches of sXe HC and thinking you're a hard man, join in. (MJ)
Strife & Joy Machinery / Uilenstede 432/ 5102 / 1183 AE Amstelveen / the Netherlands



STUPID STUFF #3 / $1
8 1/2 x 5 1/2 - copied - 34 pgs
Well, I can't honestly say this zine is mistitled. Large fonts, bad layout, zero content. By "zero" I mean no interest to anyone but maybe the editors' pals, who even then might not care enough to read about how impolite their high school dean's assistants are, or peruse zine reviews that don't even review the zines (they only say, "They were all good"). Um, what? (MN)
106 S Park Blvd / Streamwood, IL 60107

TEKNICOLOR YAWN ADZINE #14 / $1 + 2 stamps
8 1/2 x 11 - copied - 10 pgs
This is a zine that is just ads, which makes we wonder why do we have to pay $1.66 so we can have yet more advertising in our lives? It's not like this is some great zine of contacts, just badly made ads for bands/labels/zines that don't make you want to order them. A complete waste of paper. (DS)
PO Box 11188 / Eugene, OR 97440

THOUGHT BOMBS #13 / $2, free to prisoners
5 1/2 x 8 - copied - 60 pgs
Well there is a lot to read in here, straight up anarchist material. Some of it was grating for me to read - even as an anarchist sympathizer I found it really overblown and overstated. I'm also critical of the statement "Some blacks think white..." (in supporting this racist system.) That said, I do appreciate rants about who the real criminals are, how bad television is and attempts to repaint the Haymarket anarchists as reformists. Also there are a number of ads for other zines and DIY endeavors, artistic contributions from the editor's 11 yr old son, writing about the importance of rural life vs. "development," and some of the editor's personal history. *Thought Bombs* still is not a personal favorite of mine, but I can see how it has developed a following. (JM)
c/o South Chicago ABC Zine Distro / PO Box 721 / Homewood, IL 60430

TWIN CITIES HARDCORE JOURNAL #2 / 2 stamps
8 1/2 x 11 - copied - 16 pgs
This is a product of the Hardcore (as opposed to Punk) scene from the Twin Cities area. If this lives longer than a few issues it has the possibility of mapping the growth of both its participants and a vibrant scene. The fear is that it has only a few issues in it before it fades away into the void. Contents include a show review (Cro-mags), a few rants (unity, Crew history, unity, and unity), interviews (Encroach, Reach the Sky, XHolding OnX), and record reviews. (AR)
803 Thomas Ave / St Paul, MN 55104

UPRISING #8 / $1 (or 3 stamps)
8 1/2 x 11 - offset - 32 pgs
This is kind of innocuous, but you can tell that the editors and writers really enjoyed putting it out... which is all that really matters (except that pesky matter of content). Either way, this is an amalgam of every semi-small pop-punk focused fanzine to come out in the past ten years, with interviews with the Automatics, MTX, Softball and Saturday Supercade. Really, though, what hasn't MTX covered in previous interviews? There are also a

MORE LISTINGS

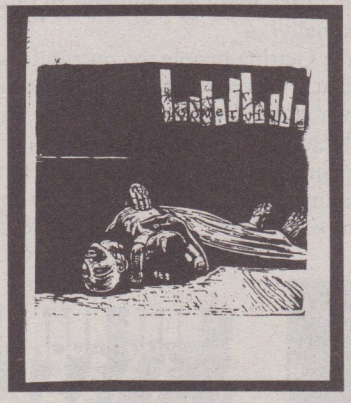
couple of columns and reviews, all set to an ultra-sterile layout. By no means bad, just not outstanding. The price is right, though. (RD)
PO Box 2251 / Monroe, MI 48161

THE URBAN HERMITT #6/7 / $1
8 1/2 x 5 1/2 - copied - 44 pgs / 52 pgs
Personal stories from a very interesting woman. I hate to use the *Cometbus* reference, but it's pretty applicable here. Handwritten, tales from on the road and at home. Some funny/sad adventures (like eating three pounds of sesame sticks on a bus trip from Seattle to SF and shitting your pants upon arrival) and some engaging character studies (especially the one about a certain roadie I know), I liked this quite a bit, (uh-oh, time to nitpick) but the spelling errors got to me after awhile. If you like those tales from the heart and soul, give these a whirl. (KC)
1122 E Pike St / PMB 910 / Seattle, WA 98122

WE AREN'T THE WORLD #10 / $1
8 1/2 x 11 - copied - 34 pgs
I was laughing out loud at this zine. It is devoted to very entertaining stories and descriptions of the authors' family. At times, I felt horrible for laughing, because some of the stories and descriptions of people are so morbid. When it came to some of the more vile family members, I was wondering if their behavior really warranted the authors' scathing insults. Then I read about the things that they had done and I felt a lot
better about my chuckle. This is definitely one of the better zines I have read. (JL)
2208 N 72nd St / Wauwatosa, WI 53213

WERFUKT #1 / ?
8 1/2 x 11 - copied - 32 pgs
Cut and paste from Southern California. The underlying sentiment in here is good...we should stand together to change the system, talk with out action means nothing, unity within the scene...I just wasn't too into the presentation. This strikes me as one of those 'probably best if you're local' zines. Interview with Stand Against, scene photos, and a big section on local bands. Bits

on anarchy, the AYF, and a totally unreadable piece on squatting. Record reviews and a Cro-Mags show review. Oh yeah, the cover says 'free for anyone who wishes death to the pigs' but you might want to be nice and send some stamps. (KC)
3313 Jahon Ct / Rosamond, CA 93560



ADMISSIBLE DECAY #8 / free in person, 1 IRC
This is a newsletter covering metal, grind and hardcore stuff — used to be *Asenne* zine. I think this is the guy from Terveet Kadet's work, and his taste in music shines through in the writing. Only four pages, but lots (maybe too many!) words for your inner crusty.
J-P Muikku / Apajakuja 1 D 14 / FIN-80140 Joensuu / Finland

BUZZBOMB #1 / stamps
Sad teen zine printed on many one-sided pages. Lots of rants on life's evils—child molesters, large corporations, cops, etc. There's a fake Pennywise interview, DKs lyrics, reviews, a really pathetic punk quiz and some writing on the Abenakis.
28 Laros St / Swanton, VT 05488

EAT SHIT #12 / 2 stamps
Make some jailhouse wine and read about Oppressed Logic.
PO Box 4766 / South Lake Tahoe, CA 96157

TAKE A STAND #4 / $1
Comprised of interviews (Sick of It All, Two Ton Boa and the Black Heart Procession), essays and some reviews.
905 Linden Ave / Boulder, CO 80304-0724

TO CARRY THE BURDEN TOGETHER #1/ $1
Story of a 16 year-old in Holland—getting wasted, hooking up, etc.
Strife & Joy Machinery / Uilenstede 432/ 5102 / 1183 AE Amstelveen / the Netherlands

HOOVERVILLE #1 / 75¢
Personal and at times pretty harsh, this zine revolves almost entirely around the drunken exploits of the author. Overall, I was not into this zine at all, but it seemed important to the author to share his experiences with the world.
310 Miffin Ave / Lansing, MI 48912

RAUMSCIFF WUCHERPREIS #2 / ?
A fat, scrappy German zine with show listings, columns and some gratuitous tits n ass.
Postfach 100709 / 46527 Dinslaken / Germany

SHORT, FAST, & LOUD, IS A ZINE COVERING "EXTREME" MUSIC. ITS EDITOR, CHRIS DODGE TOOK SOME TIME AWAY FROM HIS OTHER PROJECTS (SLAP A HAM RECORDS AND HIS BAND, SPAZZ) TO DO A LITTLE INTERVIEW.
INTERVIEW BY: CASEY R

SHORT, FAST + LOUD!

MRR: First off, why don't you give us some background info you and other projects you've worked on.
Chris: Well, I'm gonna feel like I'm really stoking myself too much if I get into every detail here. The nutshell version is that I've actively contributed within the punk scene since '84... everything from writing for other zines like *Flipside* and *MRR* to my own fleeting zine in '88 called *Broccoli Makes Me Sad*. I run a record label called Slap A Ham Records and I've played in a bunch of bands past and present: from Spazz, Jesus Philbin, and Antagonist these days, to past efforts like Stikky, No Use For A Name, Duh, and even an ABBA tribute band.

MRR: For those who don't know, explain what a reader could expect from *Short, Fast, & Loud* (ie, music coverage)?
Chris: Just what the name implies. The goal is to cover the international fastcore / thrash / grind / power violence / crust / noise scenes. Basically, the sort of music that would fall in the "extreme" category. The borders get hazy in the "noise" area sometimes, but it's all connected in some way to the same part of the underground.

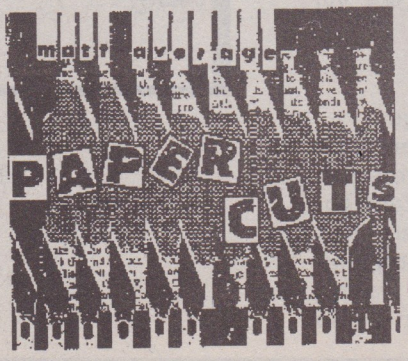
MRR: How did this *Short, Fast & Loud* come together? What do you think *Short, Fast & Loud* brings to the world of music zines?
Chris: I've toyed with the idea off and on of starting another zine for some time. Last summer when I was on tour with Hellnation, Ken Pollution was telling me how he really wanted to do a zine that covered nothing but fastcore, but he didn't have the time to put it together. As the months passed, I was thinking about what Ken was saying and the more I thought about it, the more I really noticed that there was a definite lack of zines covering extreme music. A million new zines have popped up, especially in the last five, six years or so, but they all seem to be the same: general coverage of the same old shit...features on bands who are already popular, overpriced ad rates, ska, pop, emo, but very little real hardcore. There are some cool zines that have been covering extreme HC for a while, but they seem to come out sporadically and have small circulations. I asked Ken Pollution if it would be OK for me to take his idea and run with it, and he said it was cool. So I rounded up a knowledgeable staff in an attempt to create a regularly published mag that exclusively covers over-the-top noise from all over the world. No ska, no swing, plus a strong and swift kick in the face to anything emo.

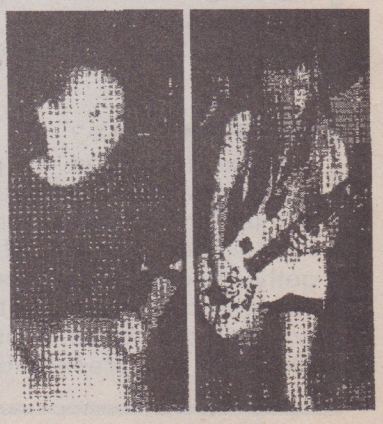
MRR: A zine like yours is a pretty heavy job. How do you get people to contribute. How much work do you have to put into it personally?
Chris: Getting people to contribute wasn't hard at all. Every person on the staff is a someone that I've known for years and is well schooled in their knowledge of hardcore, past and present. They're all scene veterans who either work at or run their own record labels and distros, write for other zines, set up shows, play in bands, and such. In other words, they know their shit. By assembling a staff of writers who are not only knowledgeable, but are known within the scene already, the mag is able to gel a lot more quickly as far as having opinions by people you know and can trust. Even though I don't do a majority of the writing, it's a hell of a lot of work for me, but I just try to do it in small doses over a long period of time. This is my first time in a somewhat legit "editor" role, and it is way more time consuming than I could have ever imagined. But I love the end result, which is why I do it... and I can safely say that applies to every person who contributes to this mag—is the reason it exists in the first place. At the base of it, we're all simply just music fans.

MRR: What do you look for in contributors?
Chris: I don't actively solicit outside contributions only because I feel like our current needs are being met. I think the main goal now is to make our presence known worldwide so everyone knows there's a reliable resource for this kind of music.

MRR: What was your biggest challenge in putting this zine together?
Chris: Probably getting everyone to stick to the deadlines. It's the usual "punk rock curve," I guess... you know, something that's due tomorrow actually shows up two weeks later. Well, I'm guilty of it myself sometimes. I guess maybe that's the proof that we're truly "hardcore". Punk and tardiness go hand in hand. I think that's in the rulebook...

MRR: What, if any, zines influenced you while doing this?
Chris: The pinnacle of hardcore power violence zines was *Monkeybite*. With its demise, there has been a long-standing, noticeable void for a regular extreme music





mag. There have been some other great zines over the years like *Beans & Rice*, *Riot*, *Engine* and some others but I'm forgetting 'em at the moment.

MRR: One of the more interesting segments was the, "Whatever Happened to...?" section, which represents one of the more important things that zines do, in preserving our past and chronicling the music that is being made. Do you feel that the, "Whatever Happened to," section will help bring back the music that may have slipped from punk collective unconscious?

Chris: Well it's funny, because until the zine actually came out, I didn't realize the importance that this section would have. To me, the "Whatever Happened To...?" feature was basically a fun way to revisit some of the classic HC bands that helped shape what extreme music has turned into these days. It was just a nice trip down memory lane, and something that I thought everyone would get a kick out of. However, once *Short, Fast & Loud* hit the streets, I heard from several kids saying that until now they had never even heard of Heresy or The Fartz and such. I was stunned... only then did I realize that the "Whatever Happened To...?" section actually serves as an bona fide history lesson to people who don't know the roots of extreme music. I take stuff like that for granted since I grew up with it, but it didn't even register beforehand that there might be folks involved in extreme music who had never heard of bands like Heresy.

MRR: How often will Short, Fast & Loud be coming out?

Chris: We're shooting for quarterly, but don't quote me on that... like I already mentioned, there's that "punk rock curve," so maybe it'll be more like three times a year.

MRR: What should readers expect from future issues?

Chris: Hopefully more of the same, but with more pages and expanded coverage... we need to fully cover noise from all corners of the globe, not just North America, Europe and Japan. The new issue (#6) is scheduled to have features on Abstain, Razors Edge (Japan), ExClaim (Japan), Jliat (UK weird drone noise), Hellnation, and "Whatever Happened To...?" articles on Lärm and Ripcord.

MRR:. What future projects do you have planned outside of Short, Fast & Loud?

Chris: Outside of doing the mag itself, I'm mostly busy with my own music and the label. I just recorded a collaboration album with one of my favorite drummers, Dave Witte from Discordance Axis, Burnt By The Sun, etc. I've also been recording crusty thrash stuff with a band I'm doing called Antagonist, as well as some noise stuff under the name Jesus Philbin. As for the label, in addition to some of my own projects, Slap A Ham will be releasing albums this year from bands like Hellnation, Fuck On The Beach, and Shank. I'm also mulling over a concept for a *Short, Fast & Loud* compilation CD.

CHRIS DODGE
SHORT FAST & LOUD/SLAP A HAM RECORDS
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SAN FRANCISCO, CA 94142-0843 USA

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Vigilantes "Youth of Today" 7" $3.5
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Hudson Falcons "Des & Rev" CD $10
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V/A Angry Skunx.. CD $7
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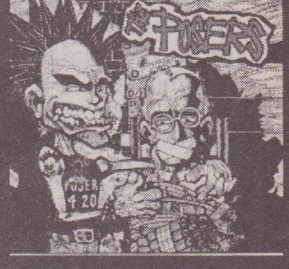

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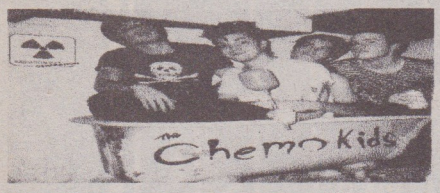
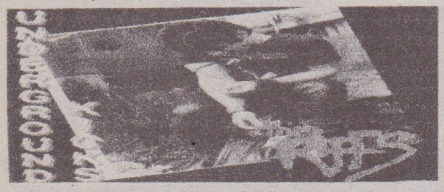


The CHEMO KIDS "Radiation Generation" full length CD! These Ohio boys know how to play some snotty, raw, punk rock!! The Ohio influence is there (Dead Boys, Pagans) as well as hints of the Stooges! Forget that European stuff get the real deal, this is American Punk at it's BEST!!



The RIFFS "Underground Kicks" full length CD!! The 7" got compared to the Sex Pistols & Eddie and The Hot Rods! This is more of the same with much better production and some Generation X and Cockney Rejects influences in there as well. Great 77 style Punk Rock form the Portland OR!!

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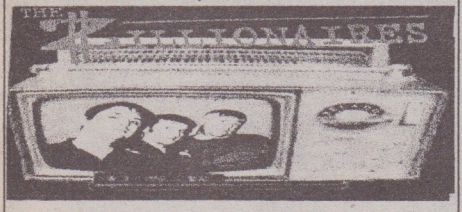

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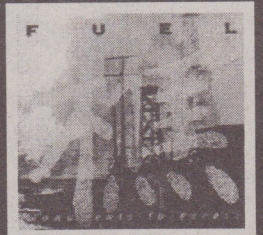

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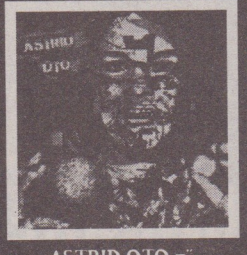

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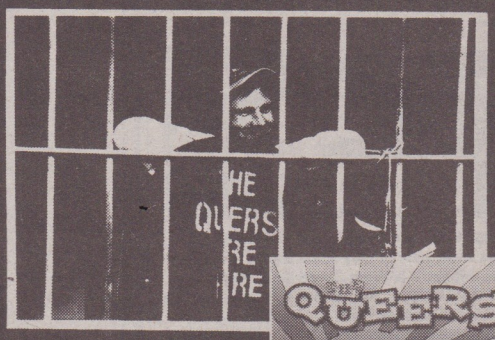

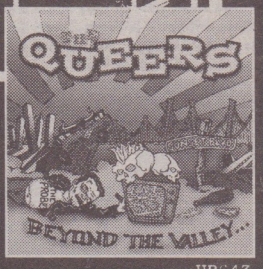

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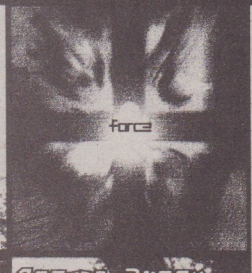

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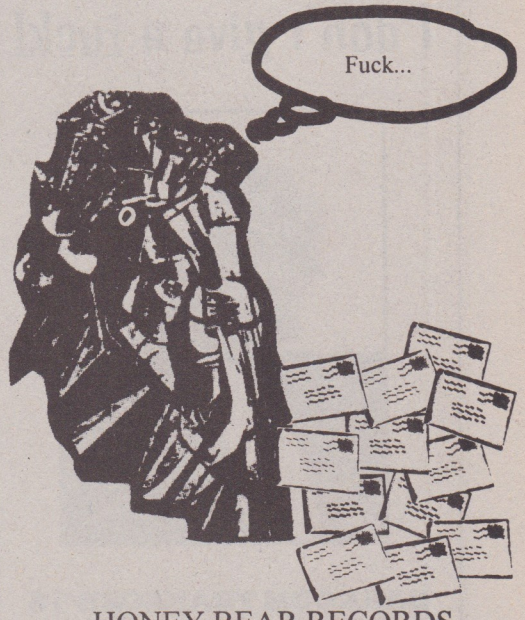

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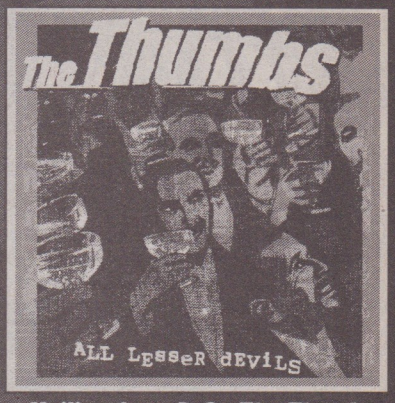

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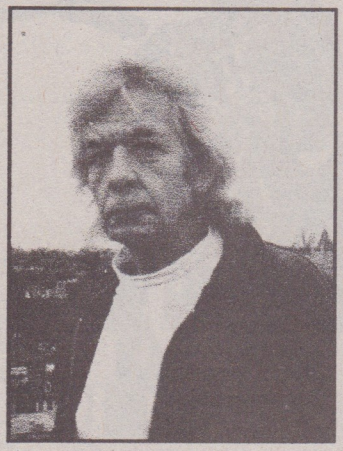

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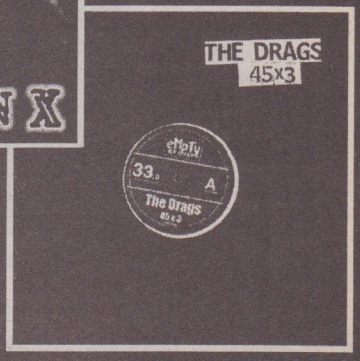

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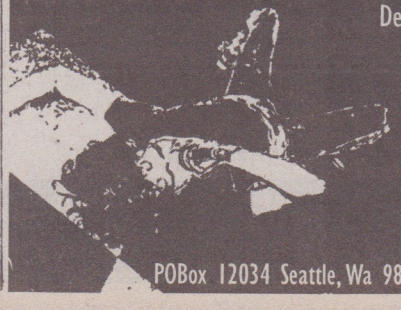

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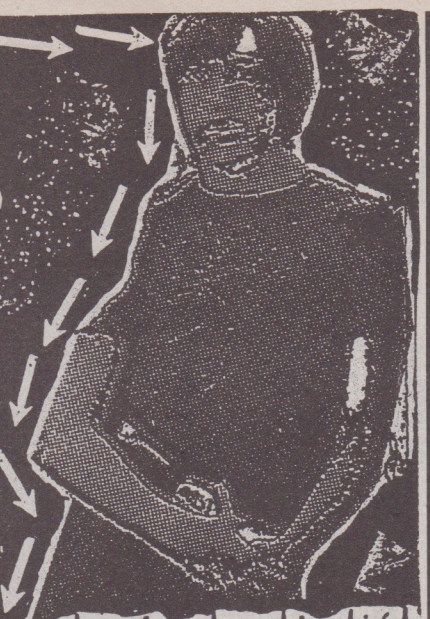

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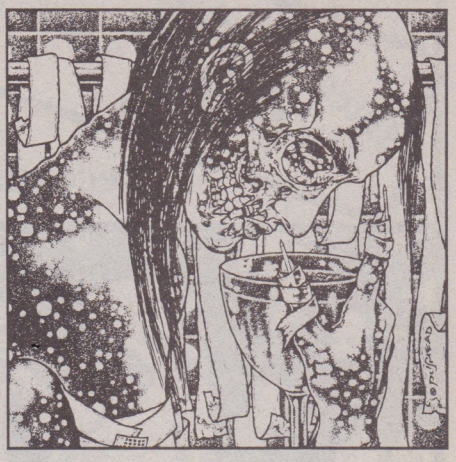

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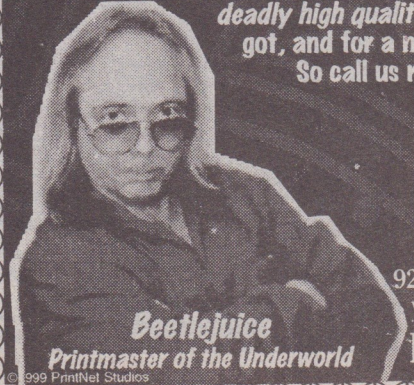

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July 05 - Merritt Island, FL
July 06 - Pensacola, FL
July 07 - New Orleans, LA
July 08 - Austin, TX
July 09 - Dallas, TX
July 10 - El Paso, TX
July 11 - Mesa, AZ
July 12 - Las Vegas, NV
July 13 - Anaheim, CA
July 14 - San Diego, CA
July 15 - San Luis Obispo, CA
July 16 - San Francisco, CA
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July 19 - Denver, CO
July 20 - Lawrence, KS
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MAXIMUMROCKNROLL classifieds

Attention Classifieds Readers: When responding to these ads remember that the world of MRR readers is not a punk rock utopia where everyone is looking out for everyone else and we're all cool... Be careful what you tell people and be careful who you send money to. There are people out there in punkland who will try to rip you off, exploit you or manipulate you. I can't tell you how scared I feel when I see an ad that begins "16 year old girl running away from home needs places to crash..."

PUNK RECORD COLLECTION SALE. 1500 items (lp/7") Mostly rare stuff. Killed by Death, BTF, Oi, harcore, punk, mod, powerpopp: Kids, Bastards, Automatics, DDT, Helmetes, Misfits, Definitives, Electrochoc, Seventeen, Users, etc. For list send 2 IRCs or $2 to: N. Verbanck. BP 13.66320 Marquixanes, France. Email: nat.alie@wanadoo.fr (free list by Email).

KILL YOUR RADIO! New bands and new sounds from the worlds of independent and self-released pop, punk, indie, garage, hardcore, emo & ska. Write for free catalog, stickers, and Spank magazine. Skatterbrain, POB 68082, Schaumburg, Illinois 60168. www.skatterbrain.com.

PUNK/POWERPOP records (1977-1983) for sale. The 32 page catalogue (which shows tons of 7" picture sleeves) includes only rare records (Back To Front / Break the Rules/ KBD). For a catalogue send 2 US $ to: PETER P./ PO Box 30 37 53 / 10726 BERLIN/ GERMANY. Please check out www. insekten-records.de.

DON'T GET MAD GET EVEN. Wicked revenge, dirty tricks and pranks you can pull on anyone you hate. Very effective. Send $4 concealed to DD, 1035 Sherman Denver, CO 80203

MAGAZINES/BOOKS WANTED: Posada's Prints (SC). Tease #2. Juxtapoz #'s 10,22. Juxtapoz's 'Erotica' special #1. Touch n' Go Fanzine (selfless 92?, white vinyl 7"). Kicks! #'s 1, 2. Gearhead (w/7") #1 (1st), 2. Like new only, reasonable. Write: John B/Classifieds. 1546 S. 38th St., Milwaukee, Wisc. 53215-1744.

VIDEOS FOR SALE! Bad Brains, Black Flag, Citizen Fish, DKs, Dwarves, G.G. Allin, Jawbreaker, Misfits, Neurosis, OP Ivy, Propagandhi, Rollins, 7 Seconds, Samhain, S. Weasel, Social D, Subhumans, Vandals, Youth Brigade, plus a hell of a lot more! Send a stamp to Mike Macdonald P.O. Box 68 Bishop, CA 93514 for a complete list.

CORDUROY CRYSTALS experience the void of chewed-up water and wounded timespace when painting invisible speed without motion or when considering the attitude of a sandwich without airplanes. your brain minus the coaxial zebra is a big touch snail wearing a checker. the river mice nervously disappear. cabbage cucamonga, 4 Elm St., #204, Lancaster NH 03584 usa oort-cloud.

WANTED: EU'S ARSE, Lärm, Pandemonium, Wretched Tropa Suicida, Lobotomia, Colera, Rapt Zyklomea, Mob 47, etc. '80s world HC / Thrash records. T-shirts, caps (T-shirts & caps - old & dirty OK!) Please send me your WANT / TRADE / SELL list. Yukihiro Shii 3-30-14 Hachimanyama Setagaya-Ku, Tokyo 156-0056. Japan.

WANTED: '80s SKATE WEAR (T-shirts, hooded sweatshirts, etc..) SANTA CRUZ screaming hand, Rob Roskopp designs, etc. POWELL PERALTA bones, Tony Hawk, Caballero, Ripper, etc. TRASHER / ZORLAC and more. Please send me your sell list. Yukihiro Shii 3-30-14. Hachimanyama Setagaya-Ku, Tokyo 156-0056 Japan.

IS PUNK ANOTHER APATHETIC YOUTH CULTURE? Attention all interested in taking a stand (not just standing there and complaining): exciting events are being planned her in the South Bay / Los Angeles area! August 13: March for Mumia. October 22: Anti-Police Brutality Day actions. Looking to correspond with punks who want to get involved. Write: Camryn / 21811 Bonita Street / Carson, CA 90745 bustamantes@yahoo.com.

MUSIC COLLECTION AND MORE!! Must sell. Very cheap! Must raise money for legal aid. (680+) Albums, 7"s, LPs and singles. (430+) Compact Disks. All music is in top quality condition. Tons of color vinyl collectables!! Mostly OI, punk and hardcore. Tons of old school Oi, punk, with some ska. Also for sale: 1. Computer and color printer 2. Silkscreening T-shirt machine. For more info contact: Rick Elin #41996 A.S.P.C. E SMO#1 P.O. Box #4000, Florence, AZ 85232-4000 USA.

IN SEARCH OF - All 1st pressing Extreme Noise Terror 7"s, 12" splits, etc. Also need all 1st press early Rupture stuff. Need the 1st 3 UK Disorder 7"s, Peredition 12" + Under the Scalpel Blade LP (orig.'s). 1st 3 UK May May's 7"s + both UK Anthrax 7"s (1st pressings), Party Animal Comp + Return to Slimey Valley comp. (both on Mystic Rec's). The Blood - False Gestures.. LP + Chaos U.K. - burning Britain (1st press) + 1st LP. Please write to: Matt O'Brien 1574 N. Valley Rd. Pottstown, PA 19464.

IN SEARCH OF: - Agnostic Front - United Blood 7", will pay $225 for a clean copy of the orig. w/ insert. Also need Queers - Kicked Out...7" (orig.), Abused - Loud + Clear 7" (orig.), Government Issue - Legless Bull 7" (orig.), Heart Attack - God is Dead (orig.) + 1st LP (the good one!), Fix - Jan's Rooms 7" w/ spray painted insert, The Mad - I hate Music orig. + The Hell 7" (orig.). Stalag 13 - s/t 7" + In Control 12" both on Upstart Records. Please write to: Matt O'Brien 1574 N. Valley Rd. Pottstown, PA 19464.

OVER 2000 RECORDS for sale, vinyls from '77 to '99: hardcore, punk, punk rock, metal, new wave/electro...from all countries. Want list welcome. I've a trade register in my countries so you will not be rip off her. Or visit my page at: http://members.aol.com/ADaudin/index.html. Just ask a list to (enclosed $1 or 1 IRC): Arnaud Daudin/ Place Jean Lea/France. Email: Adaudin@ail.com

FOR SALE: NYHC, Sub Pop, Poison Idea, Misfits, Wretched Ones and much more. Horror movies, memor., posters and shirts. Toys from Rugrats, AWA Wrestlers to He-Man. Huge list only $2! AJD, 26 Van Rensselaer St., Belleville, NJ 07109.

FOR THE BIGGEST AND BEST catalog of rare punk rock records, shirts, buttons, patches, stickers, studded belts, studs, etc...from bands like: The Adicts, Adverts, China White, Dead Kennedys, The Misfits, Zounds, Crass, Subhumans, The Dickies, and thousands more, send $1.00 or three stamps (2 IRC's or $2.00 overseas to): Dr. Strange Records, PO Box 7000-117, Alta Loma, CA 91701, USA. Or check out our web site: www.drstrange.com. Also, when in Southern California, visit our store (40 miles East of Los Angeles) (909) 944-1778. Open 10:00 to 7:00 everyday.

PHILLY KIDS! Experienced guitarist and bassist moving to Philly in August looking to start band immediately with good drummer (double-kick) and 2 singers - male with deep growl, female banshee. Crust/hardcore/His Hero is Gone/Detestation/23rd Chapter/Destroy and Sneek in Some Melody. Contact Stef & John, 23 Peace St. #1, Danbury, CT 06810 or 203-748-8166.

MY AREA CODA IS 410 were an experimental noise band from Columbia, MD with such influences as the Ex, Sonic Youth & Fugazi. To obtain a lo-fi 90 minute cassette of MAC40 send $3 (cash/check/mo) to: Twang & Bang Records/ 5210 Windmill Lane/ Columbia, MD 21044. Make checks and m.o.'s out to Paul Timer.

VIDEOS - PAL (UK etc) & NTSC (USA etc). Trade/sale. Thousands of shows/promos/tv clips. Stuff like Propagandhi, Business, GISM, Specials, Zounds, Exploited, Poison Idea, DK's, Blitz, Queers, Conflict, Rancid, GG, Dickies, Descendents, Operation Ivy, Disorder, Ruts, Misfits, Subhumans, Dwarves, Leatherface, Turbonegro. SAE (UK), 2IRC's (overseas) or decent trades list : Dave, 50a Great King St., Edinburgh, Scotland. E-mail: gingoblin@easynet.co.uk

INFLAMMABLE MATERIAL Website moved to http://users.powernet.co.uk/talbot/ inmat.htm. Vinyl new/used/reissued/ rare. Wanted: old issues of Cometbus / Pettibon books / We Got Power / FFF / Destroy LA / UK '77 'zines. Mike Clarke / PO Box 2544 / London / NW6 3DF / England / UK

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PUNK PORN LIT ZINE! Seeking submissions for a new zine. Need all types of erotica: drawings, stories, etc. Looking for stuff from all walks, including male, female, straight, lesbian, gay, bi. P.O. Box 14603 Long Beach, CA 90803

FOR TRADE / SALE: 45 Grave - Sleep.. LP (Gatefold), Mood of Defiance - Now LP, Sacrilege - Behind the Realms (C.O.R.), Negative Gain LP (Pusmort), Hellbastard - Natural Order LP, Liberte / A State of Mind Flexi 7". Wants: Bad Posture, Execute, Fuck Ups -FU82, Lucrate Milk, Guernica / Berurier Noir 12", Early 80's punk and hardcore, or mak e me a money offer. Contact Bill Skoulas, Poste Restante, Eolou 100, 10200 Athens, Greece.

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